

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 165 NUMBER 4

APRIL 1940

PROGRAM FOR PEACE

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At the end of the sixth month of the war, it is interesting to take a few bearings and to compare the present situation of the allied democracies with the state of things that existed in January 1915, six months after the outbreak of the first World War.

This comparison must not be made with the idea of lulling oneself into blissful optimism and concluding that all is for the best, but to enable one to understand how the Franco-British coöperation has been able to utilize the experience of the past by pooling — at the outset of the hostilities — the military, economic, and financial resources of the two empires. Twenty-five years ago this had been achieved much later, very imperfectly and after many trials and errors. Today this merging of Franco-British resources is not only one of the main assets of the democracies in the pursuit of the war; it must also be considered as the necessary cornerstone of the economic reorganization which Europe must impose upon itself after the war if peace is to be something more than another brief armistice between two conflicts.

At the end of January 1915, as at the end of January 1940, Germany had known success in the East. The victory of Tannenberg was a terrible blow to the Russian army from which it never recovered completely, thus enabling Germany to maintain on the Western Front during the whole duration of the war three fourths of its forces. Half of Poland was occupied by German troops. Turkey and Bulgaria had sided with the Reich, and Rumania had adopted towards it an attitude of benevolent neutrality.

From Hamburg to Bagdad, the German and Austrian Empires formed a political, military, and economic bloc under the indisputable supremacy of Berlin. The German General Staff directed the operations of the coalition and controlled closely the execution of every move. The Reich and its allies had free access to, and disposal of, all the resources which are to be found in the territories which are now called Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania, Turkey, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, and the Arabian Kingdoms.

In the West the Allies had suffered

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very serious reverses. In spite of the extraordinary comeback of the French at the Battle of the Marne, eleven French Departments remained occupied by the German troops. They included the major part of the metal and textile industries, 80 per cent of the coal, and all the ore supply of France. France had lost 460,000 killed. The British Expeditionary Force was partially destroyed (12,000 killed out of 73,000 enlisted). On the seas, Great Britain's superiority over the German navy was not very great, and the blockade was far from being as methodical and as effective as it is today. To the solid bloc of Germany, Austria, and Turkey, firmly led by the Reich, the Allies could only oppose, as yet, a loose association, without unity of military command, without coöperation in the matters of economics and finance.

With the Russians the maintenance of contact was difficult. Between the British and the French, coördination was difficult and limited. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the French Minister of Finance had not yet met. Out of the first encounter between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ribot nothing came but an expression of solidarity which was mostly window dressing.

II

Today the situation is entirely different. It is true that Germany's successes in the East, during the month of September, were so rapid that it was materially impossible for France to achieve its mobilization before the Polish army was defeated. But in the West the Maginot Line assures the inviolability of the French frontier. France therefore retains the totality of its industrial and mining resources, which have been considerably increased since the return of Alsace and Lorraine.

On the seas, the British fleet, with the help of the French, has organized from the very outbreak of the war a tight blockade which bears both on the exports

and on the imports of Germany. Thus the Reich is cut off from all countries beyond the seas.

But it is in the field of interallied co-operation that the change is most important and — in certain respects — really astonishing. It can indeed be said, and without any exaggeration, that the British and French democracies have started this war more closely united than they were in 1918 at the end of the last conflict.

After the United States entered the war in 1917, American public opinion understood admirably, and preached the necessity of, intimate coöperation between the Allies in all domains. Today it has not underestimated the importance of the Franco-British agreements of December 4, 1939. Moreover, and quite justly, the value of these agreements has been emphasized not only because they permit practical realizations for the present, but also on account of the hope they offer for the future.

For the conduct of the war, these agreements bring to the maximum the efficiency of the democratic coalition. The unity of naval and military command was already achieved before the outbreak of hostilities by a British Admiral and a French General. (In the last war this was done only in March 1918, three and a half years after the beginning of the war.)

The economic agreements pool the resources of the two empires. The Franco-British financial agreement of December 4 is the foundation of this new policy, and its instrument is the monetary solidarity between the two countries. It has been agreed that, as far as possible, the respective rates of the franc and the pound sterling will not be modified as long as the agreement lasts. In any event, no change can take place without previous understanding between both parties. On the other hand, both governments have agreed to provide one another with any amount of francs or pounds sterling that they may need

without collateral or guarantee of any kind. In other words, the two currencies have become practically interchangeable. The franc can be used without restrictions in the sterling area, and the pound sterling in the whole of the French Empire. By this system, monetary factors can be no obstacle to Franco-British exchanges. Thus currency solidarity makes possible economic solidarity.

The latter is expressed both in the financial agreement of December 4 and in the agreement of Brighton signed in November. By these agreements it has been decided that the resources of the two allied empires could be used indiscriminately by both according to their requirements and needs.

To this end a completely new organization, called the Executive Committee, has been set up. It ensures distribution for the common good and is the medium through which purchases abroad are made for both countries. It also ensures the best possible utilization of the merchant marines of England and France.

Such a step has no precedent in history, and it should allow for the maximum development of the war potentialities of the Allies.

But at the same time it is the first step towards the future that has been taken in this war. It should serve as a precedent, if not as the foundation for the economic reorganization of Europe after the victory of the Allies.

Instead of proceeding from the general to the particular, as the League of Nations has attempted to do, this union between two nations having the same political ideals and similar civilizations, as well as comparable standards of living, will form a nucleus around which other peoples can aggregate. These hopeful and fruitful promises are strikingly emphasized by the clause of the agreement of December 4 which provides that its provisions will remain in force after the war and six months after the signature of the peace treaty.

III

It has become a trite saying, especially in the United States, that the Versailles Treaty was responsible for the misfortunes of Europe after the war. In the political partition of the Danubian Basin one has seen the origin of all the economic crises which have followed one another in Europe and in the world since 1918. From that premise, to ask for the revision of frontiers was but a step. This step was taken in England and in America immediately after the war by numerous and brilliant writers whose themes were later taken up by Hitler's propaganda.

In reality, the authors of the Versailles Treaty did not commit injustices when they defined the political frontiers. The British Ambassador to the United States made it clear in his speech, at the Pilgrims' Dinner in New York, that from the ethnological point of view the boundaries set down at Versailles were as fair as any that ever existed in Europe, and that it was difficult for an arbitrator of good faith to imagine any that could be much better. The error of the Versailles statesmen was in making the customs boundaries coincide with the political frontiers and in giving to the Successor States of Austro-Hungary and Russia total sovereignty in the matter of economics, when it would have been possible to impose upon them — at least within certain limits — a customs union. The makers of the Versailles Treaty could have found useful inspiration in the example of America, where forty-eight sovereign States, free to organize themselves from the political, administrative, and judiciary point of view, form nevertheless the greatest area of free trade opened to human activity that exists in the world.

It is in this direction that Europe must find its orientation if it does not want to perish. This is the fundamental condition to ensure economic progress and a rising standard of living for the people.

Herein lies in the long run, for France itself, real security.

In signing the agreements of December, the two great Western democracies have contracted, for obvious reasons of common interest, to limit their rights of free decision in certain essential fields. They have admitted that they have no right to fix, without mutual agreement, the value of their currencies or the volume of their imports.

If such results have been achieved in countries as involved economically as Great Britain and France, why can't the same thing be done in less powerful countries with a simpler economic structure? How much easier would then be the task of defining boundaries when the time comes to negotiate the future peace!

It is to the fulfillment of this program that the British and French democracies should convene all free people when the present conflict is over. And this applies not only to the people of Europe, but to those overseas, because the problem goes beyond the limits of the Old World, and because also the experience of the last twenty years has been a sufficient demonstration for the Republics of the New World that America cannot be prosperous when Europe is ruined.

It is natural, therefore, that the responsible leaders in England and in France should keep in mind the relation of this proposed European system to the American policy. The United States, through the various pronouncements of President Roosevelt and Mr. Cordell Hull, has already outlined the principles upon which the future economy of free countries should be built. The results achieved by Mr. Hull in the extension of commercial treaties, and the courageous reiteration of his policy in spite of the war, point the way to the future and necessary integration between the Franco-British program, with its far-reaching ramifications to the whole of Europe and to the far-flung empire of both countries,

and the American or Pan-American conception. The peace of the world and the rational development of trade for the benefit of all people cannot be achieved without coöperation, not only between nations, but between continents.

IV

It would be futile, however, to hope for the realization of such a program as long as Germany maintains its present régime and doctrines. The conception of free states, equal in rights, voluntarily limiting their sovereignty is the absolute antithesis of Frederic II's *Realpolitik*, of Bismarck's Pan-Germanism and of Adolf Hitler's National Socialism. It presupposes equality between people in rights as well as in responsibilities. It excludes the belief in a chosen race of overlords and the *Herrenvolk* myth. It is incompatible with the thesis of the *Lebensraum*, in the name of which three countries have been annihilated by Germany in less than twenty months. To apply such a conception, it is not necessary to have recourse to forced migrations of people and to the frightful expulsions, the mass murders intended to wipe out the élite, which we see the Germans practising today in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and which they would certainly practise tomorrow if they won this war.

To achieve the policy of which England and France have already given the outline, and for which they have laid the basic foundation, it is not necessary that statesmen should become supermen. All that is required is that they should have common sense and should have learned in their own country tolerance and respect for human dignity. It is enough that they should know how to conciliate private interests with those of the community of people. In fact, it is enough that they should be democratic in their spirit and in their methods.

This is why the new Europe can only be built on the victory of the democracies.

INDIA'S DEMAND AND ENGLAND'S ANSWER

BY JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

I

THE war in Europe grips our attention, for, whether we are in it or out of it, our future depends much on its outcome. For the moment our attention is diverted from the tragic struggle in the Far East, yet we know that this struggle is of essential significance and what happens in China will affect us all. So also in India, though here there is no obvious or external struggle in progress at present. For China and India will have a powerful effect on the shape of things to come, whatever that ultimate shape may be. This is not only so because of the vast numbers of human beings that live in these two countries — between 800 and 900 millions; not only because of their rich and tremendous past heritage; but because of their enormous resources and potential political and economic strength.

There is much talk of a new order and of world coöperation. There can be no stable order or effective coöperation in the world if India and China are ignored, and, relatively weak though they might be today, they are not so weak as to submit to any such treatment.

As an Indian, the future of India and her people is of tremendous importance to me, but the real significance of the Indian problem lies in its relation to the world problem. For India's problem is part of the world problem, and neither can be considered fully or understood apart from the other. Even in the

present war in Europe, India can make a difference.

It is right and proper, therefore, that what happens in India should attract attention in the United States of America and that the American people should seek to understand India's problems in relation to the world, for on them ultimately will fall the burden of the future, whether they will it or not. Their great material resources and dominating position in the world have cast this burden on them today, but even more so has this responsibility been cast upon them because of their leadership of the forces of democracy. If, in the words of President Roosevelt, the American people are going to 'keep ablaze the flames of human liberty, reason, democracy and fair play,' they will have to throw their weight on the side of liberty and democracy in other parts of the world also, so that, out of present-day chaos and violence, real peace and freedom may emerge. Peace is indivisible, it has been said; so is freedom, and there will be no enduring equilibrium unless it spans the world.

As India has grown in strength and self-reliance and approached the gates of freedom, she has thought of herself more and more as a part of a larger order, and has considered her own problem as a part of the world problem. In recent years there has been the greatest interest and even anxiety in India in regard to hap-

penings in Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, Palestine, and Central Europe. Indians have begun to develop an international outlook, and, though they have been passionately attached to Indian independence, they have viewed it not as isolation but in terms of coöperation in a world order.

It was because of this that we followed events in Europe, Asia, and elsewhere closely, and, as the prospect of a second world war approached, the Indian Congress laid down its policy in regard to such a war. We had bitter memories of the war of 1914-1918 and what followed it. In that war India's help had been considerable, over 1,200,000 men being sent to various theatres of war. All manner of promises were held out to us about the future status of India. What really followed was intense repression, martial law in the Punjab, and the famous Amritsar massacre. Out of all this the Noncoöperation movement of Mr. Gandhi was born, and for the past twenty years the struggle for Indian freedom has gone on, peacefully but effectively and on a mass scale. That struggle would have come in any case, for the time was ripe for vital changes in India, and both political and economic problems demanded them insistently. The war and post-war experiences brought matters to a head, and we saw how Indian men and resources had been exploited for the strengthening and furtherance of British imperialism.

So, as early as 1927, the Congress declared that the Indian people could not permit the exploitation of Indian resources for the furtherance of imperialist aims and that they would not coöperate in any imperialist war. Year after year this policy was reiterated and developed. With the growth of the Nazi power, the Congress condemned Fascism and Naziism and disapproved of their theory and practice. We approved of collective security to check aggression and noticed that British policy, in spite of occasional declarations to the con-

trary, was deliberately sabotaging this idea, on which the League of Nations had been based, and was often encouraging aggression. Munich came as a terrible shock, and the so-called non-intervention and betrayal of Spain were a tragedy which affected us deeply.

These events gave shape to the external policy of the National Congress. While on the one hand we disapproved of Fascism and Naziism, we dissociated ourselves entirely from British foreign policy and made it clear again that we could be no parties to a war imposed upon us for imperialist ends. Any such imposition would be opposed and resisted. The British Government meanwhile tried to amend the existing Indian constitution so as to concentrate all power, in the event of a war emergency, in the hands of the irresponsible Central Government, which it controlled completely. This took away from the powers of the Provincial Governments and reduced provincial autonomy to a farce. The attempt met with strenuous opposition.

In August 1939, Indian troops were sent abroad to Egypt and Malaya without any reference to the Central or Provincial Assemblies. As a protest against this, the Congress withdrew all its members from the Central Assembly and again warned the British Government of the consequences of dragging India into a war without the consent of the Indian people.

In spite of all this, India was declared a belligerent country immediately on the outbreak of the war in Europe, and the Indian Constitution Amending Bill was rushed through the British Parliament within a few minutes. This was deeply resented, and ordinarily the Congress would have been justified in following up its previous decisions by advising the Indian people to abstain from the war. Apart from these developments, we could not conceive that Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Government, in spite of its professions, could stand or work for

democracy and freedom. At the same time we did not want a Nazi victory and our sympathies were entirely on the side of the victims of aggression.

The Congress thereupon, on September 14, 1939, issued a long statement on the war crisis making it clear that if the war was to defend the status quo, imperialist possessions, colonies, vested interests and privilege, then India could have nothing to do with it. If, however, the issue was democracy and a world order based on democracy, then India was intensely interested in it. She could not support imperialism or fascism in any form, but she would throw her weight on the side of democracy, provided that democracy functioned in India also. It was manifestly absurd for a subject India to become the champion of liberties abroad which were denied to her. The Congress therefore invited the British Government to declare its war aims in regard to democracy and imperialism and the new order that was envisaged, and, in particular, how these aims were going to apply to India and be made effective in the present. A declaration of Indian independence was asked for, and the recognition of the right of the Indian people to frame their own constitution through a Constituent Assembly, without external interference.

This claim was not put forward in any spirit of bargaining. It was the inevitable outcome of our long struggle for freedom, and it was the essential preliminary for any effort in India to make the war popular there. We have a background of a hundred and fifty years of conflict between Indian nationalism and British imperialism. It is not easy to get rid of it. England may be partly democratic at home; to us in India she appears in imperialist garb only, and we have suffered under this imperialism for many generations now. Her recent policy, both in India and abroad, has strengthened our conviction that her outlook is still completely imperialist. It was only by a full declara-

tion of Indian independence that the great psychological barrier which separates India from England could be broken down. It was only then that the *bona fides* of England in this war could be established. Otherwise why should we be parties to imperialist adventures and allow our resources to be exploited for imperialist ends?

II

The answer that the British Government gave us demonstrated that our fears and apprehensions were fully justified. It refused to define its war or peace aims, and, in regard to India, stated that 'at the end of the war' His Majesty's Government 'will be very willing to enter into consultation with representatives of several communities, parties and interests in India and with the Indian Princes with a view to securing their aid and coöperation in framing such constitutional modifications as may be deemed desirable.' Among the interests and parties, it was made clear, were British financial and mercantile interests.

The war in Europe may shake up the world, and the whole political and economic structure may be on the verge of collapse, but Whitehall still speaks in the old voice and language of British imperialism. We must wait till the end of the war, when Whitehall will decide. The elected representatives of the Indian people do not count; various odd groups will be consulted and then what is deemed desirable will emerge. Among the groups that must have their say are the Indian Princes and British vested interests, both of whom are completely opposed to the idea of Indian freedom. The Indian States, ruled by the Princes, are relics of a bygone mediæval age where full-blooded autocracy and often something like a feudal system prevail. They would have vanished long ago if the British Government had not protected them. During recent years a people's movement has arisen in these

states demanding freedom and democratic rights. This has been crushed to the accompaniment of brutal repression and gangster methods, which have nothing to learn from Nazi methods. The British Government has given full support to this repression in the Indian States.

British financial, mercantile, and other vested interests are the emblems of imperialist control and exploitation in India. It is ultimately on their behalf and for their sake that Britain controls India. To ask us, therefore, to get the Princes as well as British vested interests to agree to any change is to put up a barrier which can never be surmounted. It means that the final decision about the liquidation of British imperialism must rest with that imperialism itself.

The British Government's answer was an affront to the people of India, who saw in it the desire to consolidate the imperialist régime in India and elsewhere. If this was so, the war in Europe became obviously a war of rival imperialisms, and India could be no party to it. Not only the Congress but all groups and parties condemned this answer. The Congress decided that under these circumstances it could not associate itself with the war, and, as a first step in non-coöperation, called upon the Provincial Governments to resign. Eight such governments resigned, and, as it was not possible to have any other alternative popular governments in seven of them, the constitution was suspended and the governor became the autocrat. In the eighth province, Assam, a precarious ministry was formed and its future is uncertain. So we have gone back to autocracy and completely irresponsible government.

Taken aback by the volume of resentment in India, the British Government made another approach and offered some seats in the Viceroy's Executive Council to popular representatives, whom the Viceroy would nominate. This was an attempt to buy up by high office some

prominent leaders. It ignored completely the issues at stake and avoided a declaration about India's freedom. If the Congress had been foolish enough to accept this bait, it could have been said with justice that it was bargaining for personal preferment. The offer was rejected.

Another significant move was fathered by the British Government. This was to shift public attention from the political problem to the communal. The problem which had assumed importance since the war was a purely political one — the freedom of India and the right of her people to frame their constitution. The communal problem, though important in its own sphere, had nothing to do with the political. The British Government, however, sought shelter in communal difficulties and made the agreement of certain reactionary communal groups and minorities a prerequisite for any further consideration of the political problem. The Indian Congress declared that it was prepared to go any length to recognize and protect minority and communal rights and interests, provided that Indian unity, democracy, and freedom did not suffer. It could not satisfy, under any circumstances, those who were politically reactionary and opposed to the very conception of freedom and democracy. These reactionary groups, communal or princely, have lined up now, as they have done in the past, behind British imperialism, to resist any change which will give power to the people.

The National Congress did not ask for any power or privileged position for itself. It demanded a declaration of India's independence and the framing of India's constitution by a Constituent Assembly, freely elected under adult franchise. This Assembly would elect representatives to meet the representatives of the British Government for the settlement of all problems of mutual interest and for a treaty between two free nations. This was the obvious and only democratic

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procedure possible, in order to ascertain the will of the nation as a whole, giving full opportunity to all. Any other course would mean the imposition of the will of Britain or of some privileged groups in the country.

The question of the minorities or of different communities is worthy of consideration, but it has to be remembered that, whatever minority claims or objections might be, they cannot come in the way of a declaration of India's freedom by Britain. Such a declaration would state the intention and decision of the British Government. Whitehall has, however, made the minority problem an excuse for making no declaration at all.

What is this minority problem in India? The word 'minority' is misleading, as we are not dealing with racial minorities or nationalities as in Europe, but with religious groups usually of the same racial stock. The smaller religious groups are Christians, Sikhs (an offshoot from Hinduism), Parsees, and so forth. The main divisions are Hindus and Muslims, the former constituting about two thirds of the entire population. The Muslims, though theoretically a minority in the whole of India, number seventy millions and are in a majority in five northern provinces. Under provincial autonomy they can, if they function communally or religiously, control these five provinces. The distribution of the population and the administrative areas is such that there is a balance, and it is hardly conceivable that either of the great communities, even if so inclined, could ignore the other or misbehave towards the other. If this happened there would immediately be repercussions in other parts of India.

It is absurd to imagine that these two huge religious groups are ranged against each other in the country, although it is unfortunately true that conflicts have taken place from time to time, chiefly in towns. There is a long history behind this, and a consistently followed British policy to encourage disruptive tendencies.

While Indian nationalism has sought to unify India and has to a large degree succeeded, British imperialism has tried to introduce barriers to unity. One of the most unfortunate of these has been the introduction of separate electorates, each group voting independently for its own candidates. The result of this is the perpetuation of a feeling of separation and the encouragement in each group of the extremer communal and bigoted elements. This bigotry or communal feeling has often been exploited by political reactionaries to their own advantage.

In spite of all this, the National Congress has met with considerable success in developing political unity of outlook and action. The Congress is open to all Indians who subscribe to the objective of Indian independence, without any religious or other distinction. It has, inevitably, a very large Hindu membership, but it has also hundreds of thousands of Muslims on its rolls. The Northwest Frontier Province, which is 95 per cent Muslim, is dominated by the Congress and has a Congress Muslim Ministry.

Both the Hindus and Muslims have their own communal organizations, the Muslim being the All India Muslim League. The League is controlled by reactionary politicians who have taken little or no part in the struggle for Indian freedom during the last twenty years, and who have often opposed it and sided with British imperialism. Apart from the League, there are three other important Muslim organizations which are politically more advanced and have often coöperated with the Congress, and which today entirely support the Congress demand for Indian independence and a Constituent Assembly.

The Congress has repeatedly laid down that the rights of all minorities must be fully protected by fundamental laws in the constitution. Every conceivable minority right — religion, freedom of conscience, culture, language, and so forth — could be thus protected, apart

from other civic rights which would apply to everybody. Any infringement of such a right could be challenged in a supreme court.

In the demand for a Constituent Assembly, minority rights have been especially considered. The Assembly would be elected by adult suffrage, but, to ensure that minorities can send the representatives of their own choice, they have been given the option to have separate electorates for the purpose, much as we dislike this separatist machinery. Further, it has been suggested that all questions directly affecting any minority's interests, as such, should be settled by agreement and not by the greater voting power of the majority. If such an agreement is not arrived at in regard to any particular point, it can be referred for arbitration to the League of Nations or the International Court at The Hague or any other impartial body mutually agreed upon.

It passes the wit of man to devise further safeguards for a minority, but if any other expedients to ensure confidence in a minority or to protect its interests suggest themselves, the Congress will gladly consider them, for the Congress is anxious to settle this problem to the satisfaction of all. But nothing can be agreed to which goes against Indian freedom or democracy or disrupts India. Nor can a minority be allowed to dominate or override the majority. After all, the majority has also some rights.

Our communal or minority problem would have been settled long ago if a third party had not been always there to play it up, holding all manner of political gifts in its hands. So long as British imperialism functions in India, a real communal settlement is exceedingly difficult to arrive at. The bid of the British Government can always be higher than that of the neighbor, and reactionary groups take advantage of this fact and barter away national freedom for seeming communal gains. It is for this reason

that the Constituent Assembly has been suggested for the settlement of the communal problem. It will do so only when everyone realizes that this is the final authority, and that no outsider can intervene. The pressure of events will then force a solution, for the alternative is internal conflict.

Stress has been laid on adult or near-adult franchise for the Constituent Assembly. Apart from political reasons for this, such a wide franchise is desirable even from the point of view of the communal problem. This is essentially a middle-class problem and does not affect the masses at all. If the members of the Constituent Assembly are elected by the masses, they will bring an economic outlook with them and will be more concerned with mass problems than with others. The Hindu and the Muslim peasant or worker or shopkeeper or artisan or business man has the same problem to face. He is not worried by communal or religious divisions in regard to his work or business. For this reason we are opposed to a restricted electorate which will be largely controlled by the communally-minded classes, intent on preserving their own narrow interests.

Objection is raised to adult franchise because this will give an enormous electorate in India and vast constituencies. This difficulty can be got over by indirect election and the formation of electoral colleges.

III

The world is full of problems today, and some of them, not finding solution, have led Europe into the dreadful holocaust of war. No problem is an easy one and each is tied up with many others. None of us minimizes the difficulties we have to face in India, difficulties of our own creation or due to our own failings, as those created by the British Government. But the Indian problem is yet capable of solution peacefully, and with an eye to the larger problems of the world. That solution is being hindered

by reactionary elements in England and in India, but the problem remains and grows more serious, for behind it lie all manner of economic conflicts — the vast poverty of our country, the agrarian question, the feudal princely areas, the dominance of British vested interests. The tragedy is that Britain should have encouraged, and should continue to encourage, disruptive and reactionary tendencies in India in order to preserve her imperial interests. She will not preserve them, for they are destined to go, but they will go in hostility and conflict if no better way is found. The day when India could submit to external impositions is past.

It was a brave offer made on behalf of India to England for a declaration of war aims and Indian independence. If that had been accepted in the spirit in which it was made, there would have been an end to generations of conflict and struggle between the two countries, and for the first time we should have had willing coöperation between equals. If England had accepted it, she would have startled the world and proved that she really stood for democracy and freedom. She would have gained a greater victory than any she can possibly achieve on the battlefield, and the moral backing of the world would have been with her.

But imperialisms die hard, and British imperialism is old and tough. It was too much to expect that Mr. Chamberlain's Government should liquidate it, even under stress of war. It is clear to us that this imperialism is functioning and is seeking to preserve itself. India will be no party to this, and therefore she has dissociated herself from the war. We have taken the first step in noncoöperation, and though we have been in no hurry to take another step, events carry us inevitably towards further conflict.

Attempts will no doubt be made again by the British Government to come to terms with Indian nationalism. But they

are foredoomed to failure unless they recognize that there are no halfway houses to Indian freedom, and that this can no longer be reconciled with British imperialism. That imperialism will have to be liquidated, and India acknowledged to be an independent country. Dominion status and the like have ceased to have significance, and in any event they have no application to India. We have to think of the world in terms other than those of empire, howsoever free internally this might be. If we have international coöperation, as we must, it has to be on a world scale. To that conception of international coöperation or world order India is fully attached, and she would gladly associate herself with it.

India is far from America, but more and more our thoughts go to this great democratic country, which seems, almost alone, to keep the torch of democratic freedom alight in a world given over to imperialism and fascism, violence and aggression, and opportunism of the worst type. Even in our own struggle for freedom we have adhered to peaceful methods and have conceived of political action in moral terms, though we may have failed often enough in acting up to that conception. We have had misfortune enough in the world; but if even this war is to be carried on in the old imperialist way with no higher aims, if it results in no essential difference to the world or to human freedom, if it does not end the root causes of war and human degradation, then that will be tragedy indeed. India would gladly work to prevent this tragedy. It was in this spirit that we invited the British Government to state its aims. It is in this spirit also that we shall try to continue, even though our path leads to conflict with England. We should ill serve the cause we cherish by submitting to that very evil of imperialism against which we have struggled for so long.

POEMS

VISITATION

You think there are no angels any more —
No angels come to tell us in the night
Of joy or sorrow, love or death —
No breath of wings, no touch of palm to say
Divinity is near.

Today

Our revelations come

By telephone, or postman at the door,

You say —

Oh no, the hour when fate is near,
Not these, the voices that can make us hear,
Not these

Have power to pierce below the stricken mind
Deep down into perception's quivering core.
Blows fall unheeded on the bolted door;
Deafly we listen; blindly look; and still
Our fingers fumbling with the lock are numb,
Until
The Angels come.

Oh, do you not recall

It was a tree,

Gushing from earth so passionately straight
And tall,

That made you see, at last, what giant force
Lay pushing in your heart?

And was it not that spray

Of dogwood blossoms, white across your road,
That all at once made grief too great a load
To bear?

No angels any more, you say,
No towering sword, no angry seas divide —
No angels —

But a single bud of quince,
Flowering out of season on the day
She died,
Cracked suddenly across a porcelain world!

ELEGY UNDER THE STARS

I HERE; you there —
But under those eyes, space is all-where.

I alive; you dead —
But under those eyes all-time is spread.

I alone —
But under those eyes all things are joined;
All sorrow, and all beauty, and all spirit,
Are one.

ALMS

LIKE birds in winter
You fed me;
Knowing the ground was frozen,
Knowing
I should never come to your hand,
Knowing
You did not need my gratitude.

Softly,
Like snow falling on snow,
Softly, so not to frighten me,
Softly,
You threw your crumbs upon the ground —
And walked away.

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

NEW ENGLAND DILEMMA

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I

THE first annual report of James Bryant Conant to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College may in retrospect prove as significant as Turner's famous essay on the closing of the frontier. The report is dated January 8, 1934. It said:—

'Our Puritan ancestors thought of education and theology as inseparably connected. It is hard for us to recapture their point of view. . . . For a long period . . . Cambridge was located more nearly in the center of the population of the United States than it is at present. The problem of the immediate future is to devise ways and means to insure that we shall continue to obtain men of the greatest promise.' 'If we have,' wrote Mr. Conant, 'in each department of the University the most distinguished faculty which it is possible to obtain, we need have little worry about the future. If we fail in this regard, there are no educational panaceas which will restore Harvard to its position of leadership.' 'In the future even more than in the past,' he remarked, 'we should attract to our student body the most promising young men throughout the whole nation. To accomplish its mission Harvard must be a truly national university . . . we should be able to say that any man with remarkable talents may obtain his education at Harvard, whether he be rich or penniless, whether he come from Boston or San Francisco.'

I call this report significant because it marks the close of an epoch. Our oldest

collegiate institution, an institution which had been a New England university enjoying national repute, declared through its president that henceforward it was to be a national university which happens to be located in New England. Had Mr. Conant been president of Yale or Brown or Dartmouth, however, he might have said exactly the same thing.

Although Harvard has never drawn its staff exclusively from New England, the implication of the report is that it is now idle to think New England alone can supply the brains for a national university. Until the World War, New England exported scholars and scientists to the hinterland — an example is the arrival of William Vaughn Moody, Robert Morss Lovett, Robert Herrick, and John Matthews Manly on the campus of the young University of Chicago in the '90s. But in 1934 the president of Harvard expressed his anxiety lest scholars and scientists should fail to come from the hinterland to New England. 'There are no educational panaceas which will restore Harvard to its position of leadership.' The stream has reversed its flow.

When President Conant wrote, 'Our Puritan ancestors thought of education and theology as inseparably connected,' when he said, 'It is hard for us to recapture their point of view,' the implication was that an intellectual tradition has been exhausted. When he declared that 'to accomplish its mission Harvard must

be a truly national university,' he turned from Cambridge to the United States. President Conant did not kill a three-hundred-year-old tradition. He merely recognized its extinction, and like a good administrator proposed the creation of a new intellectual order.

It is appropriate that the funeral oration should be pronounced by the president of Harvard College. The last stronghold of the New England intellect was not literature but the college; and New Englanders, though they saw their farmlands idle, their financial supremacy gone, their culture brushed aside by newer and more vigorous racial stocks, had comforted themselves with scenery and education. Scenery remains one of the most profitable New England industries, but it is difficult to say what intellectual outlook differentiates a New England college from a college located west of the Hudson. Formerly the New England colleges shared a philosophy compounded out of Congregationalism, Unitarianism, and Transcendentalism; formerly they shared a belief in culture exemplified by James Russell Lowell. But culture is a word without meaning in the modern world, and the philosophy is bankrupt. There remain a pleasant social tradition, a pleasant tradition of liberalism. But neither the social tradition nor the liberal tradition is any longer specific or unique. Colleges elsewhere have equally pleasant social traditions. Universities elsewhere have equal traditions of liberalism. The intellectual liberalism of Yale and the intellectual liberalism of the University of Chicago are now for practical purposes one. Contrast with this the difference between the intellectual outlook of Yale and the intellectual outlook of the University of Virginia in, let us say, 1850.

The fact that no New England college stands for a specific New England philosophy does not necessarily mean that New England colleges are for that reason inferior. Quite the contrary. But the

development of a point of view in these institutions has been in large measure a development away from a representative philosophy and sectional values. President Conant's proclamation that Harvard is a national university has, for example, taken practical form in national scholarships, a program of reading in American history for undergraduates, and a program for graduate students leading to the Ph. D. in the history of American civilization. The most prominent member of the Harvard faculty recently in the public eye has been Felix Frankfurter, and the elevation of Mr. Frankfurter to the Supreme Court was not due to anything specifically Yankee in Mr. Frankfurter's philosophy of the law.

Yale has nourished Mr. Thurman Arnold, but Mr. Arnold's attack on the folklore of capitalism is, to put it mildly, not a defense of State Street. Yale has also published the admirable *Chronicles of America* series and nourished the excellent historical work of Seymour, Gabriel, Monaghan, and others, but these interpretations of history do not represent a New England interpretation of history in the sense that Mr. Douglas Freeman's *The South to Posterity* represents a Southern interpretation of history.

Again, the liveliest college faculty in the region seems to be at the moment at Williams, but the essays of Max Lerner do not discuss democracy in the brahmin spirit of Lowell's famous address. Professor Hans Kohn of Smith would, I surmise, write exactly as he does if he were at Washington University, St. Louis. No group of philosophers continues the traditions of Emerson and Alcott, or, for that matter, the traditions of Royce and James. Dartmouth, Amherst, Wellesley, Bowdoin, Wheaton, Bennington, the University of Maine, the University of Vermont, are good schools, but they do not seem to be militantly New England schools.

Nobody goes from a college post east

of the Hudson to a college post west of the Mississippi with that sense of Ovidian exile among the Goths which led George Edward Woodberry, teaching at Nebraska in 1877, to write pathetic letters to Charles Eliot Norton; Norton responding, 'What a chance it affords to study Primitive Institutions!' The University of Nebraska is not a primitive institution, and Westerners find it superior to the effete East. As Mr. Conant dryly observed, Cambridge was once located more nearly in the centre of the population of the United States than it is at present.

II

What is a New England point of view? What is a New England philosophy? What is the New England way of life?

The fact that nobody can answer these questions is, of course, precisely the point. In the nineteenth century the questions would have been answerable. They included what Poe acidly summed up as Frogpondism. They meant a Protestant outlook, even if one were a member of no particular church. They meant a placid consciousness of intellectual superiority to barbarians in Broadway and the West. They meant all that is apparent in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's claim that, though he was not genuine Boston, he was Boston-plated.

Writing Bayard Taylor in 1866, Aldrich said:—

I miss my few dear friends in New York — but that is all. There is a finer intellectual atmosphere here [in Boston] than in our city. It is true, a poor literary man could not earn his salt, or more than that, out of pure literary labor in Boston: but then he couldn't do it in New York, unless he turned *journalist*. The people of Boston are full-blooded readers, appreciative, trained. The humblest man of letters has a position here which he doesn't have in New York. To be known as an able writer is to have the choicest society opened to you . . . here [he] is sup-

posed necessarily to be a gentleman. In New York — he's a Bohemian! outside of his personal friends he has no standing.

This is the unadulterated snobbery of the genteel tradition, but it is snobbery concerning something real. A provincial is merely a man who is proud of belonging to a cultural tradition which he believes to be *per se* superior to any other cultural tradition. When a writer stands outside such a tradition and looks at it without believing in it, the result is *The Late George Apley*. When he stands inside of it and believes in it, the result is the creation of the *Atlantic Monthly* with Lowell as editor and Holmes as chief contributor. *The Late George Apley* has its chuckling excellence, but its excellence is not that of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Contemporary New Englandism is an inheritance, not a belief; a mode of behavior, not an idea.

The difference is made clear by a glance at the South. It is commonly said that in the twentieth century the South enjoys an intellectual renaissance. Though the intellectual life of the South, like the middle class, is always rising, the production of books and magazines about that region has undeniably increased. Good work has come out of various parts of that region, but a fructifying influence has poured especially from two centres — Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and Nashville, Tennessee. At the University of North Carolina, though it is possible that no one could give a definition of the Southern way of life, a group of men arose determined not merely that the Southern way of life should be improved, but also that it should be preserved. A second group arose at Vanderbilt.

In the one university, men like Howard W. Odum, Frederick H. Koch, Rupert B. Vance, Paul Green, Edgar W. Knight, E. C. Branson, L. R. Wilson, and others decided to focus the best brains they could assemble upon the problem of Southern values. The result was not

only a rich historical and sociological literature; their activities also had important repercussions in imaginative writing from the Carolina folk plays to the novels of Thomas Wolfe. In the other university a group of young poets, weary of Southern sentimentalism, determined that the South was entitled to an intelligent literature. They were presently forced by the logic of their philosophy to consider the question of Southern values, and the result was the agrarian pronouncement, *I'll Take My Stand*. One may debate endlessly the question whether the Tarheels or the Tennesseans advanced the right solution, but the point is that a solution was looked for. And that solution focuses upon the assumption that the Southern way of life is both valuable and defensible. There is no similar focus for a philosophy of value, so far as I can see, in all New England. New England is centrifugal, not centripetal.

To be sure, literature in New England now resembles the multitudinous laughter of the waves. In the summer not a country lane in Connecticut, New Hampshire, or Vermont but resounds with the click of typewriters; not a village on the coast of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, or Maine but in it novelists, poets, dramatists, critics, artists, college professors, and musicians outnumber the local population which they support. New England advertised itself as the vacation land, and all the muses moved in — from New York. But there is a difference between writing books in New England and writing New England books, and there is an even more crucial difference between describing New England and believing in it. When local color peers in at the door, regional philosophy flies out at the window. In July and August, New England is a vast antique shop rummaged for ancient articles. Admiring grandfather's clock, however, is not synonymous with that deep, unconscious act of faith which led Hawthorne to produce *Grandfather's Chair*.

III

New England literature has always tended to fall into two broad categories — the historical and the argumentative. The golden days of New England have always been in the past. Bradford and Winthrop lamented the degeneration which time soon wrought at Plymouth and Boston; Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* is as much a picture of the good old times as the histories of Samuel Eliot Morison; and the solemn purpose of the Connecticut Wits embalmed the Revolution in the cold coffin of epic poetry. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Henry Adams, were all more or less reminiscent. The standard textbook phrase for the fictions of Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and others of that generation is 'chroniclers of New England decline.' Tilbury Town had already been painted and analyzed by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and *Mourning Becomes Electra* was no revelation to anybody who had read *The House of the Seven Gables*.

The notion that the New England way of life has decayed is perhaps the liveliest tradition in the literary history of three centuries. But, though the complaint that New England is not what she was is perennial, the habit of looking backward engenders the habit of looking away from the present. The concept of New England as the Old Curiosity Shop comes in time to negate everything that Concord once stood for. Antiques are not culture.

It is curious how much of the organized intellectual energy of New England goes into a past which almost nobody attacks and ignores a present which almost nobody defends. The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, the Essex Historical Institute, the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, the American Antiquarian Society — one could add indefinitely to such a roll call. Doubtless these venerable institutions are flavorful and valuable, but they march

resolutely away from the twentieth century. I observe with interest that the Trustees of Public Reservations have just purchased the Old Manse. I am glad they will preserve the Old Manse, but who will preserve Emerson — him who wrote, 'The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant.' He also wrote, 'We will speak our own minds.' I think he referred to more than academic freedom.

The other side of New England letters is argumentative. Up to the World War, New England had something or other to defend. It might be Calvinism or the colonial charters, the Hartford Convention or Daniel Webster, transcendentalism or the Union, civil service reform or the Republican Party. It might even be culture. I suppose the last New Englander who really fought for culture was Charles Eliot Norton, who, though he was capable of disliking *Alice in Wonderland*, had in his quiet way a fighting philosophy. 'The concern for beauty, as the highest end of work, and as the noblest expression of life, hardly exists among us,' he wrote in an essay, 'and forms no part of our character as a nation.' This is at least perfectly definite, and he labored for twenty-three years to reform the national character by culture. We still believe in education, but who, even in New England, militantly believes in culture? The polemical strength of New England letters has vanished for the sufficient reason that New England has nothing to defend.

I suppose the two events of recent years that have most deeply stirred emotion in this region have been the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the hate-Roosevelt ground swell. In the Sacco-Vanzetti case my sympathies were with the opposition. I believe these men were innocent, and I am therefore prejudiced. But what seems to me the most disheartening thing about that tragedy is not that the men were executed, but that

nobody defended the state. They died because justice and the commonwealth demanded it. No one, however, ringingly demonstrated what concept of justice and the state made this inexorable demand.

If strong conservative convictions existed, they were not adequately expressed. Conservatism usually takes refuge in silence, but Massachusetts was under attack, and who effectively defended Massachusetts?

Characteristic of certain classes and communities in New England is the strong, stubborn, covert opposition to the New Deal. But it does not take intellectual form. If President Roosevelt's policies really threaten the New England way of life, who explains or trenchantly defends what is threatened? What public man now stands for this region as Daniel Webster once stood for this region? What Congressman is essentially Yankee as John Quincy Adams was Yankee? I do not refer to his accent but to his stubborn belief in the right of petition.

Who presents a program or a policy? Is there any economic theory concerning these states which is even as articulate or as vocal as the Townsend plan? We have half a dozen governors, twelve senators, a regiment of representatives, and local leaders by the gross. Can any one of them say what he stands for and why he stands for it in terms that cut through the blurred phraseology of politics?

Of course brains are rare and statesmen do not grow on every blackberry bush, but it is felt that a whole way of life is threatened, and it would seem that six commonwealths, scores of colleges, innumerable newspapers, and a battery of magazines could produce something beyond emotionalism and platitudes. Clay and Calhoun had no doubt what New England stood for; they ran into it.

I suppose a typical problem before New England at the moment is whether

existing shoe factories shall be injured by the setting up of a shoe factory in Maryland imported from Czechoslovakia. Fears for the extinction of New England industries lead their bondholders to denounce Secretary Hull and vote the Republican ticket. It is true that world trade is choked up and must be unchoked, but not until every dividend is paid. However, industry and commerce will presumably continue to exist even if Jim Farley should be the next President, but is that the height of our great argument? The same low practicality is common and universal. The tariff has always been a local issue, but it is a local issue in Wisconsin no less than in Rhode Island. I do not recall what stand Emerson and Alcott took on the tariff. When New England calls the roll of its great men, it has not hitherto rated them by the money they earned or kept. I am told the tariff is basic in history, and there are those who say it lies at the bottom of the Civil War. Despite the economic historians, however, New England has assumed that the men who got themselves killed at Bunker Hill or Gettysburg died, not for their pocketbooks, but for their convictions. If New England is synonymous with the interest rate, President Cogan's remarks are superfluous.

IV

The New England way of life has been a Yankee way of life, and of course the Yankee has traditionally looked after his savings. Let us, however, broaden the perspective to include the late George Apley. The New England way was also the 'Old American' way, and the 'Old Americans' are now an outnumbered clan, grimly holding on to financial and social power where they can, yielding only to death and superior taxes. The social cleavage they have thus created is of course the New England tragedy. Such heroism may be magnificent, as the holding of Ther-

mopylae was magnificent, but the Spartans yielded in the end. It took a more active strategist to rout the Persian host.

It is disheartening to trace the blindness of 'Old Americans' from the mild bewilderment of Emerson and Thoreau, confronted by Irish laborers on the Fitchburg railroad, to its climactic expression in Aldrich's 'Unguarded Gates,' a poem which is pure snobbery in classic verse. Lovely as it is to be conscious of superior rectitude, by refusing to reinvigorate virtue from the common people the New England intellect has run thin and bloodless; and so long as it persists in regarding Irishmen, Italians, Jews, Portuguese, French Canadians, and other late arrivals as interlopers, it cannot fully renew itself on its own soil. For these are precisely the groups which are rich in the qualities the New England intellectual tradition gravely needs — earthiness, emotion, a deep sense of life, a belief that intellect is not all. Finding they are not wanted, the 'immigrants' have struck back by two characteristically American attacks: they have conquered at the polls, and they are trying to conquer in the countinghouse. New England is therefore a house divided against itself. In contrast, the superior flexibility of the New Yorker has made his city, despite transient racial strains, the metropolis of the future, rich in the arts and the sciences. Mr. Apley, however, refuses to admit that a profitable amalgam of cultures can take place. After him, the deluge.

The rising culture in New England is a Catholic culture, the traditional culture of New England is a Protestant culture, but it does not follow that the twain shall never meet. A large and influential section of the Catholic Church in New England is Irish, and if anything is characteristic of Irish Catholicism it is that it constitutes the Puritan branch of the church universal. Like the Puritan faith, it has been a persecuted faith, and, like the Pilgrims, Irish Catholics sought

refuge in a foreign land. Irish Catholic morality is, moreover, singularly like Puritan morality: it stresses the domestic virtues; it demands thrift and sobriety of its parishioners and, to an astonishing degree, succeeds in obtaining them; and its censorship is precisely the Puritan censorship. I have heard a college professor, descended from a long line of New England aristocrats, and an Irish priest express identical (and, as I thought, mistaken) opinions of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. On the other hand, Charles Francis Adams and Father Ahern, speaking at a dinner held to check racial antagonism, uttered similar sentiments and did not seem incongruous. The Charitable Irish Society points with pride to a history older than that of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Though the mayor of Boston is named Tobin and the governor of Massachusetts is called Saltonstall, neither has proposed to tear down Faneuil Hall. To be sure, there are difficulties, and it is likeness rather than difference which holds men apart — witness Massachusetts and South Carolina in the Civil War. A low order of political morality may justly be charged against certain Irish wards and certain Irish politicians; but, having recently reread Mr. Winston Churchill's *Coniston* and *Mr. Crew's Career*, I learned that a low order of political morality could once be justly charged against the sovereign state of New Hampshire. The political boss in *Coniston* is named Jethro Bass. The present governor of that reformed commonwealth is named Murphy. He is a vast improvement on Jethro.

But though the parallel is as striking as the difference between these two traditions, George Apley still clings to the inviolable shade. Hibernia for him is embodied in that low fellow, the ward boss, who is so singularly uninterested in the taxes imposed on the ancestral Apley home. Of course, even an Irishman in Mr. Apley's opinion is entitled to courtesy and political rights. So likewise

is the Jew, concerning whom Mr. Apley has forgotten that Puritanism has been defined as Old Testament religion. There is likewise the Italian. In Norton's day some knowledge of Italy, even if it was no more than engravings of Italian masterpieces hung on the library wall, was a part of culture, but Mr. Apley fails to comprehend that the race which produced the Sistine Madonna might eventually create its American counterpart. As for the French Canadians, forgetting that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Canada was a nearer neighbor than New York, Mr. Apley remembers only that they work in mills, the bonds of which have regrettably depreciated since the advent of that man Roosevelt. Besides, there are yet dimmer races — Portuguese and Poles, Swedes and Finns, the Negro, in whose cause Mr. Apley's ancestor lost an arm at Antietam. Are there not social workers? Is there not a Community Fund? Mr. Apley subscribes to it. Accredited agencies do this sort of thing so well.

Yet Mr. Apley cannot stand forever, a Yankee Marius surveying, not the ruins of Carthage, but the ghost of Rome. The province of New England long since disappeared; it has been replaced by a Federal Reserve District. Six states occupy the kingdom which formerly gave laws to the barbarians, and Mr. Apley, who voted for Calvin Coolidge, has done all he could in his own political tradition to federalize his native state. Regrettably, when Vermont and Massachusetts joined hands to manufacture silent Cal for the export trade, the result was not the conquest of the barbarians, but the rout of economic royalty under F. D. R.

I wonder what Emerson, who found even Webster inadequate, would have said about the last New England President? He declared that the god who made New Hampshire taunted the land with little men. When a little man became consul, New England,

which had fought to force South Carolina back into the Union, was herself forced to rejoin the republic. Now, through various federal agencies, the republic is trying to preserve New England, and only Vermont and Maine are coy.

I heard some days since of two decaying towns. In one, a young Polish girl is writing verses. I thought of Emily Dickinson. In the other, young Yankees graduating from high school find nothing more to do than play games in the house of a benevolent member of the community. Does not even the sin of having 'nothing to do' awaken reverberations? All over New England young men and women stand idle, looking for leadership. *It Can't Happen Here* may yet happen here. They are not, I think, afraid of poverty, — their ancestors were not, — but they are afraid of the poverty of the spirit. We have tinkered with the situation at Ware or in the case of the Amoskeag mills or elsewhere, but who has told us whether these efforts are panaceas or remedies?

Meanwhile, great minds in these states concentrate on international affairs. What shall we do about Finland? Russia? Germany? The Allies? Japan? What shall we do in the forthcoming presidential campaign? What shall we do about the interest rate? A more pertinent question is: What shall we do about New England? It is just possible that if New England began to set its house in order the country would beat a path to its door. If the moral leadership in Jonathan Edwards's country mounts no higher than the Christian Front and the fantastic red-shirt group recently ejected from the Harvard Yard, New England has indeed rejoined the rest of the country.

Young men are sick and weary waiting for a moral leadership that nowhere appears. Men who read Robert Frost strangely say that moral idealism is no longer possible. The same persons who are daily outraged by events in China,

Finland, Germany, and Spain deny the possibility that morality exists, and do not see they are inconsistent. The world is very evil, the times are waxing late. But the world has always been evil, sometimes more and sometimes less, and it is always too late. Men of conviction, however, also come too early and are therefore misunderstood and martyred, but I am not interested in the precise position of the hour hand on the clock. I observe rather that refugees are still arriving in Boston harbor because, with all its clouds and darkness over it, they believe in the promise of American life. One of them said to me tonight, 'Oh, it is good to be in a free country.' Having Czechoslovakia in mind, we despair too easily. The New England village stands white and clean like other mortuary monuments, but at any rate it stands, and the steeple on the empty church points unwaveringly upward. All that is lacking is a speaker, a congregation, and a burning word. I call for a statement of human integrity.

V

There used to be an annual conference at Williams College on international affairs. Why not an annual conference on New England affairs? We cannot reform the nation wholesale, but only piece by piece. Men who contribute money to fight injustice in California do not even contribute brain power to fight poverty in Vermont. What is done in New York and Colorado affects New England, but what is done in New England also affects Colorado and New York. We hear so much about the shrinking sides of the world that there are those who regard Connecticut as a borough of New York City. In New York, however, Boston is more remote than Hollywood. I have not heard Mayor La Guardia discuss rural slums or the decay of New England mills. I have not even read in the *Saturday Review of Literature* the pertinent ques-

tion: Who are the heirs of Alcott, Emerson, Thoreau? I hear much talk of *Moby Dick*, which was written in Lenox almost a hundred years ago, but that book is supposed to prove that the universe is evil. I had thought it had something to do with the dauntless spirit of man.

Catholic or Protestant does not matter; Old American or New American does not matter; communist or economic royalist does not matter; even George Apley does not matter. What matters is the sense of deadness and the desire of life. We have two needs in what was formerly a theocracy: conviction and application.

What is to be done for the Merimac Valley, the abandoned farms, the silent villages, the metropolitan slums, the broken windows of the mills? I am not economist enough to say, but I suppose there must be economists who can take their eyes off Washington. All machinery is ridiculous, and committees and conferences abound with stupidity, like the Chardon Street Convention, that byword for the ridiculousness of the come-outers and the vegetarians. But cannot we do better than an annual governors' conference? Is Harvard, is Yale, is Brown, are the colleges forever to centre their attention on what is sublime and historical? Shall our debates concern only the world? If rugged individualism is a failure in the economic sphere, rugged determination is not therefore to be abandoned. We cannot be passive and silent forever. I have read of a balanced economy, but I never saw it in New England, and I do not think that State Street and welfare workers between them will attain it. One's ancestors are, conceivably, dead. A Cambridge poet of some renown and orthodox ancestry once wrote, 'Act, — act in the living Present!' I am told the poem is old-fashioned, and begin to believe it.

The next line is 'Heart within, and God o'erhead!' I assume that Catholic,

Protestant, and Jew equally admit His existence, but they seem, some of them, dubious about His power. Very well. Let us know the worst. Let us welcome skeptic and atheist if necessary, remembering that Heaven helps those who help themselves. As for heart, a thousand testimonies declare its existence. Read the ads for charitable associations in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. A heart beats in the Irish, the Italian, the Polish breast. I read in a Quaker poet, not unknown to the anthologies: —

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

This is dated from Amesbury, eleventh month, 1847. I heard similar sentiments more rhetorically expressed at a St. Patrick's Day dinner in 1939.

The cry is for a program. Programs are born, not made, is apparently the assumption, as if the Pilgrims knew precisely where they were going and what they were going to do. As a matter of history, they were tricked and deceived. Having only the pragmatic belief that they could create an economy in the wilderness, they merely began New England. We, too, live in a wilderness equally threatening, but nothing less than a declaration of bankruptcy and a total reorganization of society will satisfy us. Softly, softly. Let us take one step at a time, being, indeed, unable to walk otherwise. The calm belief that Yankee ingenuity is not confined to bolts and screws is enough for the moment. Dilemmas are not susceptible of logical resolution. An old and battered program concerns the rights of man. If we cannot agree about church and ancestry, let us at least agree that we stand where we stand. By common consent certain things are evil and remain so, among them being starvation, idleness, and disbelief.

If we must have a platform, I suggest

we reinstitute the Concord school of philosophy, though there be not a transcendentalist on the faculty. Our books are disparate, atomic, descriptive. Save for Robert Frost, there is none who stands for the New England way. I read the social history of Virginia in the novels of Ellen Glasgow, but where shall I turn to read the social history of Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island? Moving pictures in costumed prose are not what most we need. Once the Saturday Club expressed something, but what do these admirable historical novels express except an artistic arrangement of the past? Even Sam Slick and Shore Acres have vanished from the theatre. Fishermen still put out of Gloucester, but it is now some decades since Kipling, a transient Englishman, wrote *Captains Courageous*. I have read no short stories about the Portuguese since Wilbur Daniel Steele. The *Yale Review* discusses everything except Connecticut, the *Atlantic Monthly* is now a national magazine.

And yet it is not magazines and reviews we need, nor yet fishermen or Portuguese or comic Yankees or farmers, but a passionate belief in values and in a way of life some centuries old. There are times when *Little Women* seems more masterly than *The Last Puritan*. Miss Alcott did what she did, and not something else. We tire of fine skepticism, and long for an affirmation, even if it concern only simple things. What shall it profit an author if he gain royalties and lose his own soul? What contract did Longfellow make, and did he bargain for the movie rights of *Hiawatha*?

To be sure, it is easy to drop into a scolding tone. To be sure, also, New England — there she stands. But how long she shall stand, or rather how long she shall stand as New England, once the home of men who believed there were eternal verities, or whether she shall stand simply as a territory belonging to the United States — this is the New England Dilemma.

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

I

MEN do not make their travels as straight as crows. Roads twist to go by farms, around barns, over hills, and to the narrowest crossings of the brooks. Even some city streets in New England, they say, twist among the offices and the banks as the cows wandered in the lost green grass. The Pilgrims when they landed in Massachusetts were headed for Delaware. It was a long time later that Nathaniel Bowditch, the Navigator, sent the ships of Salem straight on their enriching courses in a system which swung about the certainty of the sun. And still sometimes neither the Yankees nor the stranger among them can be quite sure where they are going. They may not even be in entire agreement about the way they have come. I remember that when I first went North as a Southerner I was lost in Boston, and I wondered whether I was any more lost than Boston was. A little Italian boy set me straight for a dime.

Maybe, then, what I have to report is not the travel but the traveler, a traveler from the antithetical South which New Englanders understood was gallant, perhaps, but thriftless certainly, gracious in legend but violent in fact. From such a land I came with the secret respect that all Southerners have learned for the Yankees. It was the recruit before the fighting and the politician after it who said that one Reb could

beat ten Yankees. The veterans of Alabama perpetuated a reticent respect for the boys from Vermont.

Undoubtedly some Yankees came down whose departure from points North must have occasioned as much rejoicing as fury was occasioned by their activities in points South. Some such still come, and they are not always labor organizers. They may be, indeed, men who talked in loudest indignation about underpaid Southern labor before they themselves began to underpay Southern laborers. And some of the gentlemen who stayed in Boston, courteous, honorable, cultured gentlemen, have sometimes been difficult to bear. They talked of Southern thriftlessness in a South their tariff system had impoverished and whose poverty a Northern credit system milked. Some ladies even in the Back Bay contributed funds, to help the poor Negro tenants under the wicked white landlords, out of incomes which came from interest rates which kept the landlords hot after the Negroes and the Negroes hot over the cotton.

They were details which did not destroy respect. The Yankee schoolmarm long ago gave us what little learning we had. And some of them stayed to become the mothers of Confederate soldiers. Even today Harvard is not so much the name of a university as a word which chills us in the warm South with a sense of inferiority. We honored Eli Whitney

even if we stole his cotton gin and got paid for our plunder by a slavery to cotton which included us all, white and black. We sat in the shade and talked with admiration of the energy of the Yankee in the snow. We appreciated the Connecticut Yankee's skill (it was a Southerner who wrote the best book about it), but we learned to holler for a Negro when there was work to be done with hands. That is, some of us did — a very few of us really. Most of us white Southerners were working hard through that whole legend and not getting much further than those Yankees who let the forest run back across the cow lot and departed for the West.

Out of such a South I came North secretly respectful. I rode the highways, and I went out of New England over the same Merritt Parkway upon which I had entered it (I rode in for nothing; they charged me a dime to get out), openly and frankly full of admiration. On the most difficult land, the men of New England made a great civilization. They maintained it. But the very greatness of their accomplishment is the measure of their problem. They never had any reason to hope to be so rich. I expect it is gallantry now, and not skill or thrift or industry, which is the basis of determination to continue to be.

The fish and the forests which were what they had to begin with were depleted long ago. The water power which now runs by so many less productive mills is a resource no longer unique. The region has to spend a billion dollars or more every year to feed itself. A million of the eight million eaters within the land were, when I rode it, people who wanted work and could not get it. There were more old people and fewer young ones in the old land than in most other American regions. Twice as many freight cars — and probably twice as many trucks — brought food and fuel and materials in as took products out. And the more valuable products which went out had, in an America which New England-

ers had helped spread to the Pacific, a longer way to go.

But the land remained rich. Not only did it have more dollars than its share in the banks, it had more education than its share in the heads of its people. There was, as a Southerner counts, little heart-breaking poverty apparent in the land. Not only were Yankees rich in Milton and Newton, also the poor were fed (and well, by Southern standards), even in bankrupt Fall River. Most of the people live in the towns, where their poverty can be articulate, where their distress must be met or seen. Furthermore, in the great industrial states the rich did not seem ruthless nor the poor driven (there were exceptions, as wage-and-hour prosecutions showed; also there were factories which employers said labor regulations had shut up). On holidays the beaches are crowded, the circuses filled. Recreation in New England is not industry for outsiders alone. Neither bread nor circus is lacking. And a good deal more is provided.

'We are living on fat,' said a lean, rich young New Englander. And I expect the poor would say, 'What is fat but food?' Between them, I think, is an old problem which exists not only within the region but outside it. At home, Puritan morals remain strong in defense of possession: the rich have because the rich did; thrift must be protected from the thriftless. But there is also a new — and always new as the other is always old — morality of indignation: the rich got because the rich grabbed; pity is more important than profit. It is not necessary to choose between them to know that taxes have gone up at home (as also in Washington), and that much New England capital goes far away (much of it always did), to make profits and jobs elsewhere than in New England.

II

That old conflict, under a multitude of philosophies (ideologies is the word now),

between the rich who want desperately to keep and the poor who need desperately to get, is not restricted to men in New England or anywhere else. It applies to nations and regions also. New England was on the poor side once. Some of that conflict went into the revolutionary patriotism of the American Revolution. It entered the fight between the planters and the infant Yankee industrialists about tariffs. And generally the poor men and the poor lands are more active about the business. The rich scream vociferously at every threat, but it is the poor who act in the streets, in the Congresses, and now around the factories. (These poor, of course, are by no means always hungry. They may be rich men, strong men, but there is generally a sharp stick of hunger behind the lands or men they lead.) The new rich are always the old poor.

New England lacks that sharp stick. It did not always lack it. I suspect that the greatness of New England grew less directly from the high morals of the Puritans than from the inhospitality of the land to which they came. Time and winter dramatically pointed the need for energy. My back still aches from the stones they pulled out of the fields. The long shut-in winters turned the man to the tool and the book. (In the South, in the winter sunshine between cotton picking and cotton planting, there were open fields, gun and dog.) And there was the sea: we remember shining sail and forget stinking forecastle. The history of men on the sea has been the history of men who could not make a living on the land. Not everybody got rich in New England. The Southerners had some sharp things to say about the girls who came in from the farms to the mills in the towns while the abolitionists were talking about slaves in the South. (New England spokesmen were proud of the small number of illegitimate children they had.) The West was not opened and the New England farms abandoned by men who went off in frolic. They

departed from backbreak and poverty. After them men came into New England from the poverty of the world. Most of them are still poor.

We are better informed about the succession of the successful. They move in the books; they sit in the portraits of Gilbert Stuart, the snuff-grinder's son. They lived in the houses of McIntire and Bulfinch. They went to Harvard. They began to write books. They were concerned with good causes. And they made — and make — I think the truest aristocracy America ever possessed. They would have distrusted such romanticization of themselves as surrounded and surrounds still the planter aristocrats of the South. But they were more durable. They had a better sense of values. Even at their richest they themselves were closer to the stones and the snow and the sea. Generally, though not always (there were the waistcoats and houses and yachts of Salem), they distrusted display. They believed in God and education, blood and money. Even now they retain standards which are admirable in a puzzled world. I am not sure they will be standards which will suffice.

These aristocrats are not New England. Only a little more than a third of the New Englanders now are native Americans of native parents. A good many of those have an Irish grandfather or a French-Canadian grandmother. A great part of the Yankees who do survive in New England from the ancient days are poor men, still scratching little Vermont farms or leaving them when grandfather dies. But the New England money aristocrat and the Connecticut Yankee who is the aristocrat of skill do still make the patterns of the land. Thrift and skill, industry, ingenuity and independence, are virtues which a polyglot people profess even when they lack the powers to participate in them.

Sometimes, indeed, they seem words. Thrift is real, billions are in the savings banks; but the rich aristocratic Yankee

Governor of Massachusetts found very little of it in the people's government of Massachusetts. Skill and ingenuity are in New England, but no monopoly of them is there. The Connecticut Yankee is often a Pole. The skills of modern industry are learned elsewhere also. Many more would like to be industrious for wages than are. And independence: a fifth of the people of Massachusetts were receiving relief. Sometimes the words sounded like a Southern shouting about bravery and honor and gallantry to a Southern people who needed clothes and shelter and bread.

And that was very strange. For New England had the only two things the South has seemed to lack: wealth and education. Not only do the rich maintain well-dressed armies of bankers and trustees and investment counselors to guard fortunes. Also the workers of New England get wages well above those of men and women working at the same jobs in the South (above them even when cheaper living in the warmer region is considered). That still continues true under the wages-and-hours law which lifted the wages of many in the South. For a long time even WPA workers received pay far above Southern levels. Families on relief in New England towns are much more secure than similar poor folk in the South.

New England is rich and educated. Not only do the Saltonstalls go to Harvard; also even the boys from relief families in the NYA work-experience project at Quoddy in Maine had as an average almost completed high school. New England had the first public school in America, and the first college. Its colleges are richer. A full fourth more is spent by New England on its public-school pupils than the rest of the country spends. The public libraries are open in almost every little town.

But the land seemed to me to be as plagued with problem as the poor, less educated South. Not only did it seem so to me. There have been moments when

both labor unions and bankers were frightened together. Mill treasurers and investment counselors, governors and college professors, have spoken about the threat to New England from other new competing industrial regions, particularly the South. Sometimes they have spoken about Southern competition in such high, hot moral indignation as their fathers used about slavery, but I doubt whether their chief concern was with the welfare of the new, eager, white, prolific Southern slaves.

III

The sharp stick was behind the South. And the anger in New England seemed comfortable even when it was choleric. In its wealth and education New England was also confused. He was a New Englander, employed by the governors of New England to speak for New England, who recorded the fact that when the Southerners started in textile manufacturing, to beat the 'damnyankees' on a new kind of battlefield, Yankee machinery manufacturers came to their assistance by selling them machines in exchange for stock. The biggest bank in New England devoted to developing New England has also lent money in the South for plants which would compete with New England. The United Shoe Machinery Corporation, by its leasing system, has made the migration of industries from the shoe towns a much simpler matter. Business is business, undoubtedly. But such business, sound as it may be, is not vastly different from the action of labor in pushing up labor safeguards and wages in New England which, say business men of some of the same institutions that sell machines and lend money beyond New England, has forced some industry out of New England (or pushed it from crowded Massachusetts to rural Maine). Both the labor leaders and the business men are about legitimate business for the money or men they represent. All are right, or none of them are.

None of them, nor all of them together, can build a wall around New England — not short of another war. Indeed, if they could build a wall it would only fence in starvation. But, without benefit of wall, money and men in New England must save it or suffer in it together. Money has learned how to go far off to make its profits while it makes jobs for men far from Manchester and Fall River and Lawrence. But the people of New England have found their way by taxes to wealth. And maybe they have only begun. Certainly where there is much wealth they do not mean that there shall be much distress. If wealth — and the education it can command — in New England does not find a way to work in wage-paying jobs in New England, that money had better make enough in Michigan and Carolina to feed an increasing dependence in Massachusetts. (Of course, federal spending will modify the process, but Massachusetts spending has towered, too.)

Wealth and education have, I think, a bigger job than that. An aggressive, militant, raiding regionalism may serve the South, which has little to lose and much to gain. But New England has much to lose and much to save. Its hand would grow weary slapping down the hungry states beyond it. The only possible chance it has lies in helping the hungry up. I think that last is not only the hope of its security but the test of its civilization. We think a great deal of education in America. We count on its promises with faith in its results. We have the reputation of thinking much of money, too. Indeed, the American faith can almost be summed up in free enterprise and free education. No part of this land has had so much, or so much faith in both, as New England.

Through all his troubles, I believe the rich man like the poor man in New England has wished to use the wealth of the land to keep the living standards of New England intact, to keep the promise of its schools high, though mills might

fail and incomes fall. In great measure that has been done. Even with a million men and women unemployed, the living standards of New England seemed to me along all the ways I went, with few exceptions, to be held higher than the standards in the whole land around it, hill-high above the standards of the South. This will be a better America if they stay there. But I think they can only stay there if Harvard and Yale and the schools behind them and the money around the schools can produce a leadership out of an old civilization capable of national creativeness in this time. They must be such men as can help the South come up to New England. Otherwise New England must come down toward the South. Beyond the South, maybe; there might not be a bottom for a crowded land of old people, with a falling birth rate, that cannot feed itself. Unless the process which has already begun in the stress upon recreation should proceed to a park, and trees come back across the little hills. It will be lovely forever, whatever happens.

‘ . . . The Yankees were here and left their monuments in old brick mills beside the streams a long time ago. . . . ’

The road does not run that way. Certainly it does not go straight as the crow flies. There will be frost heaves in it and turns and twists. But it must come at last to a destination in decency which will include North and South together. And North is not merely Saltonstall, but Salem Street, also; South is rich man, white man, black man, together. The Yankees once fought a war upon the sensible proposition that this could not be one nation, half slave and half free. They were right and they proved it. But neither can this nation be half rich and half poor. With a sharp stick behind us, uncertain and undirected in the South, we are fighting about that now. And I count it that the sensible Yankees will be on our side. This time we shall all win or lose together.

DICKENS AND THE MARSHALSEA PRISON

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

THE father of Charles Dickens' father was head butler in the house of John Crewe (later Lord Crewe) of Crewe Hall, Member of Parliament for Chester; and his father's mother was a servant in the house of Marquess Blandford of Grosvenor Square, who was Lord Chamberlain to the Household of George III. After her marriage, this grandmother became housekeeper at Crewe Hall; and it is assumed that it was through the patronage of her employer that her son John Dickens was given a clerkship in the Navy Pay Office.

John Dickens began at £70 a year and was in time increased to £350. But he had always had the tastes of a gentleman. He was an amiable fellow, with an elegant manner and a flowery vein of talk, who liked to entertain his friends and who could not help creating the impression of a way of life beyond his means. He was always in trouble over bills.

When Charles, who had been born (February 7, 1812) at Portsmouth and had spent most of his childhood out of London at Portsmouth, Portsea, and Chatham, who had had a chance to go to the theatre and to read the *Arabian Nights* and the eighteenth-century novelists and had been taught by a tutor from Oxford, came up to London at the age of nine to join his parents, who had been obliged to return there, he was shocked to find them, as a consequence

of his father's debts, now living in a little back garret in one of the poorest streets of Camden Town. On February 20, 1824, when Charles was twelve, John Dickens was arrested for debt and taken to the Marshalsea Prison, announcing, as he left the house: 'The sun has set upon me forever!' At home, the food began to run low; and they had to pawn the household belongings till all but two rooms were bare. Charles even had to carry his books, one by one, to the pawnshop.

It was presently decided that the boy should go to work at six shillings a week for a cousin who manufactured blacking; and through six months, in a rickety old house by the river, full of dirt and infested with rats, he pasted labels on blacking bottles, in the company of riverside boys, who called him 'the little gentleman.' He wanted terribly to go on with his schooling, and couldn't grasp what had happened to him. The whole of the rest of the family moved into the Marshalsea with his father; and Charles, who had a lodging near them, went to the jail after work every evening and ate breakfast with them every morning. He was so ashamed of the situation that he would never allow his companion at the blacking warehouse, whose name was Bob Fagin, to go with him to the door of the prison, but would take leave of him and walk up the steps of a strange house and pretend to be going in. He had had

a kind of nervous fits in his earlier childhood, and now they began to recur. One day at work he was seized with such an acute spasm that he had to lie down on some straw on the floor, and the boys who worked with him spent half the day applying blacking bottles of hot water to his side.

John Dickens inherited a legacy in May and got out of jail the twenty-eighth, but he let Charles keep on working in the warehouse. The little boys did their pasting next to the window on account of the light, and people used to stop to look in at them, because they had become so quick and skillful at it. This was an added humiliation for Charles; and one day when John Dickens came there he wondered how his father could bear it. At last — perhaps, Dickens thought, as a result of what he had seen on this visit — John quarreled with Charles's employer, and took the boy out of the warehouse and sent him to school.

These experiences produced in Charles Dickens a trauma from which he suffered all his life. It has been charged by some of Dickens' critics that he indulged himself excessively in self-pity in connection with these hardships of his childhood; it has been pointed out that, after all, he had only worked in the blacking warehouse six months. But one must realize that during those months he was in a state of complete despair. For the adult in desperate straits, it is almost always possible to imagine, if not to contrive, some way out; for the child, from whom love and freedom have inexplicably been taken away, no relief or release can be projected. Dickens' seizures in his blacking-bottle days were obviously neurotic symptoms; and the psychologists have lately been telling us that lasting depressions and terrors may be caused by such cuttings-short of the natural development of childhood. For an imaginative and active boy of twelve, six months of despair are quite enough. 'No words can express,' Dickens wrote

of his first introduction to the warehouse in a document he gave to Forster, 'the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more; cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.'

He never understood how his father could have abandoned him to such a situation. 'I know my father,' he once told Forster, 'to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world. Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife, or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day, unweariedly and patiently, many nights and days. He never undertook any business, charge or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honorably discharge. His industry has always been untiring. He was proud of me, in his way, and had a great admiration of [my] comic singing. But, in the case of his temper, and the straitness of his means, he appeared to have lost utterly at this time the idea of educating me at all, and to have utterly put from him the notion that I had any claim upon him, in that regard, whatever.' And he never forgave his mother for having wanted to keep him working in the warehouse

even after his father had decided to take him out. 'I never afterwards forgot,' he wrote of her attitude at this time. 'I never shall forget, I never can forget.'

Of those months he had never been able to bring himself to speak till, just before conceiving *David Copperfield*, he wrote the fragment of autobiography he sent to Forster; and, even after he had incorporated this material in an altered form in the novel, his wife and children were never to learn about the realities of Dickens' own childhood till they read about it in Forster's *Life* after his death. But the work of Dickens' whole career was an attempt to digest these early shocks and hardships — to explain them to himself, to justify himself in relation to them, to give an intelligible and tolerable picture of a world in which such things could take place.

Behind the misfortune which had humiliated Charles was the misfortune which had humiliated his father. John Dickens was a good and affectionate man, who had done the best he was able within the limits of his personality and who had not deserved to be broken. And behind these undeserved misfortunes were sources of humiliation perhaps more disturbing still. The father of Charles Dickens' mother, also a £350-a-year clerk in the Navy Pay Office, with the title of Conductor of Money, had systematically, by returning false balances, embezzled funds to the amount of £5689 3s. 3d. over a period of seven years, and, when the fraud was discovered, had fled. And the background of domestic service was for an Englishman of the nineteenth century probably felt as more disgraceful than embezzlement. Certainly the facts about Dickens' ancestry were kept hidden by Dickens himself and have, so far as I know, only been fully revealed in the memoir by Miss Gladys Storey, based on interviews with Mrs. Perugini, Dickens' last surviving daughter, which was published in England last summer.

But all these circumstances are worth knowing and bearing in mind, because they help us to understand what Dickens was trying to say. Dickens was less given to false moral attitudes or to fear of conventional opinion than most of the great Victorians; but just as through the offices of his friends and admirers his personal life has been screened from the public, even up to our own day, as would have been thought to be uncalled-for and ridiculous in the case of a Keats or Byron of the earlier nineteenth century, so the meaning of Dickens' work has been obscured by that element of the conventional which Dickens never quite outgrew. It is necessary to see him as a man in order to appreciate him as an artist — to exorcise the spell which has bewitched him into a stuffy piece of household furniture and to give him his proper rank as the poet of that portièred and upholstered world who saw clearest through the coverings and the curtains.

II

If one approaches his first novel, *Pickwick Papers*, with these facts of Dickens' biography in mind, one is struck by certain features of the book which one may not have noticed before.

Here the subject has been set for Dickens. He was supposed to provide some sort of text for a series of comic sporting plates by Seymour — something in the vein of Surtees' *Jorrocks*. As soon, however, as Dickens' scheme gives him a chance to get away from the sporting plates and to indulge his own pre-occupations, the work takes a different turn.

There are in *Pickwick Papers*, especially in the early part, a whole set of interpolated short stories which make a contrast with the narrative proper. These stories are mostly pretty bad and deserve from the literary point of view no more attention than they usually

get; but, even allowing here also for an element of the conventional and popular, the still-thriving school of Gothic horror, we are surprised to find rising to the surface already the themes which were to dominate the later work.

The first of these stories in *Pickwick* deals with the death of a pantomime clown, reduced to the direst misery through drink, who, in the delirium of his fever, thinks that the wife whom he has been beating wants to kill him. In the second story, a worthless husband beats his wife and sets an example of bad conduct to his son; the boy commits a robbery, gets caught and convicted — in prison remains obdurate to his mother's attempts to soften his sullen heart; she dies, he repents, it is too late; he is transported, returns after seventeen years and finds no one to love or greet him; he stumbles at last upon his father, now a sodden old man in the workhouse; a scene of hatred and violence ensues: the father, filled with terror, strikes the son across the face with a stick, the son seizes the father by the throat, and the old man bursts a blood vessel and falls dead. The third story is a document by a madman, which, like the delirium of the dying clown, gives Dickens an opportunity to exploit that vein of hysterical fancy which was to find fuller scope in *Barnaby Rudge* and which was there to figure for him the life of the imagination itself. The narrator has lived in the knowledge that he was to be the victim of hereditary insanity. At last he feels that he is going mad, but at the same time he inherits money: men fawn upon him and praise him now, but he secretly rejoices in the sense that he is not one of them, that he is fooling them. He marries a girl, who loves another but who has been sold to him by her father and brothers; seeing his wife languish away and coming to understand the situation, fearing also lest she may hand on the family curse, he tries to kill her in her sleep with a razor; she

wakes up but dies of the shock. When one of her brothers comes to reproach him, the madman throws him down and chokes him; runs amuck and is finally caught.

But it is in 'The Old Man's Tale About the Queer Client' (Chapter XXI) that Dickens' obsessions appear most plainly. Here at the threshold of Dickens' work we are confronted with the Marshalsea Prison. A prisoner for debt, a 'healthy, strong-made man, who could have borne almost any fatigue of active exertion,' wastes away in his confinement and sees his wife and child die of grief and want. He swears to revenge their deaths on the man who has put him there. We have another long passage of delirium, at the end of which the prisoner comes to, to learn that he has inherited his father's money. At a seaside resort where he has been living, he sees a man drowning one evening; the father of the drowning man stands by and begs the ex-prisoner to save his son. But when the wronged man recognizes his father-in-law, the man who sent him to prison and who allowed his own daughter and grandson to die, he retaliates by letting the boy drown; then, not content with this, he buys up at 'treble and quadruple their nominal value' a number of loans which have been made to the old man; these loans have been arranged on the understanding that they are renewable up to a certain date, but the wronged man, taking advantage of the fact that the agreement has never been put on paper, proceeds to call them in at a time when his father-in-law has 'sustained many losses'; the old man is dispossessed of all his property and finally runs away in order to escape prison, but his persecutor tracks him down to a 'wretched lodging' — note well: 'in Camden Town' — and there finally reveals himself and announces his implacable intention of sending his persecutor to jail. The old man falls dead from shock, and the revenger disappears.

In the meantime, the same theme has been getting under way in the main current of the comic novel. Mr. Pickwick has been framed by Dodson and Fogg, and very soon — another wronged man — he will land in the debtors' prison, where a good many of the other characters will join him and where the whole book will deepen with a new dimension of seriousness. The hilarity of the scene in court, in which Mr. Pickwick is convicted of trifling with Mrs. Bardell's affections — a scene openly borrowed from *Jorrock's* but wonderfully transformed by Dickens, and as brilliant as the story of the fiendish revenge on the fiendish father-in-law is bathetic — may disguise from the reader the significance which this episode had for Dickens. Here Dickens is one of the greatest of humorists: it is a laughter which is never vulgar but which discloses the vulgarity of the revered — a laughter of ecstasy that rises like the phoenix from the cinders to which the dismal denizens of tribunals and lawyers' offices have tried to reduce decent human beings. It represents, like the laughter of Aristophanes, a real escape from human institutions.

I shall make no attempt to discuss at length the humor of the early Dickens. This is the aspect of his work that is best known, the only aspect that some people know. In praise of Dickens' humor, there is hardly anything new to say. The point I want to make is that the humor of Dickens is quite different from such humor as that of Aristophanes in being unable to inhabit an empyrean of blithe intellectual play, of charming fancies and biting good sense. Dickens' laughter is an exhilaration which already shows a trace of the hysterical. It leaps free of the prison of life; but gloom and soreness must always drag it down. Before he has finished with Mr. Pickwick and even while he is getting him out of jail and preparing to unite the lovers, the prison will close in again on Dickens. While he is still on the last in-

stallments of *Pickwick*, he will begin writing *Oliver Twist* — the story of a disinherited boy consigned to a workhouse which is a jail and getting away only to fall into the hands of a gang of burglars, pickpockets, and prostitutes.

And now we must identify the attitudes with which Dickens' origins and his early experience had caused him to meet mankind. The ideal of *Pickwick Papers* is a kindly retired business man, piloted through a tough and treacherous world by a shrewd servant of watchful fidelity, who perfectly knows his place: Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. But this picture, though real enough to its creator, soon gives way to the figure of a parentless and helpless child — a figure of which the pathos will itself be eclipsed by the horror of the last night in the condemned cell of a betrayer to the gallows of others, and by the horror of a brute who clubs his girl to death and hangs himself in trying to escape.

III

Edmund Yates described Dickens' expression as 'blunt' and 'pleasant,' but 'rather defiant.'

For the man of spirit whose childhood has been crushed by the cruelty of organized society, one of two attitudes is natural: that of the criminal or that of the rebel. Charles Dickens, in imagination, was to play the rôle of both, and to put into them, up to his very death, all that was most sincere in his passion.

His interest in prisons and prisoners is evident from the very beginning. In his first book, *Sketches by Boz*, he tells how he used to gaze at Newgate with 'mingled feelings of awe and respect'; and he sketches an imaginary picture of a condemned man's last night alive, which he is soon to elaborate in *Oliver Twist*. Almost the only passage in *American Notes* which shows an impulse on Dickens' part to enter into the minds and

feelings of the people of the country in which he is traveling is the account of the imagined effects of a sentence of solitary confinement in a Philadelphia jail. Later Dickens found this American system imitated in the jail at Lausanne; and he was gratified when it was finally abandoned as the result of — what proved his insight — the prisoners' going insane. He visited prisons wherever he went; and he wrote a great deal about executions. One of the vividest things in *Pictures from Italy* is a description of a guillotining; and one of the most impressive episodes in *Barnaby Rudge* is the narration — developed on such a scale — of the hanging of the leaders of the riots. In 1846, Dickens wrote letters to the press in protest against capital punishment for murderers, on the ground, among others, that this created sympathy for the culprits; in 1849, after attending some executions in London with Forster, he started by writing to *The Times* an agitation which had the effect of getting public hangings abolished. Even in 1867, in the course of his second visit to America, 'I have been tempted out,' Dickens wrote Forster, 'at three in the morning to visit one of the large police station-houses, and was so fascinated by the study of a horrible photograph-book of thieves' portraits that I couldn't put it down.'

His interest in the fate of prisoners thus went a good deal further than simple memories of the debtors' prison or notes of a court reporter. He identified himself readily with the thief, and even more readily with the murderer. The man of powerful will who finds himself set against society must, if he cannot upset society or if his impulse to do so is blocked, feel an impulse to commit what society considers the greatest crime against itself. With the antisocial heroes of Dostoevsky, it is always murder or rape; with Dickens, it is almost always murder. His obsession with murderers is attested by his topical pieces for *House-*

hold Words; by his remarkable letter to Forster on the performance of the French actor Lemaître in a play in which he impersonated a murderer; by his expedition, on his second visit to America, to the Cambridge Medical School for the purpose of going over the ground where Professor Webster had committed a murder in his laboratory and continued to meet his courses with parts of the body under the lid of his lecture table. In Dickens' novels this theme recurs, with a probing of the psychology of the murderer which becomes ever more subtle and intimate; and here the crime and flight of Jonas Chuzzlewit already show a striking development beyond the cruder crime and flight of Sikes. The fantasies and fears of Jonas are really, as Taine remarked, the picture of a mind on the edge of insanity. What is valid and impressive in this episode is the insight into the consciousness of a man who has put himself outside human fellowship — when Jonas, after the murder, is 'not only fearful for himself but of himself' and half expects, when he returns to his bedroom, to find himself asleep in the bed.

At times the two themes — the criminal and the rebel — are combined in a peculiar way. *Barnaby Rudge* — which from the point of view of Dickens' comedy and character-drawing is the least satisfactory of his early books — is, up to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the most interesting from the point of view of his deeper artistic intentions. It is the only one of these earlier novels which is not more or less picaresque and correspondingly more or less of an improvisation (though there is a certain amount of organization discernible in that other sombre work, *Oliver Twist*); it is the only one which Dickens had been planning and reflecting on for a long time before he wrote it: it is first mentioned in 1837, but was not written till 1841. Its immediate predecessor, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, had been simply an impromptu yarn spun out — when he found that

the original scheme of *Master Humphrey's Clock* was not going over with his readers — from what was to have been merely the beginning of a short story; but *Barnaby Rudge* was a deliberate attempt to give expression to the emotions and ideas that possessed him.

The ostensible subject of the novel is the anti-Catholic insurrection known as the 'Gordon riots' which took place in London in 1780. But what is obviously in Dickens' mind is the Chartist agitation for universal suffrage and working-class representation in Parliament which, as a result of the industrial depression, came to a crisis in 1840. In Manchester the cotton mills were idle, and the streets were full of threatening unemployed. In the summer of 1840 there was a strike of the whole North of England, which the authorities found it possible to put down only by firing into the working-class crowds; this was followed the next year by a brickmakers' strike, which ended in bloody riots. Now the immediate occasion for the Gordon riots had been a protest against a bill which was to remove from the English Catholics such penalties and disabilities as the sentence of life imprisonment for priests who should educate children as Catholics and the disqualifications of Catholics from inheriting property; but the real causes behind the demonstration have always remained rather obscure. It seems to indicate a public indignation stronger than it is possible to account for by mere anti-Catholic feeling that churches and houses should have been burnt wholesale, all the prisons of London broken open, and even the Bank of England attacked, and that the authorities should for several days have done so little to restrain the rioters; and it has been supposed that public impatience at the prolongation of the American war, with a general desire to get rid of George III, if not of the monarchy itself, must have contributed to the fury behind the uprising.

This obscurity, at any rate, allowed Dickens to handle the whole episode in an equivocal way. On the surface he reprobates Lord George Gordon and the rioters for their fanatical or brutal intolerance; but implicitly he is exploiting to the limit certain legitimate grievances of the people: the neglect of the lower classes by a cynical eighteenth-century aristocracy, and especially the penal laws which made innumerable minor offenses punishable by death. The really important theme of the book — as Dickens shows in his preface, when he is discussing one of the actual occurrences on which he based his story — is the hanging under the Shoplifting Act of a woman who has been dropped by her aristocratic lover and who has forged notes to provide for her child. This theme lies concealed but exerts its force from beginning to end of the book. And as *Pickwick*, from the moment when it really gets under way, heads by instinct and, as it were, unconsciously straight for the Fleet prison, so *Barnaby Rudge* is directed deliberately and systematically toward Newgate, where, as in *Pickwick* again, a number of characters will be brought together; and the principal climax of the story will be the orgiastic burning of Newgate. This incident not only has nothing to do with the climax of the plot, it goes in spirit quite against the attitude toward the riots which Dickens has begun by announcing. The satisfaction he obviously feels in demolishing the sinister old prison, which, rebuilt, had oppressed him as a child, completely obliterates the effect of his right-minded references to 'those shameful tumults,' which 'reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had act or part in them.' In the end, the rioters are shot down and their supposed instigators hanged; but here Dickens' *parti pris* plainly emerges: 'Those who suffered as rioters were, for the most part, the weakest, meanest and most miserable among them.' The son of the woman hanged for

stealing, who has been one of the most violent of the mob and whose fashionable father will do nothing to save him, goes to the scaffold with courage and dignity, cursing his father and 'that black tree, of which I am the ripened fruit.'

Dickens has here, under the stimulus of the Chartist agitation, tried to give his own emotions an outlet through an historical novel of insurrection; but the historical episode, the contemporary moral, and the author's emotional pattern do not always coincide very well. Indeed, perhaps the best thing in the book is the creation that most runs away with the general scheme that Dickens has attempted. Dennis the hangman, although too macabre to be one of Dickens' most popular characters, is really one of his best comic inventions, and has more interesting symbolic implications than *Barnaby Rudge* himself. Dennis is a professional executioner, who has taken an active part in the revolt, apparently from simple motives of sadism. Because he knows that the hangman is unpopular, he has made an effort to keep his identity a secret; but he has found this rather difficult to do, because he sincerely loves his profession and cannot restrain himself from talking about it. When the mob invades Newgate, knowing the prison so well, he directs the liberation of the prisoners; but in the end he slips away to the condemned cells, locks them against the mob and stands guard over the clamoring inmates, banging them over the knuckles when they stick their hands out over the doors. The condemned are his vested interest, which he cannot allow the rebels to touch. But the momentum of the mob forces the issue, breaks through and turns the criminals loose. When we next encounter Dennis, he is a stool pigeon, turning in his former companions to the police. But he is unable to buy immunity in this way; and he is finally hanged himself. Thus Dennis has a complex value: he is primarily a sadist who likes to kill;

yet he figures as a violator as well as a protector of prisons. In his rôle of insurgent, he attacks authority; in his rôle of hangman, makes it odious. Either way he represents on Dickens' part a blow at those institutions which Dickens is pretending to endorse. There is not, except in a minor way, any other symbol of authority in the book.

IV

The formula of *Barnaby Rudge* is more or less reproduced in the other two novels of Dickens that deal with revolutionary subjects — which, though they belong to later periods of Dickens' work, it is appropriate to consider here. In *Hard Times* (1854), he manages in much the same way to deal sympathetically with the working-class protest against intolerable industrial conditions at the same time that he lets himself out from supporting the trade-union movement. In order to be able to do this, he is obliged to resort to a special and rather implausible device. Stephen Blackpool, the honest old textile worker, who is made to argue the cause of the workers before the vulgar manufacturer Bounderby, refuses to join the union because he has promised the woman he loves that he will do nothing to get himself into trouble. He thus finds himself in the singular position of being both a victim of the blacklist and a scab. The trade-union leadership is represented only — although with a comic fidelity, recognizable even today, to a certain type of labor organizer — by an unscrupulous spellbinder whose single aim is to get hold of the workers' pennies. Old Stephen, wandering away to look for a job somewhere else, falls into a disused coalpit which has already cost the lives of many miners, and thus becomes a martyr simultaneously to the employers and to the trade-union movement. In *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), the moral of history is not juggled as it is in *Barnaby Rudge*; but the conflict is made to seem of less

immediate reality by locating it out of England. The French people, in Dickens' picture, have been given ample provocation for breaking loose in the French Revolution; but, once in revolt, they are vandals and fiends. The vengeful Madame Defarge is a creature whom — as Dickens implies — one would not find in England, and she is worsted by an Englishwoman. The immediate motive behind *A Tale of Two Cities* is no doubt, as has been suggested and as is intimated at the beginning of the last chapter, the English fear of the Second Empire after Napoleon III's Italian campaign of 1859: Dickens' impulse to write the book closely followed Orsini's attempt to assassinate Napoleon III in the January of '58. But there is in this book as in the other two — though less angrily expressed — a threat. If the British upper classes, Dickens seems to say, will not provide for the health and the education of the people, they will fall victims to the brutal mob — which Dickens both sympathizes with and fears.

Through all his early period, Dickens thinks of himself as a middle-class man, a respectable member of society. Sam Weller, for all his frankness, knows his place; Kit in *The Old Curiosity Shop* is a model of deference toward his betters that even becomes a little disgusting. When Dickens first visited America, in 1842, he seems to have had hopes of finding there something in the nature of that classless society which the foreign 'fellow travelers' of yesterday went to seek in the Soviet Union; but, for reasons both bad and good, Dickens was driven back by what he did find into the attitude of an English gentleman, who resented the American lack of ceremony, was annoyed by the American publicity, and was pretty well put to rout by the discomfort, the poverty, and the tobacco juice which he had braved on his trip to the West. Maladjusted to the hierarchy at home, he did not fit in in America even so well as he did in Eng-

land: some of the Americans patronized him, and others were much too familiar.

The attitude — here seen at its most favorable to us — produced by the standards of home checking his sympathy with American innovations is indicated by the passage in *American Notes* in which he discusses the factory girls of Lowell. These girls have pianos in their boardinghouses and subscribe to circulating libraries, and they publish a periodical. 'How very preposterous!' the author imagines the English reader exclaiming. 'These things are above their station.' But what is their station? asks Dickens. 'It is their station to work,' he answers. 'And they *do* work. . . . For myself, I know no station in which, the occupation of today cheerfully done and the occupation of tomorrow cheerfully looked to, any one of these pursuits is not most humanizing and laudable. I know no station which is rendered more endurable to the person in it, or more safe to the person out of it, by having ignorance for its associate. I know no station which has a right to monopolize the means of mutual instruction, improvement and rational entertainment; or which has even continued to be a station very long after seeking to do so.' But he remarks that 'it is pleasant to find that many of [the] Tales [in the library] are of the Mills, and of those who work in them; that they inculcate habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence.' *Nicholas Nickleby* throughout is the story of the efforts of Nicholas and his sister to vindicate their position as gentlefolk.

But there is also another reason why these political novels of Dickens are unclear and unsatisfactory. Fundamentally, he was not interested in politics. As a reporter, he had seen a good deal of Parliament, and he had formed a contemptuous opinion of it which was never to change to the end of his life. The Eatanswill elections in *Pickwick* remain

the type of political activity for Dickens; the seating of Mr. Veneering in Parliament in the last of his finished novels is hardly different. The point of view is stated satirically in Chapter XII of *Bleak House*, in which a governing-class group at a country house are made to discuss the fate of the country in terms of the political activities of Lord Coodle, Sir Thomas Doodle, the Duke of Foodle, the Right Honorable William Buffy, M.P., with his associates and opponents Cuffy, Duffy, Fuffy, and so forth, while their constituents are regarded merely as 'a certain large number of supernumeraries, who are to be occasionally addressed, and relied upon for shouts and choruses, as on the theatrical stage.' A little later (September 30, 1855), he expresses himself explicitly in the course of a letter to Forster: 'I really am serious in thinking — and I have given as painful consideration to the subject as a man with children to live and suffer after him can honestly give to it — that representative government is become altogether a failure with us, that the English gentilities and subserviencies render the people unfit for it, and that the whole thing has broken down since that great seventeenth century time, and has no hope in it.'

In his novels, from beginning to end, Dickens is always making the same point: that to the English governing classes the people they govern are not real. It is one of the great purposes of Dickens to show you these human actualities which figure for Parliament and political economy as strategical counters and statistics; which can as a rule appear only even in histories in a generalized and idealized form. What does a work-house under the Poor Laws look like? What does it feel like, taste like, smell like? How does the holder of a post in the government look? How does he talk, what does he talk about, how will he treat you? What is the aspect of the British middle class at each of the various points of its progress? What are the

good ones like and what are the bad ones like? How do they affect you, not merely to meet at dinner, but to travel with, to work under, to live with? All these things Dickens is able to tell us. To leave the world this kind of record has been one of the most valuable functions of the modern novel and drama. Few have done it with any range at all wide, and none has surpassed Dickens.

No doubt this concrete way of looking at society may have serious limitations. Dickens was sometimes actually stupid about politics. His lack of interest in political tactics led him, it has sometimes been claimed, to mistake the value of the legislation he criticizes. Mr. T. A. Jackson has pointed out a characteristic example of Dickens' inattention to politics in his report of his first visit to America.

Visiting Washington in 1842, Dickens registers an impression of Congress similar to his impressions of Parliament: 'I may be of a cold and insensible temperament, amounting to iciness, in such matters.' And he indulges in one of his gushings of sentiment over 'an aged, gray-haired man, a lasting honor to the land that gave him birth, who has done good service to his country, as his forefathers did, and who will be remembered scores upon scores of years after the worms bred in its corruption are so many grains of dust — it was but a week since this old man had stood for days upon his trial before this very body, charged with having dared to assert the infamy of that traffic which has for its accursed merchandise men and women, and their unborn children.' Now this aged gray-haired man, Mr. Jackson reminds us, was none other than John Quincy Adams, who, so far from being on his trial was actually on the verge of winning in his long fight against a House resolution which had excluded petitions against slavery and who was deliberately provoking his opponents for purposes of propaganda. Dickens did not know that

the antislavery cause, so far from being hopeless, was taking its first step toward victory. (So on his second visit to America — when, however, he was ill and exhausted — his interest in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson seems to have been limited to ‘a misgiving lest the great excitement . . . will damage our receipts’ from his readings.) Yet his picture of the United States in 1842, at a period of brave boastings and often squalid realities, has a unique and permanent value.

Macaulay complained that Dickens did not understand the Manchester school of utilitarian economics which he criticizes in *Hard Times*. But Dickens’ criticism does not pretend to be theoretical: all he is undertaking to do is to tell us how believers in utilitarianism behave and how their families are likely to fare. His picture is strikingly corroborated by the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, who was brought up at the foun-

tainhead of the Manchester school, in the shadow of Bentham himself. In Mill, choked with learning from his childhood, intellectually overtrained on the logical side of the mind, and falling into illogical despair when the lack began to make itself felt of the elements his education had neglected, the tragic moral of the system of Gradgrind is pointed as emphatically as by anything in Dickens.

This very distrust of politics, however, is a part of the rebellious aspect of Dickens. Dickens is almost invariably *against* institutions: in spite of his personal acquiescence to Church and State, in spite of the lip service he occasionally pays them, whenever he comes to deal with Parliament and its laws, the courts and the public officials, the creeds of Protestant dissenters and of Church of England alike, he makes them either ridiculous or cruel, or both at the same time.

(To be concluded)

NEW ORLEANS

BY DAVID L. COHN

DEEP SNOW PLANTATION
IVANHOE, MISSISSIPPI

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA: —

When I wrote you last I was just leaving Natchez in my moss-grown car — accurately dubbed ‘struggle-buggy’ by my colored friends — for New Orleans, whose chamber of commerce calls it ‘The City That Care Forgot.’ At the moment there is an overproduction of care in the town. Local statisticians estimate that if no more is manufactured for five years there will still be enough for home consumption and for export. In any event, when you tear yourself away from New York and begin to see the United States, you must visit New Orleans.

This city was founded by the French, embellished by the Spanish, fought for by the English, purchased by the Americans, and sold down the river by its own citizens. It is distinguished by superb cooking, a bad climate, excellent manners, some of the best and also some of the worst architecture in the land, good duck shooting within forty-five minutes’ ride of its main street, and a political corruption tropical in its rotten lushness.¹

¹ This Letter was written before the recent elections in Louisiana in which the Huey Long machine, after a reign of twelve years, went down to defeat. The governor-elect, Sam Jones, promises honest government to a graft-ridden state. His victory was achieved through the rural vote. New Orleans, still under the thumb of a Long mayor and the Long machine, threw its strength unavailingly to Governor Earl Long, Huey’s brother. It remains to be seen whether the Keeley cure of decent politics will shatter the nerves of the citizens of New Orleans or revivify them. — AUTHOR

It is a city of pimps, prostitutes, and gamblers; French-speaking *grandes dames* who wear the eighteenth century in their black lace shawls; hoodoo-working Negroes; oyster-fishing Jugoslavians; industrious Germans; fiesta-loving Italians; Spaniards, Greeks, Jews, Filipinos, Chinese; and, on the extreme periphery, a large group of Anglo-Saxons who sometimes look strangely out of place in this least typically American of American cities. New Orleans is an easy-going, pleasure-loving, colorful, odoriferous, church-attending city whose dead are buried aboveground and whose politics is carried on underground. Bells quiver on its air, cassocked priests and crisply starched nuns are familiar figures in its streets; the doors of little shops are always open, as in the hot countries, so the life of the streets and that of the shops are one, and what is business elsewhere seems comic opera here. Sacks of oysters stand on the sidewalk in front of the numerous oyster bars, where customers eat shellfish around the clock; fruit sellers, vegetable venders, chimney sweeps, and prostitutes cry their wares and services unabashed; nostril-quickenings odors of coffee, sugar, molasses, and tropical fruits linger in the heavy, hot, damp atmosphere. Patios bloom with the ponderous flowers of the banana plant, glow with the cream-white of camellias, sound with the silken softness of fountain waters; while Andrew Jackson, liberator of the city from the English, charges perpetually forward bronze-mounted on a horse in the old Spanish parade ground,

and the near-by Mississippi sweeps on to the Gulf of Mexico.

In New Orleans you walk streets whose names testify to the French origins of the city, to the domination of the Catholic faith, to the old Southern love of the classics and mythology, and to the American custom of commemorating with place names the aborigines whom the settlers were careful to exterminate. French culture is tenacious. Its fierceness is equaled only by that of a Congressman clinging to his prerogative of putting his relatives on the federal payroll. Here we find France celebrated in streets called Dauphine, Toulouse, Bourbon, Burgundy, Iberville, and Bienville. The Catholic religion is enshrined in street signs reading Ascension, Nuns, Piety, Religious, Assumption, and Annunciation. And if gods do not stroll the streets of New Orleans, mortals walk the streets of the gods: Urania, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Clio, and Thalia. A shabby tribute is paid the memory of long-departed first families by naming shabby streets in their honor: Choctaw, Teche, Natchez, Opelousas, and Tchoupitoulas.

Other American cities have taller buildings than New Orleans, more people, greater bank deposits, a larger trade, and many more superior items of that miscellany known as 'progress.' It may even be granted — although this is a violent assumption and statistically insupportable — that other cities rival New Orleans in the beauty and beguiling charm of their women. But only one other city — San Francisco — is its equal in cuisine. None other is its master in the art of political corruption, whose forms and patterns in New Orleans rival those of its tropical foliage; none other has an electorate whose political apathy so closely verges upon complete paralysis.

At the same time New Orleans, however much it is willing to turn its whited body over to politicians to do with it as they will, and however eager it is to gulp canned ideas, insists upon making its

soup at home. Canned soup — as I gather from the advertisements — has its virtues, but New Orleans will have none of it. New Orleans prefers to gather lowly crayfish in near-by swamps, separate heads from tails, make a paste of the meat, and, adding flour, thyme, parsley, garlic, butter, onions, and bay leaves to the Promethean elements of fire and water, emerge from the kitchen after so many hours with a steaming tureen of golden magic.

Every day in the year New Orleans makes gumbo. One can no more evoke, by naming its materials, the flowering that this superb soup works upon the taste buds of the throat than one can conjure up the magic of Heifetz's fiddling by saying that he is a medium-sized man who draws a horsehair bow across catgut strings tightly suspended above a wooden box. Gumbo is a child of the marriage of love of food and crabs, shrimp, oysters, green pepper, celery, onions, garlic, thyme, bay leaf, black or cayenne pepper, and filé — powdered sassafras leaves. When you go to New Orleans, sit yourself down before a bowl of gumbo in Galatoire's restaurant, and be grateful that at least one city in America does not take its food as it finds it.

For other dishes I suggest that you consult with the waiter. The New Orleans waiter likes to be consulted, and although he will take your tip just as avidly if you order him around, he will mark you down unerringly as a gulp-and-gallop barbarian. Out of your consultation may emerge oysters Rockefeller — oysters baked and served on rock salt, their bowed heads green beneath a fine foliage of chopped parsley, lettuce, and bread crumbs, their bodies flavored with a sauce composed of Worcestershire, anchovy, tabasco, and absinthe. Or pompano *en papillotes* — one of the finest of all fishes, baked with a sauce of crabmeat, egg yolk, and white wine, in a paper bag. Let these thy pleasures prove, my dear, and then tell me if you still prefer New York.

When you leave Galatoire's for a stroll in the French Quarter, you will pass one antique shop after the other. They exist largely by and for the patronage of tourists who come down from the North and return to the North with the same mysterious instinct that moves and informs the migratory duck. Their local habitat is the French Quarter; they linger so long in the antique shops that certain local ornithologists believe they nest and breed there. The astonishing thing about many of these shops is that they shelter a relatively large percentage of genuine antiques; the creation of home-made antiques is a small but, I am glad to say, growing cottage craft.

The antiquarians, who are to be found with some difficulty amid their forests of furniture, jungles of girandoles, and disordered masses of bric-a-brac, are unique among their tribe in that they don't tell the purchaser of an antique a story of its origin unless he asks for it. But, believe me, they are equal to the occasion when asked. Once I heard a Kansas lady ask the history of a French *poudreuse* that she had just bought. She got it. This delicate piece of furniture had been originally made, it seems, for Marie Antoinette, who dabbed her reddened eyes with powder before it just when the Paris mob was marching on Versailles. Thereafter it had been the property of a long and varied line of Parisiennes — countesses every one — until one of them, dying impoverished, left it to her faithful maid, who sold it to the proprietor of a little furniture store on the Left Bank, who in turn sold it to the New Orleans dealer. 'Now you remember everything he said,' the Kansas lady told her daughter as the two delighted women left the shop.

Generally speaking, ladies hunt antiques in pairs or groups, just as they track culture to its lair in crowds. Sometimes they drag along unhappy husbands who yearn for the fleshpots of the St. Charles bar, but are made to stand and wait while their wives finger paste jew-

elry or play with old silver. On one occasion, however, the presence of a husband sharply disturbed the usually invulnerable aplomb of a New Orleans antique dealer. A woman selected a lot of furniture and then actually asked her husband if *he* liked it. This had never before happened in the antiquarian's experience, and for days thereafter he was a shaken man.

I do not suggest that you go to New Orleans at this time. The city is overcrowded. Its hotel rooms are filled with earnest gentlemen who are lawyers, accountants, income-tax experts, and detectives. They are in the employ of Washington. Their job is to restore the government of Louisiana to citizens who have only the faintest enthusiasm for managing their own affairs, and, incidentally, to put some of the city's leading men behind bars. With the exception of a few intervals when an honest governor or mayor caught the state or city off guard and slipped into office before the electorate knew what was happening, Louisiana and New Orleans have had no control over their own affairs since — strangely enough — the days of Reconstruction. At that time the white folks got out their manhood and their rifles and mowed down a few coveys of alien carpetbaggers and home-grown plunderers. The effort seems, however, to have exhausted their strength. Ever afterward New Orleans was happy so long as it could avoid yellow fever and the river, celebrate Mardi Gras, eat pompano up-town and jambalaya² 'back of town,' play poker, dance, shoot dice, bet on the races, work for almost the lowest wages paid in America, and contribute unendingly to the rapacities of politicians whose activities make those of the city's own pirate — Jean Lafitte — seem like Florence Nightingale handing a drink of

² *Jambalaya au Congri* (popularly called 'Congri') is a favorite New Orleans dish made of rice, onions, salt meat, cowpeas, and ham, boiled together and served steaming hot. — AUTHOR

water to a dying soldier on the field of Balaklava.

It is to these people that the Federal Government is now attempting to hand back their own government. And while it is proceeding by the prosaic method of indicting and jailing sundry citizens for use of the mails to defraud and evasion of income taxes, it might as well have proceeded under the Constitutional principle guaranteeing a republican form of government to each of the states. For this is something that New Orleans and Louisiana have not had since Huey Long entered the town in a purple limousine over fifteen years ago. Dangers are certainly involved in the government's effort, laudable as may be its purpose. Even Yankee historians now grant that, while the slaves should have been liberated, their liberation should have been conducted slowly, so that they might not enter into a heady liberty for which they were not prepared. What now if a people who have long been ruled by pimps, thugs, brothel keepers, and gangsters, under a system which required them to pay their taxes and keep their mouths shut, are suddenly given their liberty? Will they be able to govern themselves? Or — more pertinently — will they soon yearn again for the good old days when they had nothing to do but do as they were told?

The case of New Orleans and Louisiana is a highly important one for study by the people of the United States, because these communities had the most nearly perfect dictatorship that has ever existed on this continent. The man who writes the true story of the Louisiana despotism will produce a volume as illuminating for those who would continue to be democrats as Malaparte's *Coup d'État: The Technique of Revolution*, Mussolini's recipe book for revolution. He will demonstrate that democracy is imperiled when it is sick and weak; when corruption has long existed; when the people are apathetic; when their needs are neglected by the state. New Orleans

had been politically rotten since 1870. For years its police had collected tribute from prostitutes and gamblers; elections were bought at a dime a dozen (the prices of all locally produced commodities are dirt-cheap in the lower South), and the municipal services of the South's largest city were those of a tank town that had just been struck by a tornado.

Louisiana, potentially one of the richest states in the Union, had shamefully neglected education, health, roads, and other public services. The mass of the people wallowed in poverty. New Orleans, for instance, had only a small economic middle class. Its principal residential streets were merely palm-studded façades concealing dozens of mean little streets filled with the houses of the poor. And, the ground having been prepared, Huey Long arose. He himself was one of the people. He promised free school-books, schools, universities, roads, hospitals, insane asylums, and a better life in general. What did the people stand to lose by supporting Huey? Nothing, they said. Nothing save liberty. But liberty means far less to thousands of Americans than many of us would like to believe. Freedom of speech to the bitterly poor of Louisiana was merely the freedom to grumble over their lot; the right of free movement was the right to shift from one foot to another as they looked for a job; the right of free assembly was to assemble in church and pray that in heaven they would be granted that which was denied them on earth. These 'rights' they were willing to swap for a sack of corn meal, a side of meat, a pair of shoes.

It was therefore relatively easy for Huey Long, with a mind as superior to that of the local politicians and patricians as the elephant's is to the flea's, to come upon the scene and, with his tireless energy, his extraordinary resourcefulness, his superior showmanship, greater ruthlessness, more flamboyant promises, keener understanding of the mass mind, to buy the legislature, pack

the courts, and win the elections. Stealing elections was no novelty in New Orleans or Louisiana. The novelty was that Huey engagingly admitted his skullduggeries. 'I buy legislators like sacks of potatoes,' he said on one memorable occasion. 'I'm for reforestation in Louisiana,' he told me, 'because I see the time coming when I'll have to vote the pine trees.' And there was additional novelty in the fact that Huey gave the people something for their money. They got the two things that dictators always hand out — bread and circuses. When the people put up, say, one million dollars for roads, Huey gave them perhaps a half million dollars' worth of roads. This satisfied the voters. 'Well, Huey gives us *something* for our money,' they said.

Long would have perhaps been impossible if he had not been preceded by a long period of decay and corruption, and the death of democracy in all but name. But even when he had come on the scene and had begun an era of terrorism without parallel in the United States, he could not have succeeded if the so-called 'good' people had not cravenly submitted and even, many of them, shared in one way or another his loot. ('Beware of the good and the just,' wrote Nietzsche.) What did the cardboard gentry of New Orleans do when Long insulted, vilified, bullied, and outraged them? They talked back to him — at cocktail parties in their own homes. What were they afraid of? If they were bankers, they were fearful that Long would send his bank examiners into their vaults to raise hell about some of the perhaps dubious collateral they held for loans, that he would withdraw state deposits, or hamper them in a thousand ways in making profits. If they were business men, they feared that Long would raise their realty assessments, double their taxes, legislate drastically against them. On the other hand, Louisiana was spending prodigious millions building roads, schools, hospitals, bridges. Juicy contracts were to be let.

They went to the deaf, dumb, and morally blind. And, my dear, remember this: in our theology, money is regarded as the root of all evil; yet money — big money — is the only thing of all the things possessed by man that has the qualities of the gods. It stands, as history too often bears witness, above family, friends, country, or religion. It is indifferent to everything save its own protection and its own increase. Like the gods, it consorts only with its own kind. And here in Louisiana money was being poured out in a golden stream that rivaled the flood of the Mississippi.

Under its temptations, liberty meant no more to many of the self-styled aristocrats of New Orleans — their originals lived by *noblesse oblige* and died poor — than it did to the poverty-stricken, ignorant, malaria-racked Cajuns and peckerwoods back in the woods and swamps. Even when the low-comedy gentry were personally and vilely insulted, they took their medicine like little men and smiled. During the national banking crisis of 1933, Long invited a group of the so-called powerful bankers of New Orleans to come to his office in Baton Rouge. When they were assembled Huey ordered his bodyguard to draw his pistol and prevent them from leaving the room while he went outside on other business. As he walked out, he yelled back to his personal thug, 'If them — of — git hungry, git 'em some sandwiches.' (Years later Adolf Hitler was to proffer sandwiches to an Austrian guest — a man whose name was Schuschnigg.) It is not recorded that Huey's guests ate upon this occasion; it is recorded that men were once killed in the South for offering an insult of this kind. Certainly the time had come when, as Long himself said, 'Nothing is lost save honor.'

In the '70s, the decent folk of New Orleans fought battles with carpetbaggers in the streets. But in the 1930's, when the gentry were faced with home-grown cutthroats, they merely bowed so

low and so often to their masters that they seemed to have developed permanent ridges in their backs which gave them the hunchback appearance of men walking perpetually under bridges. They sat back — the great bankers, the leading business men (leading what?), the unctuous lawyers — while city and state sank deeper and deeper into the bogs of despotism; too frightened to speak and too cowardly to act. It remained for a young doctor to kill the dictator, or to be slaughtered by Long's bodyguard along with the dictator. The facts of the assassination have never been established. It is clear, however, that the great of New Orleans came out of their cellars only when Long was dead. Then they danced, Salomes of the swamps, around his gory head. Then their voices, used to whispering, became hoarse with their raucous shouting.

But even then they did not act. Huey still terrorized them from the grave. And, while they timidly peeped out from behind the palm trees that line their homes, the Long organization reorganized. It had learned a lesson. It would not aspire, as Huey had aspired, to the national stage. It would grant the peasantry a modicum of liberty — 1905 Tsarist Russian model. Its future demands would be modest. They would be limited to a quieter but even more intensive looting of the natural resources of one of the richest states in the Union.

The organization sent a delegation to vote for Roosevelt at the last national Democratic convention, and settled down to the rich pickings. State-appointed thieves swarmed all over Louisiana like rats in the hold of a wheat-laden ship; buildings were erected that began to sink before the flooring was nailed down; building materials were converted to the use of politicians and contractors; the proceeds of bond issues evaporated; and the president of Louisiana State University squandered a million dollars in margin speculations. (Huey had promised the people 'education,' and his

leading educator gave it to them on a scale that startled even Louisiana.) Was all this brought to a halt from within the state by the people of the state? It was not. It was brought to an end — a temporary end, I fear — by the Federal Government, through the old anti-gangster device of prosecutions for income-tax evasion and the new device of indictments for using the mails to defraud. Louisiana may soon, therefore, be saddled with liberty through the actions of a young doctor, who laid down his life, and the Department of Justice, which is laying down indictments.

Now all this is important, not only because it involves the degradation of the democratic process, but also because it raises the question, applicable to a far wider sphere, of the logic of distinguishing between a people and its dictator. Democracy had already been debilitated in Louisiana before Long appeared. One might suppose, therefore, that the people wanted him at first because he promised to remedy obviously bad conditions, and, as his power grew by the partial fulfillment of his promises, he soon came to have a strangle hold on the state. The feeble qualms of the people died into acquiescence as Huey gave them bread and circuses; the rich and the strong bowed low, because to fight was to risk profits. The result was a tyranny supported by the masses of the people and accepted by the classes. One treads, therefore, upon dangerous ground in saying that there is a sharp distinction between the dictator and his subjects, that he is a rotten excrescence grafted upon their pure flesh. For you, as a European, I am sure that this is full of meaning and suggestion.

I set out to tell you something of sensory New Orleans, but I make no apology because I've said so much about political New Orleans. In Europe — certainly in England and France — a number of intelligent women take an intelligent interest in politics in the wider sense of the term. Here, only a few women are inter-

ested, and their attention is centred upon transitory men rather than permanent issues; that is, they are for Roosevelt or against him. They exert almost no pressure upon anything except the sound waves — in contrast with the power wielded by French-English political women — and influence almost no men who influence politics even in the narrower sense of the term. In all New York there is not, to my knowledge, a single literary-political salon presided over by a woman; not a single house where some wise and gracious woman gathers weekly and informally men who represent all shades of political opinion in a cosmopolitan international city. An extraordinary phenomenon indeed in a country where women trumpet the fact that they have more 'rights' and a greater freedom than any other women in the world, and yet are unable or unwilling to use their position to make for a better country. In order to gain their political attention you must be a mistreated cat, a thirsty horse, an unmarried mother, a French soldier, or the Armenian victim of a Turkish atrocity. Make of this what you will. But I could not be your mail-order guide to New Orleans without telling you something of its fantastic political background.

There are numerous guides to New Orleans, but I am sure that you will not use any of them; not even the best of them, *New Orleans City Guide*, a federal project book done under the direction of one of the South's ablest writers and authorities on New Orleans — Lyle Saxon. Negroes say that there are two kinds of preachers: manuscript and talking — those who read from the printed page and those who preach from the heart. Tourists, too, are like that, but happily you are not a manuscript traveler. I suggest, therefore, that you merely roam at will in the French Quarter, sensing the smells, watching the play of light and shadow in the narrow streets and on the walls of mellow houses, noting the traceries of iron grilles,

the sudden flame of flowers blooming in a courtyard, the grace of an ancient Negro woman toting a bundle of clothes upon her head, a coffee ship coming in from Rio and Santos, a prostitute combing her hair in the sunlight, a wizened Italian woman going into St. Louis Cathedral to say Mass. These are New Orleans. These are the things that never die.

If you pass the door of a house at 719 Toulouse Street, ring the bell, and when Louise, the pretty mulatto maid, answers, ask for my friend Roark Bradford and walk in. He is, as you may know, the author of many novels, innumerable short stories, and the book upon which *The Green Pastures* was based. Brad is an old-fashioned Southern gentleman, who will welcome you with marvelous coffee, luscious fried catfish, and delicious anecdote. His wife, Miss Rose, who was rescued from the darknesses of Indiana by her gallant husband, scorned the catfish until, upon a bet, it was proved to her that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* devoted ten times more space to it than to her illustrious progenitors. Since that time she has eaten catfish, played Chopin preludes while the moonlight lay like silver on the Bradford patio, swooned, and generally behaved in the manner of a Southern lady — a contented convert among the heathen.

Near Bradford's house at Bourbon and Toulouse Streets, you will come upon the site of the French Opera House erected in 1859. The Opera had its own company, which remained in the city throughout the season; it was the scene of the brilliant social life of the town; and it produced for the first time in America such works as Bizet's *L'Arlésienne*, Saint-Saëns's *Samson and Delilah*, and Lalo's *Le Roi d'Ys*. For those persons who desired solitude, the Opera House contained a number of boxes enclosed with latticework, and a favorite New Orleans anecdote concerns itself with the Creole beauty who was almost born at the opera. So absorbed with the performance was her mother, as she sat in

one of the *loges grillées* where *femmes enceintes* could enjoy both music and privacy, that it was not until the middle of *Faust* that she turned to her husband and said, 'Pierre, I do not think I can wait for the ballet!'

There is no danger of anybody's being born in the Opera House now. It burned to the ground twenty years ago. And the New Orleans of 1919 — infinitely richer and more populous than the New Orleans of 1859 — found it impossible to restore it. The city turned to the phonograph; it heard an occasional symphony orchestra that made a showboat stop in a riverside town; later it dialed the radio; soon, perhaps, it will have television. Under these circumstances the restoration of the Opera House would have been superfluous, not to say thriftless.

Not far from this melancholy site you will come to a street of gayety and color — Rampart Street. It is a favorite haunt of large numbers of Negroes, who make up one fourth of New Orleans's population. Here you will find mulattos, quadroons, and octoroons who are communicants of the Catholic Church, who speak the local French patois and bear the proud names of French and Spanish families. Here, too, you will find Negroes of every shade and description from all parts of Louisiana and Mississippi; they are Baptists and have Anglo-Saxon names. But all the Negroes, of whatever kind, move to the radio and phonograph music that eternally plays on Rampart Street, so that every lounge or pedestrian is a figure in a ballet whose choreography springs from the instinctive sense

of rhythm of the unrehearsed participants.

Always on Rampart Street there is big talk, the enchanting odor of fried catfish, the aroma of Hearts of Love Hair Dressing, Come-To-Taw perfume, and the acrid stink of sweat. In the store windows along Rampart you will find such exotica as pistols, brass knucks, and dirks freely and publicly displayed amid a jumble of guitars, jews'-harps, accordions, hunting boots, underwear, and suitcases. And all this is the South — the South of laughter, love, music, gayety, and sudden death. It is the universal law of crime everywhere on earth that violence is greatest in Southern countries. But, for all that, Rampart Street with its Negroes, guitars, songs, and guns is as much a part of the essential New Orleans as the holy peace that hovers amid the long cool shadows of the two-hundred-year-old Ursuline Convent.

You know, of course, that such a city as this cannot be 'done.' It can only be savored. Only slowly will it reveal itself to you, like a shy but sapient woman who conceals not to mystify but to beguile. For New Orleans is old and has seen much and is a little weary, but she is still beautiful and quietly conscious of her charm. Such a city gives but her hand to the tripper. Her heart she holds for the quiet and patient lover. You may be sure that it was hard for me to leave her for the perplexities of the plantation and the complexities of government Farm Relief algebra.

Affectionately,

DAVID

SPRING JOURNEY

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

I

IT had been warm when he started out from town. Mild and barren, with the feel of spring, and maple buds beginning to turn red against a thin sky. 'You got a nice day, Pop,' Emily said. She came to the door and sniffed the spring-burning smell. 'You ought to be able to walk instead of bussing so much today.'

'Dat's so,' Schmidt had answered boldly, 'Vy not?' and stepped out quickly; but the pans clanged together and pulled the straps crooked on his shoulders. A package of spoons bounced out. Ben picked them up and boosted the pack in place. 'I bet you come back with this whole basket empty, Gramp, I bet.'

'Shure. Vy not?' Schmidt said. 'I come back with a basket full of dolla' bills instead of old pots!'

Benny had walked beside him holding on to the basket handle and heaving it up with pride. 'I bet lots of people will want them pans and beaters. I bet Ma 'ud like them herself to cook in. Whyn't you leave some of them pans for us to use? Leave us some and then you won't have so many to carry for other folks!'

'I got to sell 'm, Benny. I leave your ma a new saucepan and she won't have nothing but water to put inside it. Maybe you'd rather have new eggs in an ol' pan than nothing in a new pan, maybe?'

'I'd ruther have new eggs in a new pan,' Ben said. 'I'd ruther have both!'

'Vell, you can't,' Schmidt said. He patted the little boy on the head, and hoisted the pans. 'Maybe when you ain't so liddle you'll catch on why.'

They went along the earth path toward the car stop, Ben holding on to the basket or walking behind to boost up the pack, his shoes making a faint flop on the dry ground, and the broken strings dangling when he jumped. 'You'll be home for supper, won't you?' he kept asking. 'You ain't going to stay all night in the country, are you?'

'Shure, I come back,' Schmidt said. 'I come back and dump all the nickels on your supper plate — splosh! all the nickels go falling in your soup!'

Ben hopped with excitement and shouted, running ahead on the car line and waving his arms at nothing. Schmidt followed him, grinning, and sat down heavily in the cinders by the track to wait. Benny poked in the basket and pulled out a spoon, and then burst out laughing.

Schmidt shook his fist. 'You git away from those pans, boy!' Benny was peering at his reflection, his sliver of a face, so close that he almost rubbed his nose against the spoon. 'Say, Gramp,' he shouted, 'look how big I got now! I got a big face now in here! You save this big spoon, Grampop — you hide this spoon down low and maybe you won't need to sell him. I want to show Ma I ain't so liddle in the spoon-bottom now. I look real fat in there!' He turned the spoon upside down and burst out laughing.

Schmidt grinned. 'Yah, maybe I bring it back, Benny. All by itself in the basket. So cold. So lonesome. Poor spoon! Maybe we make your ma a present of it!'

Benny jumped up and down like a monkey and peered at his round reflection, and then screamed excitedly when he saw the streetcar, a good way off but lurching toward them like a yellow and wooden caterpillar. 'Here she comes!' he shouted. He ran toward Schmidt and hustled him to his feet, the pots and pans jangling together. Schmidt walked to the tracks and held up his hand, waving for attention. 'You vatch him stop for me, Benny. All I got to do is wave, and he stops!' Ben watched, marveling, while the streetcar slowed awkwardly to a stop and his grandfather climbed inside, the pack banging loudly against the doors. He waved at the old man through the window, making signs and pointing at the pans; and Schmidt held up his old black purse and measured out with his hand to show how much it would swell.

When the car heaved forward again, and Ben was out of sight, he settled back with a sigh. There were so many pots and pans and beaters and spoons and whippers and cullenders it would take a long time to get rid of even half, and the farmhouses were a long way apart. He planned, though, to hustle himself and get back by suppertime, coming in to dump all the quarters down in a heap on the tablecloth and watch Ben's face when he stacked them up.

The car line went three miles out in the country from Jordleden, and stopped and turned around again. Schmidt got off at the end, stared around a little uncertainly, shifting his basket and heaving the pack in place, and then started off toward the farms.

The air felt good — mildly cool and clean. He noticed an early dandelion open, and picked it and put it in his pocket for Ben. Crows were cawing and gathering in the open fields, and he saw a rabbit, fat and winter-furred, crouched under the willow thicket. He thought perhaps he ought to creep up and bounce him on the head with a potato masher and take him home to Emily for supper, but was half glad when the rabbit leaped

suddenly and scuttled across the road. 'Maybe I sell the potato masher and buy something don't go so fast,' he thought. 'A nice stew-bone — wit'out legs!'

It was only nine, but he felt hungry already and fingered the sandwich in his pocket uncertainly. Then he pulled back his hand with determination.

When the road reached the hill crest, he could look down on five or six farms and a stretch of oak woods with the winter leaves still brown and glistening a little. The Aleys place was near, and one time Mrs. Aley had bought two cullenders and a knife, and given him a big jar of plums. The plums had seemed slightly overripe, but sweet. Mrs. Aley was a good woman. He hoped she would offer him something to eat, but maybe it was too early to expect.

He reached the gate after what seemed almost an hour of walking. It had looked nearer from the hill, but he was afraid to cut across the pastures, and the barbed fences were too dangerous to climb. He opened the gate cautiously, afraid of the dog's loud clamor; but only a mild collie came around the house and nosed his shoes. He knocked hesitantly on the door and waited. Mrs. Aley might buy lots of things and then he wouldn't have to walk so far. He uncovered the basket and rubbed a saucepan with his sleeve. Then the door opened and Mrs. Aley stuck her head out. 'Why, Schmidt!' she said. 'If it ain't Mr. Schmidt!' She came out on the porch and pushed up a chair. 'Rest yourself a little,' she said. 'You been a long time away. I didn't expect you back this year!' She talked fast and didn't give him a chance to answer for a long time. It seemed that she was trying to fill up all the talk space before he could get a word in edgewise. Then suddenly she stopped and looked at his basket. 'Those're nice pans, Mr. Schmidt,' she said — he thought a little nervously, but kind. 'See!' Schmidt hauled out the biggest cullender he could find. 'Just like the one you bought last year! Mebbe you need a

new one now?' He cocked his head and looked at her anxiously.

Mrs. Alew wiped her hands on her apron. 'Well, you see it's this way, Mr. Schmidt. . . . We do a lot of running in and out of town these days, and when I need something — I need it. And so Mr. Alew he gets what I need right away — and we trade at the big stores where we can get some credit. You see how it is, Mr. Schmidt?'

Schmidt bowed his head in a kind of nod. 'Yes, I guess that's so, Mrs. Alew. I guess that's so.' He picked up the basket and shuffled toward the steps. 'Well, I guess I'll be getting on,' he said. 'You say hello to Mr. Alew when he comes home. Mr. Schmidt said hello.'

'I'll do that,' Mrs. Alew said. She wiped her big dry hands back and forth on her apron and watched him go.

Out in the road again he stopped, not certain what to do. He felt sick in his stomach and suddenly very angry. 'She ain't no bizness buying from big stores!' he said aloud — and then was seized with an awful panic. Suppose all the other farmers had bought from the stores already? Suppose they were on their way now into town to buy just those things he was toting on his back? Suppose he was too late everywhere! 'Oh, my Gott, I haf to hurry!' he whispered. 'I got to get around fast!' He started shuffling forward, the pots clanging together and the pie pans making a slipping noise.

II

The next farm was half a mile away and out of sight behind a thick maple grove, red now with sap, and the ground strewn with gray winter leaves around it. In the shallow ruts a few old maple leaves were scattered like dry stars, but Schmidt scuffled them aside without seeing now, all his thoughts concentrated on reaching the next place and the next after that, and all the farms beyond, before it was too late.

Once a car passed him, with a farmer driving; and he stepped aside, peering suspiciously after it, fearful that here was a Kline or Kemper bound with all speed toward the store and a frying pan. He thought of waving one of his pots as a signal, but was too timid; and the man wheezed past him without stopping.

He reached the Kempers' at last, hot and breathless. The beagle hounds sent up a loud nasty barking and nipped at his heels, circling around him, out of reach of his flapping basket. He waved it wildly, and a beater fell out on the grass, and before he could stoop to get it one of the hounds had snatched and worried the rickety hoops out of shape against the stones. He put down his basket, shouting, and grabbed for the battered handle. The beagle snarled, but dropped it and ran toward the porch, still barking. Schmidt wiped it off and tried to straighten the hoops, but the dents were still there, no matter which way he bent it. 'Mr. Kemper's got to pay me for this, by Gott! He's got to buy this off me, for what his old houn' done!' he mumbled. He started to walk up to the door holding out the beater indignantly in his hands, but instead stopped and put it back carefully under all the other pans and folded his old coat down on top.

He knocked on the back door; but no one came, and the shades were down in the kitchen. He knocked again, loudly, and listened, but heard no sound inside at all. Then he stumped around to the woodshed, and back to the barns, and peered inside the stalls. The horses were in, and their harness up on the wall, but the shed door where they kept the car was open, and nothing inside but an oily rag and a tire tube on the floor.

Very slowly Schmidt began to realize he was wasting his precious time. The Kempers were out, and no telling when they would return. They might have needed nine bowls and a cake pan for all he would ever know or the good it would do him now. He grunted and sighed,

easing the pack on his shoulder, and started off again, followed as far as the gate by the beagles, quiet now but snuffing close at his heels. By the fence he stopped and picked up a winter apple dropped from the truck and partly eaten, but mellow, and chewed it hungrily, spitting its skin along the road. He fingered the sandwich again, but decided to make one other farm before he sat down to eat it. There was a nice hill up above Kovens' and a spring, he remembered. He saw himself sitting there in the late winter sun, with the heavy pack and basket on the ground, and his shoulders against a stump, and the sandwich being stuffed piece by piece in his mouth.

Maybe the Kovens would offer him something to eat when they bought their pans. They had nine children, and pans wore out fast, Mrs. Koven said. She had bought three from him last year, and showed him the year-before's, worn thin as paper, and all of their handles bent. She had seemed right glad for him to come, although he remembered uneasily that she spoke of how Koven made trips into town every day with the milk and did her messaging for her.

It was almost noon when he reached the house, but it had not seemed far, walking in the mild air between the spring-wheat fields. Willows, he had noticed, were yellow along the pasture streams, and the young grass in places a new green, very thin, with the dark earth showing in between. He had walked quickly, drumming a march tune on one of the stouter pans whenever the road was level enough to let go of his strap awhile. 'T'ree pans, twenty cents . . . sixty cents for t'ree pans, t'ree pans sixty cents togedder,' he drummed, puffing a little in between the lines — and thought of Benny, and wished he were along.

Mrs. Koven was at the stove when he knocked, her hair hanging limp around her face, and the baby was crying loudly. Five of the children ran up to him and

peered in the basket, pointing and giggling at the pans. Mrs. Koven picked up the baby and came to the door. She had a thin, heavy face, but it lifted and looked younger when she smiled. She waved at the porch rocker and shoved turnip sacks out of his way. 'Sit down, Mr. Schmidt. Rest yourself. That's a big pack you got.'

'It won't be so big going back, I t'ink,' Schmidt said. He dropped the pack and sat down heavily. 'I ain't so young as you, Mrs. Koven. My legs keep curling up under me. The legs is what age gets first. The legs, and then up top here.' He grinned and pointed up toward his cap.

Mrs. Koven laughed. 'You ain't so old then, Mr. Schmidt. You get about; you ain't nobody's fool old grampaw sleeping in the corner!'

'Not yet, thank Gott, I ain't. Not while I got this way to help.'

Mrs. Koven shifted the baby uneasily. 'Lemme get you some milk, Mr. Schmidt. Nady, you go get some milk for Mr. Schmidt. Get him a glass off the table.' When the door opened, Schmidt smelled the stew plainly, meat and turnips boiling together, but Mrs. Koven didn't offer him any.

'I had my lunch a way back,' he said loudly, 'but maybe I could find a liddle room for the milk.'

'Yeh, we always got room for the milk, I reckon,' Mrs. Koven said. If she didn't believe him about the lunch, she gave no sign.

Nadine brought the milk in a heavy glass, and Schmidt drank it quickly, afraid something might happen before he got it inside him. Then he wiped his mouth and smiled happily. Half an apple and a glass of milk, and a sandwich still to come! Things were turning out good.

He started then to pick out the best saucepans and a couple of pie plates to show her. 'I got some new kind of tins this year, Mrs. Koven. Fat ones maybe will last you longer!' He looked up at

her expectantly, but was astonished at her face. It had got quite hard and set-looking, and she was frowning.

'I should've told you right away, Mr. Schmidt,' she said. 'I can't buy nothing.'

Schmidt opened his mouth, but she started talking again very fast before he could speak. 'We're down right to bottom. Paul took all the week's cash for a winter jacket — one of those wool-lined things. He had to have it. I can't buy nothing — I can't buy even a spoon off you. That's a fact, Mr. Schmidt. There's not any use of you hauling any more stuff out of your basket there.'

Schmidt sat back on his heels and stared up at her in distress. 'You don't need nothing at all, Mrs. Koven? No spoons or nothing?' He fumbled with the basket handles uncertainly.

'I told you, Mr. Schmidt, I couldn't buy nothing. I need 'm, all right. I need a new saucepan and I need a knife, and a spoon that ain't broken off at the end, and a fork that don't cut your mouth with its leg every time, and a cheese strainer without a hole broke in the bottom — and I'd like one of them beaters that don't catch when you turn it round, and I'd like —' Then suddenly she turned her back on him and started crying.

The children stood around, whispering and frightened, and the baby began to howl again. Old Schmidt stood up, clumsy and embarrassed. 'Don't cry, Mrs. Koven,' he said foolishly. 'Maybe I can bring you some next year. Maybe Paul can get you some cheaper in town by Christmas.' He stood wiping his mouth and face on his sleeve, nervously, and patting Nadine on the head.

Mrs. Koven turned around then, her face streaked red and her mouth still working. She had stopped crying, though, and shook the baby gently to shut it up. 'I wish I could buy something off of you, Mr. Schmidt.' Her hot face struggled to get some dignity back, but the tears kept trickling down, out of

control. 'It's awful to send you off with all that big pack, and all them things I need and you want to sell. It ain't right for neither of us!'

'No, it ain't right,' Schmidt repeated lamely. 'Don't worry about me, though, Mrs. Koven. Maybe by the time I git home they'll be sold, and nothing but money to tote around. Money don't weigh as much as pans.' He stuffed everything back again, and hooked up the pack on his shoulders. 'That was good milk, Mrs. Koven. I thank you. Next year I come back again, and things are better. Maybe by next year everybody can have some pans. Maybe by then you and I and Mr. Koven have something to say of what we get. You wait and see!'

Mrs. Koven looked vague. 'That's what Paul says, Mr. Schmidt. Says *we* ought to have things, too, if there's so much lying around. I dunno . . .'

Schmidt shook his head and crept off carefully, the straps seeming to pull more, and the pans no longer fitted together so neatly. Mrs. Koven waved the baby's hand at him, and then she and the children went inside and shut the door. For a little way up the road the smell of stew followed him, mixed with the smell of smoke and fresh-ploughed earth.

III

By late afternoon his feet began to hurt and his shoulders were aching. He had sold nothing at all at the near, small farms, and began to feel frightened. He remembered a big cluster of places out near Chester, but he would have to take a bus to get there and back by night. Around here the answers were all the same: they couldn't afford to buy nothing just now — they had already bought it cheap in Jordleden — the missus wasn't home — just didn't have no cash to spare. . . . No cash to spare. . . . Schmidt opened up his old crab-shaped purse and counted out the bus money. It would cost him a lot, but

those were big farms along toward Chester, and he ought to sell enough to make over. He tried not to think of the dogs they kept out there.

Clouds had come up, and the air was getting colder. Schmidt shivered a little, waiting for the bus, and the pans felt chilly when they bumped against his bare hands. He sat on the ground by the road, waiting, and was almost too stiff to get up and wave at the bus when it bulged in sight.

'Fares gone up, yeah,' the driver said. He grinned at the lurching pans. 'I bet you haven't sold nothing to folks around here. They couldn't buy secondhand cigarette butts if they wanted 'm!'

Schmidt hesitated and then shook his head. 'No, I ain't sold anything — yet,' he admitted — and was glad the engine's roar drowned out whatever answer the driver might have made.

At Chester he got off and started on foot again. A wind was beginning to come up, and the maple branches were whipped together in sudden gusts. The pond waters licked forward in small waves, leady gray and cold. Chester County was flat and not so much climbing, but the farms were a good way apart. He trudged down a side road off the highway, seeing the Zugsmiths' house as a small speck in the fields, the road twisting in long curves between him and their gate. He walked on patiently, even starting to sing once, knowing there was no one in miles to hear him, and then felt a spit of rain on his face, and looked up in panic at the sky. The clouds were close together and low, a hard shower falling suddenly. He hurried forward, puffing and muttering, the pack jerking to and fro on his shoulders, and flattened himself against the trunk of a giant elm. The tree was bare, and its buds sharp against the sky, but the trunk was broad enough to protect him if the rain came slanting from the west. He rested, panting, and peered up at the sky and the gray, joined clouds. The rain was only a gust, though, and passed, leaving the

air sharp and chilly, and a few spots on the stones.

Schmidt waited a few minutes and then shuffled on, Zugsmiths' place seeming to come no nearer with every turn. He reached it at last, though, and heard the dogs barking, and the loud rattle of a chain as the setter tugged and leaped back and forward inside the yard. Cole Zugsmith was coming up from the barn and stopped Schmidt before he had reached the house. 'Hello, Schmidt,' he boomed. 'What you got there in the sack?' He towered over the little man, and thumped a dishpan with his hammer. 'More pots, eh, Schmidt? Nothing but kitchen bowls, I bet! Got any corn knives or buckets for a calf?'

Schmidt burrowed down under the pile and searched stubbornly, knowing he didn't have them, yet praying that one might suddenly appear or have crept in by mistake. He emptied the whole basket, but brought out only one paring knife and a little handleless pan, bucket-shaped but hardly big enough for a cat to drink from. 'That un wouldn't do, I guess?' He stared around at the strewed-out pans and up at Zugsmith.

Cole shook his head and laughed. 'Wouldn't do at all, Schmidt. Sorry you ain't got exactly what I need.'

Schmidt picked up the little knife and held it out. 'Your wife could maybe use something like this,' he suggested.

'Don't doubt she could, Schmidt, but there's no use temptin' her. We're living on the fence edge now. Up goes what we sell — up goes everything we buy. Bah!'

Schmidt knelt down and scooped up his stuff again, and Cole helped fasten the bundle on the old man's back. He fingered a little beater and twirled the wheel. 'She'd like that. Her old one's busted.' He watched the whisk spin around, and then stuffed it down in the basket quickly. 'Maybe some other time — maybe next year. Well, good-bye, Schmidt . . . luck . . . good-bye.' He turned abruptly and walked off toward the house.

Schmidt tried two more places. It was getting late and he felt stiff with chill. There was a sore spot on his shoulder where the strap pressed, and he had to keep stopping to ease himself. Nobody could buy anything. They wanted, but they couldn't buy. It was getting darker, and lights started burning up in the windows a long way apart. He'd have to get back to the highway before the bus had stopped running, and then change to a streetcar back at the junction. He thought of the carfare and Benny's face and the broken beater. . . .

'I got to sell something quick!' he muttered in a panic. 'I got to sell a whole lot of things togedder!' He stopped and looked around desperately and back toward the highway. There was one place, he remembered — a place on the way back, the Wardens' place, a sort of estate with a house made like a German castle, and a park fence all around, and terraces. They could buy his whole basket if they wanted to. There were lights on all over the house, and the gate was open when he reached it.

He went up the gravel drive and around to the back. He knocked loudly and heard slow steps, and then the door was opened a small space, and the housekeeper stood looking at him with suspicion. She was a Mrs. McGill, and he remembered her from his last year's trip, and the dishpan she had bought for a dollar. She had seemed large and purple-faced then, but with a kind-enough manner, and looked even larger now, her eyes sleepy and piglike.

She said, 'Well?' and waited for him to speak, but before he spread out the pack she stopped him and shook her head. 'We don't need nothing,' she said. 'I got stuff now I don't expect to get around to using even once. I got two pans for every cake I turn out. I got three spoons for every batter I ever stirred. I got gadgets enough to drive me loony!'

'But I got to sell something!' old Schmidt burst out. 'I got to sell something or I lose my job!'

Mrs. McGill looked at him calmly, then jerked her thumb. 'Step inside here a minute. Wait'll I show you!'

Schmidt put down his pack and shuffled into the kitchen. 'Sit down and look around,' Mrs. McGill said — proudly and with exasperation. Schmidt looked at the white stove and the walls covered with pots and pans and spoons of every size, and shelves stocked up with bowls enough to start out another store, and the pans lapping over each other and shiny as fish scales. 'Take a good look, Mr. Schmidt. What'd I do with your cheap old stuff? Whyn't you go places where people need what you got to sell? Go out to some of them patch-nail farms off the Link Road where they all eat out of the pan they stew in. I seen them myself. *I know!*'

'I already been there,' Schmidt mumbled. He felt too tired to explain, and sat slumped down in his chair, staring around at the room full of kitchenware. He could see himself reflected in the bottom of a dishpan, distorted and broadened out like a pear. It made him think of Ben, and the spoon for Emily.

Mrs. McGill was standing at the sink, wiping her hands. 'You got to get out now, Mr. Schmidt. I got to get supper started. This ain't *my* day in for callers.'

Schmidt got up and pinned his sweater in place. 'I don't suppose you could use a big spoon or fork even?' he suggested hopefully.

She jerked out a drawer for answer, and showed him a tray full of kitchen spoons. Five sizes of wooden ones, and steel spoons of every shape.

Schmidt looked at them, and pulled out his basket. 'I got a bigger spoon than any of them things in the drawer. It's the cheapest thing I got in the pack for sale. It's a good spoon to stir up the chicken mash, or scrape out buckets for the calf . . .'

'I don't have nothing to do with the chickens or calves,' Mrs. McGill said. 'How much is this big spoon?'

Schmidt fumbled in his basket and

brought out the spoon and held it under the light. 'Twenty cents,' he said. 'It's the cheapest thing I got in the pack!'

Mrs. McGill went over to the pantry and pulled down a black pocketbook from behind the soup plates. 'Lord knows what I'll do with the thing, but I'll take it!' She shoved the spoon in the drawer, and held out the money. 'You'd better get out before the tea's over and the old woman comes out to order breakfast. You're a tramp, you know, Mr. Schmidt, and tramps are dangerous. Out in the country, specially. Old Mr. Warden keeps a gun in his den, and it ain't for sparrows!'

Schmidt pulled the basket over his arm, and felt humiliated and sick and yet grateful, and was angry at himself for his gratitude. 'I think you'll find it a good spoon, Mrs. McGill. I think maybe Mrs. Warden will be glad that you bought it for her.'

'Maybe so, maybe not,' Mrs. McGill said. 'Good night, Mr. Schmidt.'

Schmidt said good-bye and started off in the dark. It was beginning to rain again — fine, thin gusts that came and stopped at uncertain intervals. A cold wind twisted the black elm branches, and the clouds were heavier now.

At the highway he had to wait for the bus, and the rain began to come harder, with a sleety sound on the concrete. The old man crouched on the ground with his back to a telephone pole. There were no trees near, and up to the road nothing but stretches of cold mud and stones. He felt his cap getting soaked, and the wet creeping to his hair and trickling down the back of his neck — quick, icy drops that made him shiver violently. He thought of grippe and pneumonia, and saw himself huddled up useless in the rocker, a rheumatic old man for the folks to feed and take care of till he died — crippled as an old one-legged rooster. 'I ain't gonna get sick!' Schmidt muttered loudly. 'I *won't*, by Gott, I *won't*!' He pulled out a bowl from the pack and turned it upside down in the mud against

the telephone pole; then he unwrapped a stewpan and put it on his head. The rain splashed on the pan and bounced across his shoulders, but the drops stopped trickling down his spine and hair. Schmidt smiled grimly. He wished that Benny could see his grampa — looking like an old fool, miles out in the country, with a stewpan on his head.

He sat this way, with the wrapping paper over his knees and his feet in the basket, until he saw the bus lights coming; and then got up stiffly and collected all his things together in nervous haste. He signaled the bus, and left the stewpan on his head until the doors were opened and he was safely inside.

The bus driver grinned and held out his hand for the fare. 'You look like a loony,' he remarked, but Schmidt only pulled the pan off carefully and counted out his change. He hoped the bus driver wouldn't ask him about his sales, and went as far back as he could and sat down in the dark. The bus was dry but cold, and there was only one other passenger along — half asleep, and hunched together with his arms folded.

Schmidt felt deathly tired, but too cold and hungry for sleep; and as he sat there the whole day and the despair came over him like a wet, sick flood inside. 'I go bist Link Road — bist Zugsmiths' — bist Chester — the streetcar and walking — and then the bus — and then walking again . . . all morning, all afternoon . . . I go back on the bus and pay . . . and on the streetcar and pay — and vot do I sell? Vun big spoon! Vun big spoon for twenty cents! Oh, Gott in Heaven!'

He wanted all at once to slump down and let the end be now — puff out like old Allen or Reich or Casey, or any of all those snugly sleeping in the ground, not cold or empty or damp any more, and having no hope or hunger left. But instead he sat upright in his seat, and went on riding back into town — knowing there was Emily, and Benny, and all the rest of his little years to face.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

BY THE REVEREND GEORGE JOHNSON

I

'For an individual man to lead a good life,' observes Saint Thomas Aquinas, 'two things are required. The first and most important is to act in a virtuous manner, for virtue is that by which one lives well; the second, which is secondary and as it were instrumental, is a sufficiency of those bodily goods whose use is necessary for an act of virtue.'

It is a fact of universal experience that only those who lead a good life are truly happy. Contentment, joy, and peace are born, not of any kind of living, but only of living well. A man may do violence to his conscience, but in doing so he does not rest easy. No degree of external success can compensate for internal failure. To gain the whole world is to lose, if the price is personal integrity.

Human beings are intended to be happy. Their ultimate destiny is union with God for all eternity, to be filled with all His fullness. The beginnings of that bliss they enjoy here on earth in the measure that they conform themselves in thought and action to the Will of God. Consequently they need to create for themselves during this life those conditions which will safeguard them in the practice of virtue and make it possible for them to live well.

Now this has always been the basic educational postulate of the Catholic Church. The school is one of the very important agencies that the Church makes use of in carrying out the mandate of her Divine Founder: 'Go forth and teach all nations.' In every age and in

every place, regardless of circumstances, under whatever political, social, or economic conditions, the Church labors to assist human beings to attain the end for which they were created — namely, union with God. This end they accomplish by living in and through and by Christ. Through those who believe in Him, Christ exercises His life-giving power, not only within the four walls of the church, but in the factory, in the office, on the golf course, through the wicket in the bank or over the counter in the department store.

Schooling that is intended to prepare for this kind of living cannot be based on a compromise between what is Christ and what is indifferent to Christ. To attempt to make children and youth conformable to the image of the Saviour by means of some occasional religious instruction and then teach them the arts and the sciences in conformity with the spirit of the world is to court failure. It suggests to the impressionable mind of the child that religion does not really matter in the same way that other things matter. He does not see it entering into the warp and woof of life, and unless a man's religion does enter into the warp and woof of life it has little more than emotional or pietistic value.

In the Catholic school, religion is not regarded as just one branch in the curriculum. It is not confined to mere religious instruction. It is the foundation, the heart and soul of all other disciplines. Nor does it limit or circumscribe these

disciplines in any way; on the contrary, it reveals their true values and affords the learner a rational basis for integrating them and through them achieving a dynamic and inclusive philosophy of life.

II

In pursuance of this ideal of education, the Catholic people of the United States have developed and are maintaining schools of their own apart from the system which government provides out of the public taxes. In these schools their aim is to provide their children with those experiences — religious, social, æsthetic, and scientific — which will enable them to develop the ideas, the attitudes, and the habits which will equip them to live as Christ would have them live and as they must live if Christ is to live in and through them in American democratic society.

The 1938 census of Catholic schools and colleges, just completed by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, reveals that there are at the present time in the United States 7916 Catholic elementary schools, enrolling 2,086,071 pupils; 1984 Catholic secondary schools, taking care of 302,154 students; 188 colleges and universities, with an enrollment of 143,678; 42 institutions engaged in teacher preparation; and 175 ecclesiastical seminaries, in which candidates for the priesthood are being fitted for their future mission.

This whole endeavor is supported entirely by voluntary contribution and represents, I believe, the most substantial and dramatic act of faith in education that is being made by any section of the American populace. For it must be borne in mind that, in addition to educating their own children in schools that accord with their ideals of life and the dictates of their conscience, Catholics are taxed, as are all other citizens, for the support of the public schools.

The basic unit in the Catholic school

system is the parish school. It traces its origin back to the mission schools established by the Franciscan Friars in the Southwest at the beginning of the sixteenth century and to the schools that the Jesuits founded in Maryland when that colony was settled. Throughout the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Church and school have developed side by side.

The parish is an excellent unit for local school administration, because it is a real community. It organizes the families that compose it into a truly vital union. In it centre the most important and sacred affairs of life, and the bond that holds it together is fashioned of elements that grow out of the deepest of all human loyalties.

The family is, of course, the fundamental unit in parish life. It is in the home that the child receives his earliest and most important education in Christian living. Since, however, the family is not entirely self-sufficient, the Church supplements its educational endeavors by means of the school. There all of the children of the parish come together and, under the supervision of the pastor, — who, next to their parents, is responsible in the sight of God for their spiritual welfare, — are guided and directed toward the assumption of life's responsibilities.

There is an atmosphere of affection about a parish school that I, at least, have never found in other educational institutions. Teachers, children, pastor, all seem to belong to one another. Even when the school is large and system must needs intrude its formalities, something that is 'homey' continues to be pervasive. After all, the parish is a neighborhood, and neighborliness is characteristic of all its activities. For initiating children into the art of living happily together and making them aware of their duties and responsibilities to others, for giving them immediate and first-hand experience of the satisfactions that are born of loving one's neighbor as

oneself, the parish school has unrivaled potentialities.

Not all of the Catholic children in the United States are in parish schools. As a matter of fact, despite all the efforts and sacrifices that have been made, the Catholic people have only succeeded to date in providing facilities for approximately one half of their boys and girls. The ideal, 'Every Catholic child in a Catholic school,' has been more and more zealously cherished as the years have gone on, but it has encountered the harsh reality of lack of means. By and large, the Catholic population of the United States is made up of people whose income is not large, and they have not always been able to find ways and means of meeting the demands of an expanding population.

This is particularly true on the secondary level. Catholic high schools have multiplied phenomenally in the last thirty years, but they have not been able to accommodate more than a fraction of Catholic youth of high-school age. Conditions vary in different parts of the country. There are some dioceses in which as many as 90 per cent of those who should be in a Catholic high school are in a Catholic high school. Elsewhere the situation is not so satisfactory. Because of lack of funds, it has been impossible for the Catholic schools to introduce many of the vocational courses which are so necessary today, when secondary education is no longer the exclusive prerogative of those who are going on for higher learning. While many Catholic high schools, particularly those under parish or diocesan auspices, are striving to take care of the practical needs of those students who desire to fit themselves as soon as possible for a job of some sort, most of our Catholic high schools are of the academic or college-preparatory type.

For the most part, the teachers in Catholic schools are members of religious communities. Were it not for this fact, the Church could never have

accomplished all that she has in the field of education. For religious teachers require nothing in return for their labors except the wherewithal to purchase the mere necessities of life. Having taken a vow of poverty, they devote themselves to the cause of education without any desire for personal recompense.

This is another inspiring evidence of faith in education. The teaching orders in the United States, whether they be priests or brothers or nuns, are made up of men and women who could have followed any other calling had they so desired, and found as much success and comfort and happiness as does any other average American. But they preferred to sacrifice the things that people usually cherish and to devote all of their energies and talents to the work of Christian education. Their lives are characterized by a seriousness of purpose, a readiness to make personal sacrifices, a spirit of hard work and, withal, a blitheness of spirit, that fit them wonderfully for the task of directing and guiding children and young people.

The professional preparation of the religious teacher is being taken care of more and more adequately. It is still the rule for the various religious communities to prepare their own members for the work of teaching, although the last twenty years have seen the development here and there throughout the country of teachers' colleges under the direction of the diocese. Such colleges usually have state approval, and their graduates receive state certificates. The larger Catholic universities have all developed facilities for teacher preparation and each year are enrolling large numbers of religious in their graduate schools.

III

The attitude of the American public toward the Catholic school has been in the main friendly. There are always those, of course, who are suspicious of any activity of the Catholic Church

and who see in the existence of a separate system of schools some sort of menace to American institutions. Here and there, as was the case in Oregon in 1922, attempts have been made to pass legislation hostile to the Catholic school. However, the decision of the Supreme Court in that case, which emphasized that parents — and not the government — have the primary right to determine the kind of education their children should receive, served to give a salutary rebuke to those who failed to see the menace to fundamental liberty that is involved in the concept of a state monopoly of education. The child belongs to his parents before he belongs to the state. It is the function of the state to assist the home to perform adequately its educational function, and not to supplant it.

Oftentimes it has been hinted, if not openly asserted, that the education which children receive in Catholic schools is inferior to that which is provided in tax-supported institutions. Such a criticism is entirely gratuitous; I know of no evidence anywhere to support it. Here and there throughout the country Catholic schools are overcrowded. The same can be said for public schools. By and large, perhaps, the program in the Catholic schools is much more conservative than that in the public schools, but it might well be argued that this fact is to their credit. Some of us who are interested in Catholic education might feel that possibly more could be done than we are doing to develop the creative capacities of our children, that Catholics might become more articulate than they have been and more inclined to express in literature and art and music the ideals and the aspirations that they cherish. Most of us would like to be in a position to do much more for the handicapped child, for whom a thoroughly religious education would be a wonderful boon. All that is standing in our way is lack of adequate funds.

The canon law that requires Catholic parents to send their children to Cath-

olic schools also safeguards the interests of the children, for it insists that Catholic schools shall be 'no whit inferior to public schools' — *scholis publicis haud inferiores*. In order to ensure that the work in Catholic schools shall be kept up to standard, provisions are made for supervision on the part of the diocese. In the early days the bishop would appoint a school board, made up of pastors, whose responsibility it was to visit the schools, examine the children, and also to grant certificates, following an examination, to prospective teachers. Later, the board was supplanted by a priest, representing the bishop and known as diocesan superintendent of schools. His duty it is to make use of all the accepted means — such as a uniform course of study, approved textbooks, examinations, and child accounting — to bring about a progressive improvement of teaching in the schools in the diocese. He is assisted by supervisors, appointed by the various religious communities, whose function is the same as that of public school supervisors. In every community the relations between the Catholic school officials and the public school officials seem to be cordial, and wherever any general civic interest is involved there is the best coöperation.

Some are concerned lest the segregation of Catholic children in Catholic schools may bring about an unfortunate cleavage in our population. As one who never attended a public school, to me this fear seems very silly. Catholic boys and girls mingle in neighborhood life with the boys and girls who go to public schools. They grow up with them, meet them socially, and later on coöperate with them in business and civic life. The only cleavage that exists is that born of a difference in religious belief; only the heads of totalitarian states fear this cleavage.

IV

In the first part of the last century it was quite common for schools conducted

by religious bodies to share in the public educational funds. Difficulties of one kind or another arose and resulted in controversy, and the result was an easy solution, which solved nothing, by determining that only schools neutral with regard to religion would be supported by the public tax. This arrangement has lasted until the present day and has been accepted by Catholics under protest. Here and there, attempts have been made at a compromise which would give the state control of all phases of education except religion in the Catholic school in return for financial support. Even today there are a number of what we usually call Catholic public schools, mainly in the Middle West. The arrangement is not entirely satisfactory from a Catholic point of view.

The Catholic argument is that, since the state passes laws compelling all children to go to school, it is the duty of the state to provide schools that accord with the dictates of the parents' conscience. The public school maintains neutrality with regard to religion and creed. This in itself amounts to government taking a theological position, because it implies that religion and the creed one professes have no real or vital connection with everyday life and that religion does not matter in the same degree as does arithmetic, geography, or natural science. The philosophy of secular education is not merely negatively but positively religious. Consequently, it stands in contradiction to Catholic principles of education.

Lately, this issue has become increasingly acute by reason of the fact that the public school program includes so many elements that are only indirectly educational. The child who attends the public school is transported by buses supported by the public, receives textbooks and study materials free of charge, is given medical and dental attention, provided with a lunch, and cared for in many other ways. All of these services belong to him because he is a child and not

because he is a pupil in the public school. Children whose parents, for reasons of conscience, have placed them in a Catholic school are deprived of these advantages. No other phase of American government makes any comparable discrimination.

A recent development in the public high school is the provision that is being made for vocational guidance, training, and placement. What this will amount to in the long run is that Catholic youth will be handicapped in its search for employment as a penalty for attending a Catholic secondary school.

The President's Advisory Committee recommended that that part of any future federal aid for education that would be allocated for services such as transportation, reading materials, and medical care should be made available to all children and not only to those in tax-supported institutions. Several states are transporting children to Catholic schools, and two states, Louisiana and New Mexico, are providing free textbooks to all the children of the state, regardless of the school they are attending.

Some profess to see in all of this an entering wedge which will eventually bring about a demand on the part of Catholics for state aid for their schools. Whether or not it is an entering wedge, I think it is fair to say that the issue of state aid for non-public schools will become very much alive in the immediate future. The scholarships which are granted through the National Youth Administration would seem to indicate that it is possible to find a way of helping children to get the kind of education they want without bringing about a union of Church and State. That boggy, of course, will continue to be raised, but I am confident that intelligence and good will and common sense will eventually serve to lay it. As Dean Holmes suggested in his article in the January *Atlantic*, 'The Nation Challenges the Schools,' a restudy of the whole history of the question should prove very profitable.

ble. Other nations as zealous for democracy and religious freedom as is ours are supporting religious schools out of the public funds. Their experience proves that it can be done, and though the particular method used in Canada, England, or Holland might not fit our circumstances, there is no reason why we should not be able to discover a method that does. It is intolerable that in a democracy those who believe that religion is necessary as a bulwark of character should be treated with less concern than those whose attitude toward religion is indifferent.

V

Years ago, during the World War, Dr. Charles H. Judd wrote an article for the *New Republic* which he entitled 'Education for an Undifferentiated Competence.' As I remember it, he was glorying in the fact that without any previous military training the young men who were brought into our army were so readily transformed into soldiers. He ascribed this to the fact that the broad general training we were providing in our American schools seemed to prepare young people for any eventuality and to make for a very high degree of adaptability. I wonder if that idea, education for an undifferentiated competence, is not one that we should continue to cherish with all our heart and soul. We are living in a changing world and experiencing great difficulty in seeing even a vague outline of the shape of things that are to be. We are faced with the problem of unemployed youth and are becoming uncomfortably aware that our present program of secondary education has been tried and found wanting. Naturally, in times like these there is bound to be a lot of beating of the air and aimless running about hither and yon in search of a way out.

We educators are great ones to coin phrases, and someone the other day hit

on the slogan, 'Education for the Unemployed.' Perhaps that is a very large part of our job. Of course the very best way to educate the unemployed is to employ them, for there is no substitute for the strengthening and stabilizing effect of a job that is worth while and which enables a young person to be self-supporting. We all hope that the time is near at hand when private industry will be able to take care of youth that wants to work. Meanwhile, and until that time comes, it will be necessary for government to step into the breach. It is doing so now through the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps. The place of the school in connection with these programs is something that still remains to be determined.

Its function will no doubt be to provide general education whose aim, to quote Dr. Judd's phrase, will be preparation for an undifferentiated competence. Sometimes we call it education for citizenship. Its purpose must be to develop fundamental character that will be proof against vicissitudes of all kinds, even unemployment, and which will be strong enough to cling fast to fundamental American ideals, whatever winds may blow. Someone has said we shall have better times when we have better men. Whatever else free government strives to accomplish by means of education, its first aim must be to inculcate sound and solid virtue, because virtue is the only guarantee of happiness. Because they love their country, its institutions and its ideals, and because they are resolved to safeguard it to the utmost of their ability, the Catholic citizens of the United States out of their meagre resources are maintaining schools where children and youth are taught that they must love God above all things, with all their heart and soul and mind and strength, and that the proof of their love of God is their love of their fellow man.

(In the May ATLANTIC Dean Henry Holmes will present 'A New Hope for Education')

THE BLACK SHADE

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

I

CENSORSHIP by the state was a hasty and imperfect improvisation at the beginning of the last war. It did better, helped by time and tribulation. It discovered the little chinks which let in light. Its ways were peculiar and unexpected, and its consequences unforeseen. If, one morning, in a French newspaper, an attractive heading had a prominent place yet was followed by a column and a half of virgin white signed by a famous name, you feared the worst at a glance — doubtless something worse than was in the article. And, for my part, I remember that in the beginning one was allowed to mention the fact that a battlefield could be reproachful with the strewn results of flying metal. Later, only German soldiers were slain in battle. Later still, it was decided by the proper authority that a great battle could leave the floor as tidy as would a curate's sewing circle.

We may judge, then, from these queer signs, that authority does respect the sensibility and intelligence of the public?

Certainly. After all, the mutable many, the hearths and the homes, are of ultimate importance. The multitude should be solicited, entertained, and its tenderness guarded. It has volatile qualities. It is unpredictable. Harm might chill its heart, should it learn of war's lesser benefits. For this reason, we may suppose, when recently the Russians began to blast Baltic cities from the sea and air, the news was withheld from the German public just across the water.

What a pity to disturb it! But how such a complete blackout reveals a possible perfection in censorship! It begins to look as if a whole nation might be kept in darkness absolute, and for so long that it might lose the desire to grope a way out. Not one of the Greek philosophers, good though they were at peeps into life's mystery, ever discerned that as a possibility in civilization. It never occurred even to Aristotle, innocently bent upon increasing the light, that light may be bad for tender minds.

Yet so it is. It is much to be regretted, but to maintain unity of opinion and purpose in a nation the blackout is as essential as air to breathe. True, with better light, and more time, I suppose we might discover what our civilization amounts to, whether it is worth our love and faith, and where in it we are. We need to learn that. We shall never do better unless we see that. Today in Europe, however, having perfected the electric bulb, a trifling increment to light, we are compelled by a present way of life to smother it with a shade of black glass. These shades are to be bought anywhere, as is bread. Black glass hides most of the light when it is on. Light is unsafe. Need one add to that? Let us think it over. Think of it quite a lot. We could have more light, more than ever before, but fear to use it.

What is wrong with man, when light and knowledge can be dangerous? In some civilized countries learning is conscientiously frustrated. Books are

burned, as a state ceremony. All but a censored knowledge is forbidden. In one such country a statesman eloquently proclaimed the first revolt against intellectualism since the French Revolution. The mind, he thought, is not only sensitive — it is a dangerous nuisance. In other lands we have been free to range in the news and to think what we pleased. We did not enjoy the news, it must be admitted. For a long time past, for a period which has gravely reduced the threescore years and ten, our dark horizon has been problematical, auguring and muttering. What was going to happen? There have been rumors of trouble in the making so preposterous that reason could not give full attention. Too silly! Crises and conferences. Rumbling of distant gun wheels. Coming our way?

In the democracies you could get any kind of news you wanted through a choice of newspapers. The inclination, naturally, was to choose the worst; the nearer to idiocy, the nearer to truth. Opinion, too, as to what was going on in the world was as free, among democrats, as in Bedlam. You could attend critically to all the home and foreign howling and whooping; no restrictions. If in the midst of the polyglot clamor you kept a bare hope that you yourself were not crazy, — not yet, — then the corollary faced you that whole nations seemed to be not quite all there. So what to do?

Nothing whatever. It is useless to argue with universal vociferation. When there is an eclipse of daylight one can but wait. As all the news of the day had no relation to welfare, its sole purpose being to get on the nerves, you were free to accept it, if you wanted to. There were lands in which you were allowed to laugh at it, if you felt that way, and a few cool people did.

Some of us, being peaceable, and in the habit of avoiding excited crowds, and not altogether unreasonable when the barometer is set fair, supposed that this

infernal uproar, in which religion, politics, and economics were so confused that Deity was indistinguishable from self-interest, meant only that humanity had wandered from its accustomed paths. It was lost. Hard times had driven it from civility to look for short cuts to whatever it wanted, if it knew what it wanted. Perhaps it didn't. This noise would subside. Sanity, though no more than a nostalgic desire for safety, would return to its own presently, not too late. Instead of that, we entered a week when presidents, premiers, and prelates were all beseeching a man of destiny not to pull the trigger because nobody would enjoy it. That was distinctly ominous; still, doubtless so many appeals to common sense would prevail? Any man not a lunatic would prefer life to death?

One morning, soon after these appeals, I was approaching a familiar village street, with country about me which is described in *The Dynasts*. I was not unhopeful. One is never quite without hope of one's fellow creatures. So early, I saw the gossips all at their doors. They seemed subdued. Somehow I felt suspicious. Something had happened. I did not like the look of that street. A friend came out of the only shop, straight at me, and whispered, 'They've started.'

They had started. The trigger had been pulled. We both sat on a bench and looked at the ground. Civility had ended. We continued to look at the ground, and said no more. There was no more to say.

II

Anyhow, suspense was over. Now we knew the worst. All we could do now was to brace ourselves for the shocks. Speculation was useless; besides, you never feel like judicious political speculation if bombing planes are probable. For that reason, on the instant, we discovered a thirst for material facts, which some people regard as absolutes. As good democrats we searched our daily

papers for the truth, with a new wariness of propaganda. We were immediately awake to what we could not see between the lines. Do you remember the opening chapter of *Hard Times*?

'Now what I want is Facts. . . . Facts alone are wanted in life. . . . Stick to Facts, sir.'

Gradgrind was speaking. Not for a moment did that eminent industrialist pause to consider the nature of facts. He never doubted that he would know what they meant when he saw them. He was a realist. Gradgrind, busy man, had no time to waste wondering whether a test of intelligence may be the ability to perceive the implications of facts; yet how surprising, how cruelly deceitful facts can be, though apparently simple and frank! Who would have suspected that the mass destruction of civilization was inherent in an invention so attractive, so useful, as the internal-combustion engine?

No. With a plain fact under his nose a realist may not know what he is looking at. Fate, unseen, may be smiling over him at the certainty of his knowledge. Nevertheless, like Gradgrind, in war we demand only facts. Facts, my dear sir! We want to know exactly where we are. Where are we? Are we to have the truth? We are not sure. We doubt it. The censorship is over us. Suspicion will grow, even in a tolerant and judicious onlooker. There comes over him an instinctive inclination to blame somebody for something, he is not sure what. Suspense when in danger acts like that on most people.

Well, whatever the virtues may be of our civilization by machinery, a censorship by the state in a time of stress is involved. There can be no unity in policy without control of news and direction of opinions; distraction cannot be tolerated. Suspense we shall have to suffer. Embattled nations must get at each other in a pitchy midnight. That is one of the dire consequences for us of our age of science; the ranging of the

mind must be kept within certain limits. This is only further evidence, did we need it, that the more our material advantages increase, the faster and more difficult and complicated life becomes. Personality must go, or at least much of it. Even warfare is not what it was. Its glory has departed. When a vast confusion is unintelligible in a prolonged and almost impenetrable darkness, it is difficult to add a touch of glory.

The prospect is unlovely, but we should have thought that out long before the eclipse was due. It was always so very obvious that it would be so. We have now come to it, and must acknowledge forthwith that in these years it is foolish to expect a government at war to allow anything to be published that does not accord with its strategy. We may only blame it when it issues lies, and that it will not do unless it fears its own people. Even a democracy at war must have its censorship. We should have known, but were too busy to give the necessary attention, that a parliamentary executive itself is the beginning of collectivism; and industrial society, grown into a huge sprawling organic body with many functions, must respond to the promptings of its capital, or decompose. We may not enjoy the thought of collectivism, but we have it; or it has us, whichever you please. So, when a community is at war, censorship is as necessary as food rationing and the conscription of life and property. Individuality disappears, except as a registered number. A nation at war, these days, is totally engaged, and its government must regard the supply of news as it does the output of munitions. Nobody is to blame for this; it arises from the nature of mankind's common desires and activities.

In the free-and-easy past, a war correspondent could lightly embarrass his own generals and admirals. His published opinions concerned only a local affair. Life went its usual round. He did no harm; probably he did some good. All wars, whatever their nature and ex-

tent, are efforts to give a reasonable shape and direction to anarchy. It is not easy to give reason and order to anarchy, and a war correspondent in the old days could be sure of a rich variety of matter to make the folk at home wonder whether the art and science of war were unrelated to gumption. Had muddle its part in the romance and glory of armed conflict? Anyhow, his details helped to fill the columns of the newspapers until the glad morning dawned when the home folk far away could relish a real battle-piece with the breakfast porridge.

We shall never see the like of that again. Modern war is an industry, largely viewless, for a wholesale and monotonous output of death. These are the years of national wars. The whole of a nation's power, its mines, factories, and workshops, its ships and agriculture, all the wealth and energy it directs towards daily bread, are deflected to keep its integrity against an attack by a rival power. A battlefield is now a continent, and even neutral nations must share the catastrophe, like it or lump it. They will be jostled and harassed. This cannot be helped. They must be alert to keep out of the way of propaganda, and explosives wandering in the sea and falling from the sky. And they will not be able to manage it, not all of the time.

So the enterprise and tenacity of factory hands have become as important as the stoutness of a nation's troops. The spirit of the girls at munitions must be equal to that of the men of the war fleet. But that tenacity and spirit are more vulnerable than the ardor of the fighting forces. To maintain for a long and dreary period a routine against a distant foe is not like soldiering under the stimulation of flying bullets. It is more trying, in the long run, to keep undiminished the speed of wheels in a darkened factory, while unseen bombers may be hanging about whose blows can be neither parried nor answered, than to look into the eyes of a mortal opponent, equally armed.

Governments have to remember that. Not only factories and harbors are to be guarded, but the springs of national emotion, a much more kittle business. An inadvertent fact, not at all related to the main issue, plumped without warning into a common mood, tender and suspicious, may upset a public more than would drumfire the troops. The soldiers know within a little what is in front of them, and how to meet what they expect to get; the populace is in the dark, facing what is imponderable, and must trust to words broadcast from many stations, words which often flatly contradict each other. I know that in the last war my soul was always easier when under fire in the ruins than when enduring a spell of war bulletins at home. Uncertainty corrodes the spirit, and immediate peril rarely does that. In this period of total war, when not even a president or a premier knows the deciding truth of it till that emerges too saliently to need pointing at, a government may publish no more facts than will keep its people in hopeful heart. That nation is the winning nation which can keep going a selection of quickening facts which do certainly arise from the drift of events.

III

In the last war, the soldiers described the war correspondents in an unmentionable joke. I do not blame them. I was a war correspondent. The troops could never find in our reports the mud in which they were glued under the horrific sky, which stormed burning iron. No lice infested our prose, no stench from general corruption arose from our periods. The wearied men wondered why our words were so bright, tireless, and spotless. It was strange to them, even heartless. But not to us. Thus inevitably it had to be. There was no escape. At first I myself was restive under the blue pencil, though it deleted but little. Reflection, compelled by in-

cidents, told me that since everybody had carelessly assumed war to be as right and proper to men as fire, and here at last it flared up and spread, ardent and flourishing, a roaring devourer, then everybody must suffer its many consequences. One was the censorship. And what is a judicious blue pencil to poison gas?

There was, I remember, a famous soldier-critic who was invited by the then Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, to visit the line. His lively yarn was not submitted to Press Headquarters. Why do that, when as a soldier he would know what the dangers were of giving things away? Two days after his sparkling story appeared in a London newspaper the enemy gave the locality he had honored by appearing in it an accurate and frightful hammering. He had been free with some apparently innocent topographical allusions, just to show his readers that he had been beside the guns. That paper was in Holland the next day. These trifling facts, suitably veiled, informed the Germans of the bearings of targets they had been looking for, which they then walloped, and more than once. The soldiers were never aware that these accidents were latent in our fountain pens.

Do not wonder that censors are governed by fear. They never know what an innocent-looking fact may disclose to the wrong eyes. You never can tell what the potency of an allusion may do, and when and where to expect its development. It may not give away artillery positions, but it may suggest to a people, hopefully working and enduring at home, the shadow of a grim reality which, in the exaltation of its defiance, it had overlooked. Truth, in war, can be more terrible than a flight of bombers. For that reason it is war's first casualty. It must be retired with the enemy aliens, and suitably guarded. To complain of this is as idle as to grieve over much else we do not like in a society arising

naturally out of principles we have accepted because we are too lazy to examine them. It has been observed that figs do not grow on barbed wire. We forget these little things till too late.

Facts are not values. This platitude is a fact most readers of the press are apt to ignore. If twenty observers report on a fact, then we shall get an apparent score of facts. A fact is not so important as the man who examines it. It is values that relate facts to each other and to us. Confident Gradgrind, in short, was an ass to suppose he could manage with facts alone. Clearly his facts had but misled him, because he had seen in them only the evidence which accorded with his prejudices, a fact of which he was unaware. The news of the day does not help us much, it may indeed do us harm, unless we can relate its value, that it may go with whatever governs our circumstance as do time and the sun. This is not so easy as reading our favorite newspaper.

I am aware of the grave potential danger in the censorship, even while acknowledging that in war it is as essential as money and guns. I have lived with censors, and have been forced to note the rum way in which they work their wonders to perform. One of them had to examine, not as an art critic, about twenty of Orpen's pictures of the battlegrounds of the Western Front. The enemy, of course, could never view those examples of British art till the war was over. There to us the scenes were, as we knew them, but rendered imaginatively. What that censor saw in those pictures is a mystery to me still, but he rejected the lot, and he could not explain why, though we asked him. Perhaps he judged it indelicate to expose stark desolation to innocent eyes. Don't upset the ladies!

IV

You may ask what we reporters of the last war did with ourselves all day long. We lived in a comfortable pre-Revolu-

tion château, about which curved a trout stream, secluded by woods near the field of Agincourt. In that house the battle of the Somme was planned. Haig and his army and corps generals met there once a month to plan things. So you think we had a chance to view a great battle? No. Nobody can review a modern battle.

There was a day when a thaw and a mist and several desertions had not forwarded a plan for a major attack by the British. I was on the spot early. The mist was still about. In it were flashes and bangs. Wounded men were hobbling toward us down a road out of nowhere. Some transport was disappearing in the other direction. I turned to the general in command. 'What has happened so far, sir?' I felt I was an idiot, as I spoke. 'How in hell should I know, sir?' asked the great man.

Of course he didn't know; and the soldiers slinging bombs out of sight knew less than either of us. I may reveal here that what that victorious battle actually won was the precarious occupation of several thousand acres of old wire, slush, and shell craters. Naturally we had to pay a heavy rent for our rough entry. How would you have reported all that at the time, so that the enemy could learn nothing to gratify him, while the old folk at home could rest easy on the happy truth of it? What about squaring the circle?

Those major engagements were rare. Boredom, chiefly, was our lot. Monotony, stinks, mud, and lice, are the daily features of war. How to say so? Yet we correspondents had all the leisure we required to see our way through the problem of the art of writing about war, to plan our work for the day so that no word of the truth should be mislaid. Perhaps one preferred to stay in the château. In winter it was warmer there. After all, there were the confidential army reports to read. Why go out? We knew what the line was like. We had

crawled along it often enough. Some of us had been over the top; were surprised, later on, when we found we were intact, and could hear our own easy breathing again. It is a revelation to know, in an instant, that you are still alive. If any old soldier supposes, because of our bland newspaper work, that we were unaware of his private feelings under a falling sky, he is mistaken. We have felt somewhat the same about it. But we were fixed by mud or what not just as he was himself. Though we were writers, present to witness earthquake and eclipse, there was no means by which we could frankly respond, except as did the soldiers — that is, in ribaldry to a pal. Ah! If only those private comments about that war, usual in France, could have been collected and published, unexpurgated, raw, hilarious, savage, and so near the truth of it that the Recording Angel up above must have rejoiced! All lost, now!

Should a war correspondent decide, on a morning, to face the virulent zone once more, what would he see? The same echoing wilderness, its scents and sounds admonishing the bowels; and you cannot make a long serial story of that, even when allowed to. Nothing in it. Even the transport mules knew it. Still, out some of us used to go, almost daily, down to the land of craters and broken walls. The chance of being bumped off was better than progressive rot of the mind through seclusion in that château, with its whispering of high politics and military intrigues. Somehow we had to make bricks without straw, war without pain, and describe ruin without saying anything about it.

There was an interlude we could have, for surcease. There was a neighboring château for distinguished visitors to the front, foreign generals, editors, and politicals — Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Lord Northcliffe, Trade Union officials, and all that. Occasionally it was declared to be our duty

to go over and help entertain these fine people. The soldiers who waited at table at the hostel for visitors wore white gloves. Important guests did the war fairly well. I do not know what they learned of it, but many of them were enthusiastic in their approval of what they saw. You may be sure, therefore, that they were never guided into the Ypres Salient, or anywhere else where one was likely to drop into it up to the neck without warning. And what could any experienced man confide of the truth, at dinner, to Mrs. Humphry Ward?

V

Let us confess it, for it can do no further harm, and it is a fact to be commended to Gradgrind and other realists. Never again in war correspondence shall we get more than incidental stories that are but distantly related to the tragic drama. More will not be allowed because it cannot be. It would be just as reasonable to expect an order of battle to appear on the placards. Nations must battle blindly in darkness till day comes

round again and they can sort out what is left. During the darkness there will be but flashes that could be mistaken for bombast, could be mistaken for light; it will be hard to tell which. Nothing better is possible.

Yet there is a grave danger in the censorship, as unavoidable as peril in downfall. In the last war, German propaganda and war correspondence for home consumption were brewed as a gross stimulant, and administered in large doses. Victories were continuous in the direction of ultimate triumph. Mark what happened. A day came when the German public had to be told that its armies, marching to victory, were falling back. Then that public, its courage kept by cleverly diluted falsities, collapsed. The stimulative propaganda meant to strengthen its heart was the cause of sudden heart failure. To give the frustration of rational life not only an intelligent but a cheerful countenance is the miracle which a censor is supposed to bring about; still, truth hath her victories, no less renowned than war bulletins.

OUR RAILROADS: CAN THEY HAUL THE LOAD?

BY ROBERT S. BINKERD

I

If long continued, the European war eventually means a great increase in the demand for basic commodities produced in the United States. This demand will probably not be as great as in the former World War, and the recent amendment to our Neutrality Act will somewhat restrict our sales of munitions and other contraband of war. Nevertheless, this nation will still have to help feed and clothe a substantial part of the world and supply it with machinery and basic raw materials now that millions of men are withdrawn from productive activity in Europe. We shall also become a more important source of supply to those South American countries which were the leading customers of the nations now at war in Europe.

This means more railroad traffic. Assembling shiploads of materials at the seaboard for export is still distinctly a railroad job. Likewise, domestic production of war equipment will lift railroad tonnage. Three or four tons of coal, ore, and limestone are required for every ton of finished steel produced. Therefore any large expansion in the demand for steel products means a much greater demand upon the railroads for transportation. Finally, the railroad is the most economical general-purpose land transporter in its use of man power. If at some future stage of the present situation it becomes necessary to utilize the man power of our country to the

fullest extent, the railroad would have to take over some part of freight movements now handled otherwise.

For these reasons it becomes a matter of national as well as commercial interest to appraise the condition of our railroads at the beginning of this second World War and compare their condition today with that of 1914, at the beginning of the first World War.

Twenty-five years ago only a few of our major railroads had established 90-pound rail as standard. The bulk of the rail being laid weighed considerably less than 90 pounds to the yard and was supported almost exclusively on untreated ties. Tie plates which spread the load and protect the ties from abrasion were not used. Many long-span wooden bridges were still in commission. Permissible locomotive axle loads, on the average, were at least 10,000 pounds per axle below what they are now.

Today scarcely any Class-1 main-line rail weighs less than 100 pounds to the yard; much of it weighs 110 or 112 pounds; and for some time railroads with heavy traffic have been laying rails of 127 or 131 pounds, and up to 152 pounds. This heavier rail usually rests on treated ties which last two or three times as long as untreated ties. Tie plates are almost universal. Crushed-rock ballast has been steadily substituted for dirt, gravel, and cinders. Portable tools and machinery have been de-

veloped in connection with track maintenance. Welding keeps up the rail ends at the joints, resulting in longer life of the rail. Also, the standard rail length has been increased from 33 feet to 39 feet, eliminating 49 joints per mile of track. There has been a great extension of automatic signaling; nearly all junction points today are protected by interlockers which automatically close one track when the go signal is given on the crossing track. Centralized control for signals and switches, permitting the movement of trains without unnecessary stopping or delay, is now commonplace. Finally, 23,892 miles of the 1914 lines have been abandoned, and only 10,530 miles of new line have been constructed, so that we now have 13,362 less miles of main-line track to maintain and operate.

So a tremendous improvement in the fixed railroad plant over which traffic must be moved is the first outstanding difference between the railroad situation today and that of twenty-five years ago. Nowhere else in the world is to be found track equal to our heavy-traffic lines.

Offsetting this advantage is a certain amount of deferred maintenance in the trackage situation. Earnings of our railroads have been so lamentably low that in order to function at all since 1932 they have had to reduce maintenance of way expenditures to the absolute minimum consistent with safety. During seven of the depression years a deficiency of something like 4,000,000 tons of heavy rail and about 50,000,000 ties has probably been created. Fortunately a large portion of this deferred maintenance can be made up in the course of a year or two. The railroads are already moving to meet this situation. In 1939 they applied about 850,000 tons of new rail against 599,000 tons in 1938; but, more important still, they ordered 1,329,000 tons of new rail for 1940 delivery. These were the largest rail orders since 1929. Purchases of ties during 1939 also increased about 17 per cent over 1938. Thus everything indicates that 1940 will

be marked by a determined attack on deferred track maintenance.

II

Since 1914 there has also been a thorough change in the character of operating methods. Twenty-five years ago freight moved from division point to division point, with more time spent in freight yards while trains were being shuffled and reshuffled than was spent in actual travel. Practically no locomotive passed over more than one short division. In 1938 the railroads moved slightly more freight traffic than in 1914, with only about two thirds of the freight-train mileage and a decrease of about 65 per cent in the time consumed between terminals. As a result, last year the average freight train per hour of operation developed slightly more than twice the number of revenue ton miles than were turned out per freight-train hour in 1914. Transit time between important centres has been cut to one half, one third, or even one quarter of what it used to be twenty-five years ago. Today freight moves on regular schedules just as definite as those of passenger trains, and freight trains move at speeds equal to those of passenger trains of twenty-five years ago. Important cities not more than four hundred miles apart are connected by overnight trains. Third-morning delivery between New York and Chicago and New York and St. Louis is now standard practice. Even such a haul as Detroit to San Francisco is covered in four days. Hundreds of railroad divisions have been abolished and locomotive runs of four hundred and five hundred miles are now common everywhere, and in some favorable regions locomotive runs of 1000 miles are regularly scheduled. The newer type of air brake adequately controls longer and faster trains. Fuel required for a given quantity of work has been reduced about one third, and in consequence thousands of in-

installations for coal, water, and other services have become superfluous and been abandoned. Industry's warehousing problem is greatly reduced by these swift and dependable schedules, since factory wheels can be geared to rails.

All these improvements have resulted in a great economy in man power. Freight traffic handled by our railroads in 1938 — as has been stated — was slightly greater than that of 1914. Yet at the end of 1938 the railroads employed only 939,171 persons working a basic eight-hour day, whereas at the end of 1914 they had 1,640,029 employees working a basic ten-hour day. Railroad employment at the beginning of 1939 was subnormal and has since been expanded considerably, yet under any conceivable traffic our railroads can do with three men what would have taken five in 1914. The number of man-hours has been cut in two.

An illustration of the increase in efficiency is the almost complete disappearance of car shortages. During the World War of 1914 and before, such shortages were chronic. In 1925 the railroads organized a shippers' regional advisory board for each distinct economic traffic region. Each regional board has a committee reporting on every important commodity in that territory, and is composed of shippers and producers who really know the situation. Four times a year the railroads receive board estimates on the number of cars necessary to move each commodity supply during the ensuing quarter. Guessing on car requirements is largely eliminated. Steps are taken in advance to assemble at each important traffic gateway a sufficient car supply to move anticipated traffic. This increase in operating efficiency and intelligent co-operation has decreased by billions of dollars the working capital required to maintain stocks and reserves of material in manufacturing and merchandising.

Another interesting illustration of the interplay of improvements in track and

facilities, and in operating methods on the other hand, is the fact that accidents on our railroads since 1914 have been reduced more than 80 per cent. In 1914 the railroads killed 232 and injured 13,887 passengers, killed 3259 and injured 165,212 employees. In 1938 they killed 81 and injured 2345 passengers, killed 512 and injured 16,569 employees. As compared with 1914, the reduction in the number of passengers killed in 1938 was 61 per cent; in passengers injured, 83 per cent; in employees killed, 85 per cent; and in employees injured, 90 per cent. And 1938 was an unfortunate year, because an unpredictable cloudburst caused the loss of more than forty passengers. Train accidents killed only one passenger in 1932 and again in 1935, three in 1937, four in 1931, and seven in 1936. This is in sharp contrast to the German railroads, which in the first four months of the present war had ten major accidents in which they killed 368 persons and injured many more.

Hence, the second outstanding difference in our railroad situation today, as compared with twenty-five years ago, is a tremendous increase in the safety, efficiency, and intensity of railroad operation.

III

In equipment we find an essentially different picture. The railroads owned 62,523 locomotives and 2,291,750 freight cars in 1914. At the beginning of 1939 they owned only 43,810 locomotives and 1,721,998 freight cars. Twenty-five years ago 78 per cent of the then existing freight cars and 50 per cent of the then existing locomotives had been bought within the preceding ten years. This equipment was of relatively new physical units, and, according to the standards of that time, modern. Today only about 20 per cent of our freight cars and only about 7½ per cent of our locomotives have been bought during the past ten years. Hence, by contrast, something like 80 per cent of our cars and

more than 90 per cent of our locomotives are relatively old physical units — certainly not modern by today's standards. In other words, our car and locomotive inventories contain a high degree of obsolescence, the result in part of ten years of inadequate earnings.

Yet any presentation of the equipment situation based solely on a comparison of the number of units is grossly incorrect, because it overlooks the improvement in the size and character of equipment which has taken place since 1914. Average carrying capacity of the present freight cars is more than ten tons greater than the average carrying capacity of the freight cars of twenty-five years ago. Therefore, while we have a much smaller number of cars, the deficiency in their total carrying capacity is only about 2,000,000 tons. Recognition that the freight-car supply must be promptly increased in sheer carrying capacity is found in daily news items to the effect that this, that, or the other railroad has just bought or is inquiring for some hundreds or thousands of new cars. Only about 50,000 additional new cars are required to bring our freight-car carrying capacity back to what it was in 1914. This shortage was provided for by orders during 1939 for 54,439 freight cars for domestic delivery; but, since at least 100 or more freight cars are destroyed or retired every operating day, further purchases must continue to be made during the current year sufficient to cover the losses and retirements.

In the locomotive field there is no shortage comparable to that in the carrying capacity of freight cars, but there is a high degree of obsolescence. Although our railroads today own 19,000 fewer locomotives than they did in 1914, the average tractive force of the present ownership is two thirds greater. Therefore the total tractive force of the present locomotive inventory is substantially greater than in 1914, and still in excess of current need. Unfortunately, many of these locomotives are not fitted for the

intensive type of operation which our railroads have developed. To maintain relatively high speed requires large drivers. Operation of small drivers at high speeds results in excessive vibration, which not only involves wear and tear on the track, but also means excessive time and cost of repairs. For these reasons the modern freight locomotives of today are constructed with drivers practically as large as those placed on passenger locomotives. But the majority of our reserve of existing freight locomotives have the small drivers consistent with the drag-haul operations of twenty-five years ago, but which are not consistent with the high speed of today.

The same situation holds in boiler horsepower. Haulage of heavy trains hour after hour at the speeds of today calls for high sustained boiler horsepower. As a result, a large portion of the freight locomotives which were bought for the drag-haul operations of even twenty years ago, and which constitute an important part of our existing tractive force, have only about half the boiler horsepower required to handle modern freight trains at modern speeds. These older locomotives can still cope with service on branch lines and on main lines where trainloads are small; but for heavy, high-speed freight movements there is a real need for at least 1000 modern high-speed steam freight locomotives. If traffic continues to grow, this need may soon become 2000 or even 3000 such locomotives, largely of the 4-8-4 type.

From the point of view of sheer capacity, the equipment needs of the railroads are approximately as stated above. But lower maintenance costs, higher intensity of use, and greater profit of operation would undoubtedly be promoted by purchases of new equipment greatly in excess of these figures. There are still numerous terminal operations which would be improved by new motive power, including many Diesel electric switchers. There is a new 5400-horse-

power Diesel electric freight locomotive available which deserves trial, and modern steam locomotives also show revolutionary advances over older types. In the freight-car field improved design and the use of modern high-tensile steels lead to weight reductions of from two to five tons per car, and radically improve the ratio of the pay load to the dead-weight. The development of roller bearings for both cars and locomotives has taken place since the bulk of the existing equipment was purchased. Our railroads, therefore, could profitably use 200,000 to 300,000 additional new freight cars and some thousands of new locomotives to replace the most obsolete units.

Luckily in the case of both cars and locomotives, new equipment can be manufactured within a reasonable time if orders are placed promptly. Each time a partial delivery is made on an equipment order, the new cars or locomotives can be promptly put to work and immediately begin to effect a pro-rata improvement; whereas important changes in track or physical plant, like reducing a grade or building a new bridge, require the work to be completed before any operating benefit can be derived from it.

IV

Railroad plant, of course, consists of more than trains, stations, cars, and locomotives. The more intensively cars and locomotives are used, the higher must be the standards of maintenance; and the smallest possible time must be consumed in repairs. From this angle, the railroad situation of today is also outstandingly better than it was twenty-five years ago. Owing to the substantial reduction in the number of cars and locomotives to be maintained, the railroads today have more shop capacity than they know what to do with. Many of these shops need more modern tools and machinery. But, aside from this, the increase in the efficiency of railroad shop management since the last World

War has been so great that something like 200,000 workers will do a better job maintaining cars and locomotives today than about twice that number did in the latter days of the first World War.

Owing primarily to the development of good roads and the automobile, since 1914, the railroads have lost about one third of their passenger traffic. From 1923 to 1933 there was a steady and persistent decline. About five years ago the railroads started to speed up passenger service, reduce fares, and supply a gradually increasing number of air-conditioned cars. These improvements, plus a growing congestion and danger on our highways, have led to a reversal of the previous tendency, and railroad passenger traffic is again increasing. The purchase of a few thousand new interchangeable lightweight air-conditioned day coaches would enable the railroads gradually to establish fast through day-coach trains between all the principal points of the United States, like the recently established New York to Chicago and New York to Florida day-coach trains and similar trains that had previously been put into operation by a number of the Western railroads. On such trains they could accommodate a large increase in travel, and they have some surplus of passenger locomotives capable of moving the reduced dead-weight of these trains. The Pullman Company also has a reserve of older cars to accommodate a substantial increase.

Up to this point we may conclude that the railroads have a tremendously superior track and physical plant today, with some deferred maintenance to be made up; that they have outstandingly improved operating methods, resulting in a great intensification in the use of plant and equipment; that they have more than enough shop capacity to maintain their equipment; but that there is a high degree of obsolescence in the existing ownership of cars and locomotives, with some shortage in the carrying capacity of the freight cars and a considera-

ble need for replacing old slow freight locomotives with modern high-speed freight locomotives. As a nation we are tremendously fortunate in the fact that track and operating conditions have been so enormously improved because these are achievements, not of a day, but of long-continued effort over the years. On the other hand, making up the deferred maintenance in track and replacement of our car and locomotive inventories can be accomplished gradually in a relatively short time, provided our railroads have the income and capital necessary to finance the prompt remedy of these deficiencies.

V

And this brings us to the centre of the railroad dilemma. From the financial point of view our railroads are definitely worse off than they were twenty-five years ago. In 1914 only 18,608 miles of road were in the hands of receivers or trustees. At the end of 1939, 77,414 miles of road were under the jurisdiction of the courts, including a dozen large properties. While the railroad industry as a whole increased its earning power by about \$200,000,000 in 1939, yet in three of the previous seven years of depression the railroads failed to earn their fixed charges, and in two other years they covered them by only a trifling amount, despite the fact that during this period fixed charges as a whole were gradually reduced by some \$40,000,000 a year. The average return on railroad property investment over these seven years of depression was less than 2 per cent. And during these seven years the railroads paid out only \$785,000,000 in dividends — mostly from surplus and not from earnings — while their taxes amounted to \$1,646,000,000!

Little recent legislation has been definitely hostile to the railroads. Nevertheless, almost every change in public policy since 1931 has tended to injure them in one way or another. The attempt to

raise agricultural prices by curtailing production cut traffic. Efforts to raise the price of commodities, through NRA or otherwise, hurt the railroads as chief consumers of many of these commodities. The Social Security tax added about \$95,000,000 a year to their expenses, enough to buy all the ties necessary to put all track in tiptop condition. In short, without anyone's deliberately willing it, during these past seven years we have seen the practical destruction of the earning power of our railroad investment. In recent years equipment trust securities could still be sold on an attractive basis and strong roads could occasionally refinance an existing bond issue at a lower rate of interest, but, broadly speaking, no important new capital has been or is voluntarily going into improvement of railroad plant.

Meanwhile the country is surfeited with idle capital which will accept a relatively small income if assured of safety or given reasonable grounds to hope for a steady future. In a sense, therefore, our railroad situation is really in the lap of the government. If the government ceases to press policies which are injurious, most of our railroad mileage will work out its own financial salvation. With regard to some portion of the existing mileage which cannot reestablish credit in the near future, the government will undoubtedly have to act as banker, yet most of the loans made by the government for this purpose will probably earn their living and in due time be repaid.

There is another way in which the coöperation of the government on the one hand, and of private shippers on the other, will shortly be needed. If I have at all succeeded in portraying the enormous intensification of railroad operation today as against twenty-five years ago, it must be apparent to all that the existing and future capacity of our railroad facilities requires the maintenance of this same intensification. In short, if a given volume of traffic is to be produced from

many less cars, locomotives, and train miles than formerly, then these cars **must** be promptly loaded and unloaded and no shipments dispatched before there is a certainty that they can and will be unloaded on receipt. In the World War of 1914 the freight cars of the United States, to an increasing degree, were immobilized as storage warehouses and lined up on the Atlantic seaboard long before there were ships available to move their contents.

Any repetition of this practice would cripple our railroad service and in a large measure destroy the enormous improvement in that service brought about during the past twenty-five years. However, government officials and traffic managers of our large industrial concerns today understand railroad requirements far better than they did twenty-five years ago. Likewise, the railroads themselves, in their rules governing the interchange of freight cars, have empowered the Car Service Division of the Association of American Railroads to establish embargoes in appropriate cases. As time goes on, the public will need to be reminded often of these requirements if they are to be met.

If traffic continues to increase rapidly, one or two tight spots may develop in keeping abreast of the demand for transportation. At such times it is almost inevitable that there will be proposals for the government to take over the railroads. I believe, however, that anybody who will study the history of the federal control period during the former World War will conclude that it was one of the worst mistakes made by our government in connection with our participation in that war. The car shortages of that period were not the result of a transportation breakdown, but of uncontrolled misuse of cars, resulting in their being used for storage and not for transportation. Federal control caused no increase in the ability of our railroads to handle traffic; but it did cause a tremendous increase in operating expenses

and a much greater cost to the public than would have been incurred under private operation. In 1918, the first year of government control, freight traffic handled was only 2 per cent in excess of 1917, but the increase in operating expenses was 41 per cent. In 1919, the year after the war was ended, the traffic handled by our railroads under government control was almost identical with that which they handled under private control in 1916, the year before this country entered the war; but the operating expenses in 1919 under federal control were 87 per cent higher than they were in 1916 under private operation. Today the railroads are better organized and have greater facilities and practice in coöperating to meet their public responsibilities than ever before. No one interested in adequate railroad transportation at the lowest possible overall cost to the country should contemplate government participation in operation.

In its annual report submitted to Congress in January of this year, the Interstate Commerce Commission concurs in the conclusion that this country need not contemplate another period of federal control of railroads. Among the reasons which it cites are the improvement in the physical plant of the railroads; increased power and arrangements for dealing with emergencies; the lessons learned by government shippers during the former World War; and the better organization of the railroads.

Adequate railroad facilities cannot be improvised overnight. Government has force, but all its force is no substitute for intelligent planning and management. Just one thing is necessary for our country to secure adequate railroad transportation for the needs of tomorrow — and that one thing is the assurance of a reasonable return on the investment in our railroads. Granted this, — whether the next few years find us at war or at peace, — our railroads can give to the people of the United States a character of service never before realized anywhere.

ALL AROUND THE TOWN

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

I

I LIKE it, winter or summer. But I guess I like it the best when it gets really hot and they turn on the fire hydrants for a while and the little kids splash in the water. That's when the noise lasts till after twelve and, if you look out of the window, you can see a man in his shirt sleeves and his fat wife beside him, sitting out in front of the store in a couple of kitchen chairs. I know nobody's supposed to. But that's the way I like New York.

No, I was born in Brooklyn, but I don't remember much about that. We moved to the East Side afterwards, before I could remember. The old man was a watch repairer — I guess that's where I get my liking for tinkering at things. He worked at Logan's, up on Fourteenth, and I remember how disappointed I was when I found he didn't own the whole store. He was Swiss and Ma was Irish, so I've got the two sides to me. They get along well enough, usually, but sometimes they fight.

I know now he had disappointments, but I didn't know it as a kid. He was always talking about a nice place in the country, with chickens, but he never got there. Once or twice, before I was born, — I came along kind of late, — he tried to set up in a small town. But something always happened, and he had to come back to the city. He didn't really object to it, but he felt it wasn't right to raise his kids there. But Ma always said it was up to her to take care of that. She did a good job by us, too, and she kissed

me on both sides of my face when I got the silver medal for penmanship at St. Aloysius's. I didn't tell her it was because I'd promised Jerry Toole I'd beat the mush off him if he came in ahead of me. He was always the one to get the prizes, and I thought it was time I had one of my own to take home and show. My old man made a little wooden box for it and carved my initials on top. It took him quite a while to do it, — he was a slow worker, but very careful, — but it pleased him a lot. And me, too.

I guess I don't know how to tell a story, because, when I think about it, it gets all mixed up. They ask you what was the city like, in those days, and what are you going to tell them? I remember the horsecars, to be sure, and the gas-lights in the streets, and the tangle of overhead wires, like a crazy spiderweb, and the big white stages. But, when you begin thinking back, you don't know if you're right or not. My old man had big gray moustaches that went out like a pair of wings, and he always wore a derby hat to his work. It was rounder, somehow, than they make derbies now — I'd recognize it among a million, but they don't have them any more. And, when Ma was baking, you could smell the clean, fresh bread all over the house. The first policeman I ever saw was standing under a gaslight, twirling his stick in front of his belly. We called him Mister Ryan and I thought him the greatest and largest man in the world. Well, that's the thing you remember.

That, and the sprinkling carts, and the brown afternoon in the street, and the old woman who sold hot chestnuts, with her cheeks as red as red apples, a winter evening, under the El, when the horses were slipping on the ice.

All the same, it wasn't so big, then. I remember when the Flatiron was the biggest one and the out-of-town people bought postcards, just the way they do, this moment, with the Empire State. It got built without our knowing it, almost — it went up into the sky. Nobody decided about it — it stretched like a boy growing up, and now, there it is. The city, I mean — yes, the city. I remember my tall, laughing Irish uncles stamping into the house and swinging Ma from one to another of them and kissing her till she'd slap their faces. She was always little Katy, the bird, to them, though she'd had a great hand in bringing most of them up. I remember when Uncle Ally got in the Fire Department and his coming around, proud as Punch, to show us his new uniform. A well-set-up man he was, and his helmet very impressive. He was killed in a big loft fire in the garment district, the year that I was sixteen. The whole wall fell like a stone and they couldn't get the bodies for two days.

All the same, they gave the three of them a Department funeral and there were pieces in all the papers about it. I think it helped break Ma's heart — he was her favorite brother. But I rode in the carriage with her and she sat up straight as a ramrod, in her new black clothes. Afterwards she had me cut the pieces out of the papers, and it wasn't till night that I heard her crying. I can hear the cry in my ears, though it's many years gone.

My old man and my uncles were polite enough to each other, but they didn't really get along. He liked to sit out on the stoop, after dinner, smoking his big pipe with the silver lid on it and reading the evening paper. But he was a quiet man, and when my uncles came in, full

of life and gayety, he'd have less to say than ever, though he always sent to the corner for the beer. He'd never have a drop of whiskey in the house, except for medical purposes — but he liked the steam beer at Schaeffer's, though I never saw him take too much. The day he came home with the chill, Ma made him a toddy, but even then he wouldn't take it. It scared me to see him in bed in the daytime, with his red-bordered night-shirt on. When you're young, you never think your parents can get sick or die. I remember that. But he got over it; and it wasn't till after I was married that he died.

He liked Eileen and she was very good to him — I'll always remember that. She used to call him Father Weiss, — she was dainty in her conversation, — but he'd always say, 'Joost Poppa, *mein liebliches Kind*.' Then he'd stroke her hand, very gently, with the tips of his big, clever fingers. That was after Ma had gone, and we had the responsibility. The girls did what they could, but, of course, they had their own families by then, except Nellie, and she wouldn't come to see him if any of the others were coming.

It wouldn't be held a disgrace, now — certainly not. The kids pray to go into the movies — and isn't that the same? But we held it a disgrace to us. I guess Nellie was my favorite sister — she took more after the uncles than the rest of us. She wasn't pretty, exactly, but she had a black-haired imp in her, and she was the first to marry of all the girls. I can see her face under the bridal veil, looking frightened. That's funny for Nellie O'Mara, the Wild Irish Rose. O'Mara was my grandda's name — she took it when she ran off with her piano pounder and started showing her legs on the public stage. The old man, queer enough, didn't mind so much — he had European ideas about the theatre. But Ma was horrified and so were the other girls.

I was horrified myself — I had to

fight three boys on account of it. And Nellie's husband, Ed Meany, would come around and sit on the stoop, looking as if he'd just had a tooth pulled and telling all he'd done for Nellie, and how, even now, he'd been willing to take her back. He was a good man, no doubt, but he talked till you'd feel like shooting him. It wasn't till I had my own trouble that I knew how he felt.

The other girls married all right and respectable, — Grace and Kathleen, — though I never did think much of Carl Schuhmacher. He always looked too much like one of his own sirloin steaks, but that was Grace's affair, not mine, and the meat market's a good business. We thought she could have done better for herself, but I don't know, as things turned out. He had some trouble, during the war, till young Carl was killed at Cantigny. I guess he's forgotten the trouble — I don't mean forgotten young Carl. They've still got the picture in the parlor, and the uniform looks queer, now. But he and John Pollard — that's Kathy's husband — get on a lot better than they did. There was feeling between the two families for a long time, over the meat-carving set and the Irish lace doilies. Well, Grace was always a grabber, and she did her best to make John Pollard feel small. But he got to be principal of Van Twiller for six months before they retired him — and I've seen his office. He was the steady sort that works up, and they couldn't keep him out of the position, though they tried. Now he's got the testimonial framed and it means something to him. I know that by the way he looks at it, now and then. Their youngest's teaching at Hunter, and they make a lot of that.

II

I can't say I've had a bad life, though it hasn't been quite what I expected. If I'd gone in with Uncle Martin — he was always the clever one! And I was his favorite, in a manner of speaking. But

I couldn't stand the bother of politics — not even when he got to be district leader. He might have gone far, I think, but he picked the wrong side, in the Hall. That's the unforgivable mistake. Then, later on, he had his trouble — well, the jury disagreed at both trials. But it was all over the papers, and that sticks to a man. My clever, low-spoken uncle! I remember him always, a little disdainful of the rest of them, and you felt he took a drink to be friendly, and yet not to be really friendly. And then, at the trial, he was an old man, with jowls and white hair, answering just as clever and low-spoken as he always had, and yet not making a good impression. Because times had changed — that was all — and yet, how would he have done different? It was in his blood to rise by any means he could lay hands on, and pull up his family, too. But I'm glad that it didn't interest me — though he helped me get my first position.

Well, now, I was young and strong, though you might not think it. I wanted to go on the Force — but then the job came along. My old man wanted me to follow in his own line of business. But I didn't feel like messing around all day with little wheels and springs and an eye-glass stuck in one eye. They were building the Subway in those days — well, that's how I started. It was good pay, for the time, and I wanted to marry Eileen.

It's queer what a man's work in life will turn out to be. You go around the top of the city — well, I know that, too. But it's underneath where I've worked, the strong part of my life. You don't often get to thinking of it — a man's work is his work, wherever it lies. But, if it wasn't for thousands of men whose names you've never heard of, all living their lives underground, it wouldn't be a city, or the same city. I'd think of it, now and again, on the night shift, when things got quiet above. They'd have gone to sleep by then, — yes, even the rich and proud, — but we'd be working.

It's hard to put to you so you'll understand it. You see the place in the street where it's planked over, and the taxi has to slow up, and you start to swear. But, underneath, there's the work gangs, and the lights.

It gives you a pride, in a way, to be part of it — at least, at times. You feel as if the people just walking the streets were different people and didn't know. It's hard for me to explain that — I don't know the way to say it. But I'm glad I did what I did — if it did mean ending up in a change booth, and then the pension. It does for Martha and me.

Eileen always expected more of me, and maybe she was right to do so. But a young man, in his strength, that's bossing a gang — well, that's all a young man might like. He could well be wrong about it, but he'd have to be shown where he was wrong. But, when I found out what was happening, I broke every stick of furniture in the flat. I did so. She wasn't afraid of me, either — I'd have killed her if she had been. But she stood there, cold and proud, with the look she'd had when I first saw her, the look of a woman untouched. He'd come as a boarder because we had the extra room that wasn't needed for the baby after all — a whey-faced, shrewd little man. I wasn't as angry at him, for some queer reason — I think he did his best to be decent, through it all. But she was ambitious, always, and we had no children.

Well, he made the money — he made a great deal before he died. Mrs. Loring Masters and the big house on Long Island and the children sent to fine colleges, except for the one that killed himself. When the daughter was married, I saw the picture in the paper, and she had just the look of Eileen. I wished her no ill — I wished her great good fortune. I wished her mother no ill — yet I wondered if the man had really touched her, after all. There were times when we lay beside each other, in our youth, and asked no better. I know that, for that

is not something a man forgets. And it was the same with her. But she wanted other than that.

I don't know how to tell it all — I wish I knew. How am I to tell what it's like to come home, to the quiet street, after the night shift, with nothing but the milkman's horse clopping his way along — and be tired to bone and marrow and yet satisfied? How am I to tell what it's like, day after day? The city stretches and you don't notice it, till one day you go to the Park, and the buildings have grown up like a fence around it. I remember talking to my Uncle Matthew. He'd had thirty-five years on the Force and retired as inspector, and he should know if anyone did. Well, he talked about many changes, in an old man's voice, and how there was still as much law in the end of a night stick as in many law books. But he didn't really touch it.

It reminds me of the one time I went to Proctor's when Nellie was on the bill. She did well, and I was shamed to the bone, but I couldn't help applauding. The audience liked her, too — they knew she came from Third Avenue and was one of their own. I've given her change at the window, since, and she didn't know me. Nobody ever looks at the man in the change booth — nobody knows if he has a face. Why should I be worried about that? Well, I'm not, to tell you the truth. But it's given me a chuckle, now and then, when somebody's come along and said, 'Why, Ed!'

Have I given you any idea? Most likely not. I've seen Teddy Roosevelt, the young dude back from the war, and his teeth were just the way they are in the pictures. I've shook hands with John McGraw — and seen the sudden, white, Irish rage on his face when somebody yelled 'Muggsy' at him out of the crowd. I've seen the Mayor, by the Zoo, showing his boy the polar bears — and him in his queer black hat and people leaving him alone. But where do you begin and end? I remember John Pollard,

that's educated, telling me once about some city in Europe where you dug down and under the city was the ruins of another city and under that ruin another till you could not come to the end of them. Now that's something any New Yorker could understand. It's Jimmy Walker's town and Rabbi Wise's, it's La Guardia's and J. P. Morgan's and Cardinal Spellman's, and the new strong hitter on the Yankees' and Katharine Cornell's. It belongs to the telephone repairmen and the Park Avenue dolls, to the fellow that peddles the racing sheets and the choirboys in the Cathedral and all the hackers in their cabs. Now how would I say whose town it was, precisely? Yet I'd like to know.

Well, now, there was my friend Louis Jordan, went into domestic service. It didn't seem work for a man to me, at first, and yet I liked him well. I ran into him first at Joe's place, the summer that Eileen had left me — a very dignified creature, though drink was his weakness. But you could neither smell it nor see it on him — at least at that time. The rich man he worked for had closed his house for the summer and left Louis and his wife the caretaking of it. A dignified creature, I say, with soft, puffy hands and a face not far off a priest's. His wife was a little thin woman, most respectable, in black. But, when he got to know me well, he'd ask me back for a nip, now and then, at the house. Man, dear, you never saw a kitchen stove to equal that one — it could have roasted an ox. Then we'd have our nip and his wife would run the cards for me, very considerate and respectable, for she knew I'd had troubles. And all around us and over us was the big, grand, stately house with its pictures and its fine furniture, and yet we the only things alive in it, like mice in a cheese.

He took me through the whole of it, one warm Sunday afternoon. There was a bathtub of marble, though it looked like dusty stone, and the man of the house had twenty suits left in his closet,

and yet he had others, for he'd not appear naked where he was. It gave me a queer feeling to see all those suits, hanging up on their hangers. Then, when we got back to the kitchen, we found that Mrs. Jordan had got hold of the gin bottle and was stretched out, highly respectable but stiff as a corpse, on the floor. So, after that, I knew his sorrow, as he had known mine. Yet, the next winter, I happened to pass by the house. There was a red carpet down and all the fine carriages drawing up at the door. And, just as the door opened, I saw Louis Jordan, like a sentinel on post in his dress suit, receiving them all, with the young men to help him. Very fine he looked, and not like the man with his collar off that I'd drunk with, in the kitchen. And she, no doubt, was helping equally, with the ladies. Well, that's a long time ago, and the house is gone.

III

I've seen some queer sights, I have. I've stuck my head up from a manhole and seen six elephants, marching down Eighth Avenue, holding on to each other's tails. It was only for the circus in Madison Square Garden, but it gave you a turn. Then there was the bar the midgets used to frequent. I don't remember the name of it, but I stumbled in there one night and thought I'd gone mad when all the little faces turned at me. I've seen other things as well. I've seen them shower the ticker tape and the torn paper from the high buildings and got a glimpse of the face of the man they were welcoming. It might be one face or another, but it looked white and dazzled. And next week you'd have forgotten his name.

I used to go to the ball games often, with Martha, and that's a sight, too, when the game goes into extra innings and the crowd sits tight and the shadow begins to grow on the infield. Her brother was with the Giants, for a year — Swede Nansen, they called him — a

tall, blond, slow-spoken boy. He could pitch with the best, on his day, but he liked farming better, which is a queer thing in a man. I remember the time he struck out nine Cubs in five innings, and the yelling of the crowd. But the next year his arm went bad on him and nothing could be done for it. He played for Atlanta a while, — the South being recommended for him, — then he gave up the game and settled down to his farming, and now, every Christmas, he sends us a box of pecans. But his record's still in the books, and the game where he beat Alexander. I should like to see him again, for he was a man I respected, but I doubt now that I will.

She's been a good wife to me, Martha, and never ashamed of a man that worked with his hands — though I do not do so any more. At one time we had the money, and that was a contrary experience. She was left five hundred dollars, and that sharp little fellow, Abe Leavis, told us what to buy. At first I felt queer, going into the grand office, but soon I saw my money was as good as another's. Yet, though I will not criticize any other man's work, it does not seem to me a man's occupation to do nothing but watch the figures change on a blackboard. They thought, for a while, that I was lucky, for those days had no sense to them at all. And indeed, I thought so myself. I've had men in their hand-made suits ask me for advice, and take it, too. They'd have taken advice, at that time, from a horse, if the horse was winning on the market. Well, it was forty thousand dollars before it was nothing — so you can say that I've had the experience of riches. It takes a man's mind off his work — that's all I can say. But we had the sealskin coat for Martha — and the washing machine.

If I told you about Abe Leavis, that would be part of it, too. That was a rubber ball of a man, a rubber ball bounced up and down the pavements. I have seen him so thin and pitiful it

would break your heart; I have seen him round and plump, with his pockets full of cigars. You could kill that man, but you could not put him down. But how he loved the smell and taste of the city! I'll forgive a man much for that. No, it wasn't my city he loved — it was Fifth and Park and the riches — the big shining toystore where everything's for sale. It was like a tonic to him to pay maybe twenty dollars for a pair of theatre tickets and get there late for the play. But that's part of it, too.

Now there's whole sections and locations I've never seen. It wasn't so long ago that I visited my grandnephew, Francis. He married a Jewish girl when he'd finished his internship — a pretty, bright young thing — and they've got an apartment on the Grand Concourse. I walked twenty blocks after I'd left them and it was like another city. And yet it couldn't have been any other city. It couldn't have been.

I don't know if it's the two rivers make it — though I knew the captain of the *Michael T. McQuillan*, and a good man he was and told me the work there is to get the big, proud liners into dock. I don't know if it's the climate that makes it — the fine fall and the dirty winter, the hot summer and the spring that comes with the flower carts and touches your heart. It's a healthy climate, I've always thought, though others may differ. Now when Martha and I were first married we'd go as far as Far Rockaway for a bite of the summer. And that was a change and healthy — but I noticed we were glad to get back where you knew the look of the streets. I don't know — I couldn't say — it's hard for me to tell.

Well, now, there's the being old. But we got along very comfortable. There's a lot of them move away — to Florida, let's say — and then they send you the postcards, saying what a fine time they're having. No doubt they are, if they like it, but I never could see it made them look any younger. There

was my friend, the Dutchman, that retired from his delicatessen and went to live with his granddaughter at White Plains. It was a nice house, to be sure, and he kept the lawn very well cut. I congratulated him on that. Then he looked at me and there was a grief in his eyes. 'Vy, Ed,' he said, 'it's all right. But you can't cut the lawn all day. I tell you, some nights, I vake up and listen for the noise of the El. And, ven it ain't there, I feel old. Ed, I'd give ten dollars if Mrs. Burke was to come in — the fussy one — just to tell me she wouldn't put up with this kind of service no more.' Then his granddaughter came to tell him it was time for his nap, and, though she was very polite, I knew I should go away. Thank God, I've been spared that — though we've neither chick nor child.

It's cool enough in the flat, and if there's a breeze we get it. And there's always something to look at — the boys playing ball in the streets, shouting under the light, summer evenings, and the taxis drawing up to the apartment house opposite, and a young woman coming out, with bare arms. Phil Kelly, the doorman there, is a friend of mine, though he comes from Ulster. They'd be surprised, in that house, if they knew the things that I know about them. I don't mean any ugly things — just the odd little circumstances. It's my hope that the pretty dark girl will marry the young man with glasses. He's steadier than the one that's better-dressed. I'd like to tell her that, only how would I tell her?

There isn't a trace or a place of my childhood's house. There isn't a trace or a place of the house where I lived with Eileen. Now last year, when I went to the cemetery, it took me an hour to find Uncle Martin's grave, though they'd kept it decent, and he was a well-known man.

You'd think such a thing might make you sad, but again, it does not. It's comfortable, in a way, to be like the dust

in the air. It's hard for me to tell it, and yet, what I mean is this. Last summer I went to the Fair, and that's a great sight, no doubt of it. Oh, the crowds and the proud buildings of the nations of the earth and the horns tooting 'All around the town'!

It was some State Day when we went there, and there was the Governor of the State, with the sirens blowing in front of him to clear the way. Well, I wouldn't remember which State it was, but that makes little difference. There were all the top hats there to receive him, and that's only courtesy. And yet he was swallowed up in the Fair itself, and, except for the people from his own State, there was no one knew he was there, or cared at all. So it came upon me, that day — sitting on a bench, with my feet tired — it all came upon me. For they all seemed to pass by me, the rich and the great and the proud, with the sirens blowing in front of them. And yet, that wasn't the city, and when the Fair itself was finished, there'd be many still in the city that hadn't even seen it. It was a fine sight to see, but they hadn't missed it, in their lives.

And so it was with the most of us — and with the city itself. For it wasn't the mayors and the millionaires and the Presidents — though I've walked by the President's house and seen him go in. It was my Uncle Ally and my Uncle Matthew, my friend Louis Jordan and my sister, Nellie O'Mara, the boys that were on the gang with me and the boys that died underground. It's the small, new honeymoon couples, buying a coffee ring at the corner bakery, and the guards who walk the museums, clean and pudgy; the thieves in the morning round-up and the good men, like my old man, who live and die without notice. It's all that, and the moon at the end of the street where you never expected a moon.

I said, 'Martha, I'm tired, I think,' and she took me home. So next day, when I was no better, she called my

grandnephew, Francis. He's been very kind, and, where some might be afraid of the hospital, I am not. It's a good, sunny room, the ward, and the nurses very attentive to an old man. From where I lie on my back, I can see the river.

So, since it's to be that way, I'm glad it's to be that way. Wouldn't I have been the fool to go to a place like White Plains and die there? A man could hardly die easy in those foreign places — a man who's seen what I've seen. I'm aware there are other cities. The day orderly comes from London, and we've talked about that one.

I was born in Brooklyn, but we moved to the East Side, afterwards. I remember my mother's baking bread, and the Empire State, when it was new. You won't remember Swede Nansen, though his record's in the book, but I remember him. You won't remember Martin O'Mara, but he was part of it. You won't remember Logan's on Fourteenth Street, but it was a fine, large store.

When they bomb the town to pieces, with their planes from the sky, there'll be a big ghost left. When it's gone, they'd better let the sea come in and cover it, for there never will be one like it in the ages of man again.

SPRING BEAUTY, IN BEECH WOODS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

LIFT your feet softly as a fox or deer.

Believe your eyes, but not too well.

For here

Foams the first tide of April's doubtful flood,

Washing the beech trees' feet.

No dye of bud

Blurs the high penciled boughs with living stain,

But deep below, where only snow has lain

So long, so long, or sad leaves bleached and drifted,

A frothy wave of pearl and rose has lifted

Its crest, and broken, pure as frost, in seas

Of petal-pink.

Like silver kelp the trees

Extend their roots, relaxed from winter's steel.

Lift your feet softly, that they too may feel

This shallow roseate pool for truth, and know

The strong and delicate season's sunward flow.

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT PRAY

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

IT has never been possible to be religious, in any adequate sense of the word, without prayer. If religion means 'living with God,' — and no other definition is either sufficiently definite or competently vital, — then there must be involved in it a manner of communication between man and God. Normally that way includes words, because speech is almost indispensable for the attainment of a normal comradeship between persons. *It is not necessary that speech shall always continue to accompany such a comradeship, once it is established.* Everyone knows how satisfactory it is to be with certain people, or more often with a certain well-loved person, and to speak for hours on end not one syllable. But even in such delightful human relationship there must continue an active spiritual outgoing of the persons each toward the other; heart speaks to heart in a silence of fellowship. Nothing flows in a silence that is born of absent-mindedness and indifference. A man can hardly expect to hold the love of his wife if he addresses to her only casual and formal scraps of speech, directs toward her only vague and distracted thoughts. Everybody understands that about earthly comradeships; but there are many who seem to suppose that in the case of friendship between a human person and that person who is called God there is no need for making any particular effort in the way of constant intercommunication.

Most modern people hardly pray at
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all; and all too many of those who still do bother to address the Almighty are content to do it in what is little more than a patter of words long since become mechanical. Few there are nowadays who are sufficiently proficient in approaches to God to find enjoyable, or even possible, the higher reaches of 'mental prayer.' How religion can again assist in giving to man solace for sorrow, strength for weakness, illumination for dullness, courage sufficient to drive out languor and surrender of spirit, without more reality in prayer than is generally apparent, it is a little difficult to see. While current Christianity needs many things for its revival, there is required most of all that Christians shall again know how to pray, then in fact pray, and by what prayer evidently does for them persuade other people to pray.

Why has prayer become 'the great lost art'?

Probably the chief reason is that even those who call themselves Christians are more impressed than they are willing to admit by a current insistence on the part of the general multitude that it does *no good to pray*. 'Science has plainly shown us how everything moves according to invariant law,' the common argument runs, 'and therefore recourse to prayer is infantile. God, admitting that there is one, will not change His infinite plan in response to the feeble command of microscopic human ants who crawl about on some second-rate planet which moves round an insignificant star in a

universe vast beyond computation, and law-abiding from one end of it to the other (if indeed it has any ends).' So the Christian is always being told; or sometimes his friends do not feel it polite to remind the poor obscurantist of his folly, but simply smile wisely when he speaks of prayer, as they might smile at a little boy who spoke of writing letters to Santa Claus. The Christian is apt to resent the imputed slight to his intelligence; but he too often feels, it may be only in the subconscious mind, that possibly there may be something in what these people say; and so the first thing he knows, or even without knowing it, he has stopped praying or has, at best, reduced his talk with God to a vestigial routine. It is not that he has ceased to believe there is a God; he may not doubt even that God cares for him in the midst of his tragic mortal extremity; but he has come to think that, care or not, God is so self-limited by the inexorability of law that he can do nothing to help.

Every Christian ought to face the problem of miracles, their possibility or impossibility, fairly and squarely and with knowledge of how other Christians have faced it. If he would do that, he would speedily discover that in all ages the greatest theologians have recognized the inevitability of the action of the universe according to unbreakable law, recognized it as truly and as gladly as does any citizen of our generation. The scholastics of the Middle Ages, indeed, were fond of proving logically what the empiric scientist now observes experimentally, that such law is invariant, immutable even by God Himself. Their argument ran: (1) God, who is all-wise and therefore knows how to do anything perfectly, has made a universe, which operates according to the laws that God had laid down for it; (2) no universe the laws of which need breaking and revision by the maker thereof can be the product of a perfect intelligence; (3) therefore, the laws of the universe do

not need to be, and cannot be, broken even by God. Yet the scholastics and the other learned theologians, for all they saw this necessary fact, went on praying just the same, with mind and heart and will. Why? Because they knew that, without God's breaking a single law governing the universe, God can nevertheless, if He desires, work miracles.

II

We must not forget that we human beings, limited as we are in intelligence, do not know and understand all the law of God. We know only a very small part of that law. The part which we do understand we call natural law. The part which we do not understand we may call supernatural law. The boundary line between them is movable. Three hundred years ago the laws governing electricity were all unknown to us, and the manifestations of electricity were therefore regarded by everyone as supernatural. When lightning struck, it was a mysterious and direct interposition of the hand of God. But we learned some of the laws governing electricity. Although even yet no living man knows what electricity is, its manifestation we now recognize as controlled by natural laws. At this present time certain laws governing mental processes are gradually becoming incorporated into 'natural law' from 'supernatural law.' God's law is one. To us it has two parts, that we know and that we do not know.

A miracle, so called, is not an impossibility. That miracles should be is the most scientific of statements. A so-called miracle is merely the putting by God, over against forces the laws governing whose operation we at least partially understand, of certain other forces the laws governing whose operation we do not comprehend. I can, in a limited way, act similarly myself. Here is a book. Suppose I drop it out of my hand. It will fall until it hits the ground, by operation of the law of gravitation. But when

it is halfway down I thrust out my hand and catch it. Have I broken the law of gravitation? Is it violated? Do the sun and the moon and the stars stop acting according to that immutable law and vanish into everlasting chaos? They do not. The old law is still working. I have, however, interposed a force, my arm moved by my will, a force not otherwise released than by that will, a force which in this instance supersedes gravitation. Personality has overcome impersonal force. So it is in infinite degree with a God who is all-knowing. He has at His command innumerable forces the laws governing the operation of which we do not comprehend, according to which laws His Supreme Personality can interfere with the normal effects of the laws which are within our small and imperfect knowledge. To bring about results incomprehensible to us He needs to violate no laws at all. That this is the normal theological argument for miracles seems strangely unknown to the man in the street, or even to many learned professors in secular universities.

It is, however, a poor kind of praying in which approach to God is regarded only, or primarily, as a means of inducing miracles. Though God may indeed perform miracles, it is no part of man's privilege to demand them. To do so is to be practising, or trying to practise, *not religion at all, but magic*; and magic is as absurd as religion is reasonable.

The magician has been at work whenever and wherever religion has appeared in human history (and that has been always and everywhere), manhandling the truths of religion and selling them in a perverted form to the gullible crowd, frequently fooling in the process his own silly self. The difference between the religious man and the magician is simple but profound. The magician seeks to get into contact with God in order to force, or induce, or persuade God to do or get for him, the magician, what he has not wit or power to do or get for himself; the religious man seeks to get into con-

tact with God in order to find out what, in terms of a given situation, God expects him, the worshiper, to be and do, and to procure from God the strength and courage to perform the Divine will. Magic is egocentric; Religion is theocentric. In aim they are opposites the one to the other.

So omnipresent is the magician, so easy his appeal to the conceit and selfishness of men and women, that if a casual observer of the human scene is not careful he will confound religion with magic; in which case, if that casual observer has the slightest common sense, he will despise them both. This happens all too often for the good repute of Christianity. It is not hard to understand why it is so, for there is a tremendous deal of magical hocus-pocus — irreligious, absurd, even blasphemous — which masquerades as Christian prayer. Magic is nonsense, whether one finds it in the African jungle or in a Catholic cathedral; whether one listens to its promulgation by a medicine man or by a pious Protestant clergyman. Who is man that he should seek to coerce God? No Christian, Catholic or Protestant, who understands his religion, ever thinks of doing any such thing. But there are many professing Christians, both Protestants and Catholics, who do not understand the God-centredness of all things, who do not perceive that the conformity of human wills to the Divine will is both the essence of wisdom and a prerequisite for peace; and the poor man in the street is by them often led astray. For the good repute of Christianity, the man in the temple must not be encouraged or even permitted to foster magical nonsense under the pretense that he is promoting religion.

Petition, to be religious and not magical, must be clothed in words something like this: 'Behold, O God, me, your servant, in my need. If my own wisdom were sufficient to understand this situation in which I find myself, if my own will were to determine what is to be, so and so would be done about it. I

therefore ask, naturally, that in that fashion things may come to pass. Nevertheless, O God, I am an ignorant person and a willful one; and it may well be that I am quite wrong in my desire. If it be so, then act not as I request but as your greater wisdom deems best; in which case, give me patience and strength to do what you want done, no matter what that may cost me. Amen.'

That was the sort of prayer taught and practised by Jesus Christ. The *Our Father*, for example, has in it from end to end not one single bit of magic or attempted magic. Every word in that prayer is religious, God-centred. The only material blessing asked for is *bread*, sustenance that one may do one's part in the carrying out of God's will, as in Heaven, so on earth. And of the two tremendous prayers recorded as offered on His own behalf by the Divine Son to the Divine Father, neither the intercession for the Church (St. John xvii) nor the agonized petition in Gethsemane (St. Luke xxii. 39-44) is magical. The latter in particular is a perfect model for all religious asking. In the garden, Jesus faced with the coming sunrise — and well He knew it — rejection, unjust condemnation, utter aloneness, beating, reviling, exhaustion, the *Via Dolorosa*, hot and horrid hours of agony on a cross, death at thirty-three. Naturally His whole human nature shrank from it. His distress of mind was so great that, we read, the sweat dropped from Him to the ground, as if it had been drops of blood. And what did He say? 'Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.' The cup could not be taken away till He had drunk of it. He knew that as He rose from prayer; and He went forth to do what it was necessary in the Divine plan that He do, utterly unafraid.

Christian asking must be done in that fashion. All the saints have known it. 'What makes you so joyful in the midst of your pain, here in this cold and leaky

barn?' they once asked the dying Francis of Assisi. 'I wish what God desires,' he replied. And there is the more modern story of the boy who prayed for the electric train. He had seen it, in November, in a shop window; and he much desired it. He was ten years old. He told his mother he was going to pray every night that he might get it from someone for a Christmas gift. His mother trembled a little as she listened to him, for she was a poor sewing woman with several children to feed. He could never have that expensive toy. Would the asking God for it and the eventual disappointment upset the child's faith? She said nothing, she could say nothing; and every night she heard the boy's simple appeal to his Lord. Christmas came. There was no train. That night, as her son knelt down by her side to pray, the mother said, 'I hope, John, that you are not terribly distressed because God did not answer your request for the train.' The child looked at her in a sort of wonder. 'Why, Mother,' he replied, 'God answered me all right. He said "No."' It is hard to put the matter more simply than that, or more adequately.

So much, then, for 'miracles' and 'magic' as deterrents from prayer.

III

It is certainly true, also, that many people today find prayer difficult because they lack a clear idea of what that one is like with whom they would converse. Nobody, it is true, knows or can know completely the nature of God. No man has seen Him face to face at any time; but though none has beheld Him, yet, thanks to the Incarnation, the Father may be truly known by those to whomsoever the Son hath revealed Him (St. Matthew xi. 27). When Philip said to Jesus, 'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us,' the answer was, 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. . . .

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?' (St. John xiv. 8-10). The God to whom a Christian prays is within the power of man's wit to grasp hold of, even if not to comprehend. The God to whom and through whom a Christian addresses himself is Jesus.

If Christians would remember that, both their own spiritual life and their teaching of the elements of the same might be more satisfactory. Too often they seem to be afraid of the fact of Christian experience (so notably expressed in the Creed of Athanasius) that, in God, the Son is with the Father and the Father is with the Son, without confusion but indivisibly; and that equally at one with both is God the Holy Spirit, the Strengtheners, the Comforter, the Lord, the Giver of Life, He who is closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. The way for man to reach the Father is through the Son and what the Son in Himself reveals; and the Holy Ghost comes into man from the Father through the Son. In the Son incarnate, in Jesus Christ, the meeting of man and God is made possible; in Him the otherwise incomprehensible God becomes knowable, to be loved as well as feared. 'God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son . . . the brightness of his [God's] glory and the express image of his [God's] person.' So writes the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (i. 1-3). Saint Paul puts it even more bluntly when he tells the Colossians that 'in Him [Jesus] dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily' (ii. 9).

In the face of such teaching and in view of the whole long range of Christian experience down the centuries, it is hard to see why any Christian should blink at praying direct to Jesus, or fail to perceive that in doing so he is getting through to all of God, at least to all of God that human wits are able to com-

prehend. Anything that makes this objective centrality of Jesus plain to him who would pray is helpful: pictures, a crucifix, the sacramental Presence. To concentrate on Jesus in one's praying may perhaps be conducive to superstition, once in a while, among the ignorant; but such error may easily be guarded against if the clergy has a mind thereto. In order to prevent superstition it is certainly not necessary to deprive the ordinary man of his greatest facility to reality in prayer; and yet that is what to a large degree seems to have been done. Prayer to the Christian who acts in harmony with Christian experience down the ages is frankly Christocentric.

IV

Still another thing which for many people has helped to take reality out of praying, and thereby has removed it from among man's normal activities, is its one-sidedness as ordinarily practised. Too often it consists almost, if not quite, wholly of what man says to God and too little, possibly not at all, of what God says to man. The masters of the spiritual life, if we read what they have written on prayer, will be found to teach that in it the messages of God to man are much more important than those of man to God; but common practice would seem to be based on a belief to the contrary. This is odd. To meet a friend, to search the mind for what to say to that friend, to continue to speak until one can think of nothing more, then to conclude with 'So be it' and immediately go one's way, is not conducive to the long continuance of a satisfactory human relationship. No more is a similar procedure helpful in commerce with Deity. If that be all we do, how can God possibly give comfort in sorrow, solace in loneliness, strength in weakness, poise in prosperity, or guidance when perplexed? No room is left in the mind for even a drifting fragment of Divine reply. There must in prayer be silence and receptiv-

ity. All the masters of spirituality, Catholic and Protestant (not to speak of those of other than the Christian way), have known that. It is unlikely that we and our children will do much praying until we too discover that the chief joy therein, and the major usefulness, come not so much by way of what we offer to high heaven as from a listening to the cosmic Being who searchingly and patiently and wisely makes answer when we have spoken and at length are still.

V

Finally, there can be little doubt that it would help if people generally could by Christians be shown how deep and living a thing is prayer when one has sufficiently mastered its technique to get past the plodding hindrance of words. Modern people are untaught in such matters; most of them have never heard of any but vocal prayer. The saints — which means not only the heroic martyrs and confessors but also the millions of simple souls who have known God and enjoyed Him — have had a deeper knowledge, a knowledge not esoteric but possible to any man who is willing to learn.

Vocal prayer is a necessary but somewhat elementary stage in approaching God. It is not to be despised. There are those who have such spiritual pride that they deem mere words beneath their notice. They would spring in one great sweeping flight from things of earth to the innermost courts of Heaven. There may be some who are able to do this. I have never met one such; and I observe by reading spiritual treatises of old time that none of the saints has ever run across them, either. Vocal prayer must always be continued — if for no other reason than that by it there is maintained a wholesome comradeship with what may be, perhaps, the more pedestrian brethren. Vocal prayer is an antidote to pride and a preventive of the dangerous flights of an undisciplined and

fanciful imagination. But for all its necessity, vocal prayer rarely unlocks any but the outer chambers of reality.

For further penetration into the courts of God, there is also to be followed *discursive or meditative prayer*. In that sort of prayer, one takes some event, utterance, or character from the records of God's dealings with men — from the Bible, from the lives or writings of the saints, sometimes from the daily newspaper or from one's remembered experience — and brings into play upon it every activity of the mind, in an attempt to ascertain and understand and accept and rejoice in God as He is revealed in terms of the event. The imagination is called upon to re-create, in its every aspect, that which is being meditated upon, until one lives and moves and has one's being in terms of it. The reason is then brought into play, that one may inquire what the meaning of all this may be, its significance in the plan and will of the Infinite. Then the emotions are called upon. One asks, 'What do I feel about this, toward God in this, if anything? And if I feel not at all, why is that? And ought I to feel about it?' Last of all, one summons in the will, and forms a resolution such as comes naturally out of all that has gone before, a resolution which God has helped one to make, a resolution which can be presented, as a full and vital act of adoration and fealty, before the throne of Heaven. There are various 'methods' for doing this sort of thing. Which of them may be followed matters little; but that meditation should be made in some fashion is a necessity for him who would know prayer for what it is.

Deeper still is *affective prayer*, the going out of the heart. Such prayer flows freely, without direction of the mind or will. It needs no words. Children are given to its easy exercise. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.' A priest had advised the boys and girls of his parish to stop each day in the church, on their way to or from school, to pray a

moment before the Lord in His Sacrament. One afternoon, as the good father went past the church, an urchin of twelve or so ran out the door, a baseball in his hand. 'Been praying?' inquired the priest. 'Yes, Father.' 'And what were you saying to Our Lord Jesus today, my son?' 'Nothing, Father. I was just loving Him awhile.'

It is hard to recover such simplicity later on in life. It is not easy so to become as little children that we may enter the Kingdom of Heaven. What makes it, even for an adept, a difficult thing to do, and sometimes a dangerous thing, is the facility with which such affectionate outgoings, heart speaking to heart, can degenerate into a maudlin sentimentality. Too easily one becomes concerned with the outgoing not of what one does feel but rather of what one thinks one ought to feel. There is nothing more unreal than a whipping-up of laggard love. Children may safely begin with affective prayer and go from it to words; but adults had better do it the other way about. From a base of vocal prayer, one may from time to time, as genuinely moved, rise to an outgoing of the heart. When zeal of love grows cold, the lesser, formal prayer may be at once resumed until such time as the heart is ready for a new affectional departure. But if prayer never emerges from the custody of words into a commerce of pure affection, how dull a thing it is, how empty of joy.

Highest of all is *contemplative prayer* — prayer truly mystical, prayer in which

one wholly loses one's self and is taken up into a complete and absorbing unity with God — the end of heart's desire, an earthly impartation of all that makes up Heaven. That sort of prayer is a thing not to be attained by anyone's desire, however long and diligent his practice, however true his belief. It is, rather, a gift of God Himself. God gives it only to those who are willing to plod on according to the vocal, meditative, and affective disciplines; but not always even to those. Not often does it come to anyone, nor should we think of demanding it.

Who are we to insist, as of right, on tasting here and now what is that end toward which we move? One may learn the bliss of contemplative prayer, at least a little, from what others have experienced and then stumblingly have tried to describe; but no one may require it for himself.

Reach on reach toward God our fathers knew how to go, and many though not most people still know how to go, along the spiritual path. To help in the prayer life of a Christian, preventing extravagance, an antidote to vagueness or sentimentality as well as, it may be, to things far worse (things which may in other than Christian prayer easily become upsetting to sanity), there stands the stern, kind figure of one who is of men and yet of God, at once the object and the teacher of prayer, the unchanging Christ. He is not so much a figure of debate as He is the way to God.

TIME AND THE MODERN NOVEL

BY EDWIN MUIR

To write about the contemporary novel presents two main difficulties. In a time of rapid change it is hard to tell, in the first place, what is contemporary, and, in the second, what is the novel. There is the additional difficulty that every age seems to contain a whole conglomeration, a whole jumble of ages, all of which regard themselves as the authentic one.

Is Mr. Priestley the real representative of our age, or Mrs. Woolf, or Mr. Huxley, or Mr. James Joyce, or Mr. Hemingway, or Mr. Faulkner? To ask the question is to be conscious that all these writers have already, in a few years, become almost historical figures, have receded a little into the past. It is nearly twenty years since *Ulysses* appeared, a book which was greeted variously as the end of the novel and as the beginning of a new prose literature. *Ulysses*, with all its genius, has done extraordinarily little to fructify or to influence prose fiction. The same is true of the novels of Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Huxley. Is this due to some defect in their gifts, or to the increasing rate of change in the civilized world, which will not allow anything new to remain valid for more than a few years?

The most original work in prose fiction during the last twenty years has been influenced by a factor which in the novel before then was almost unknown: the historical sense. By this I mean not merely a peculiarly acute awareness of the uniqueness of one's own age as a stage in a general development, but also

an ever-present knowledge that all civilizations have only a relative value, that they are, even in periods of apparent stability, in perpetual change, and that, considered all together, they make up at best only a fluctuating and imperfect whole. To see in this way is to see everything, not as a form or category, but as a development; and so the novel itself, sometime in the beginning of this century, became a development, something not to be accepted as a self-evident form, but to be 'carried further.'

What interested the novelist of Mr. Joyce's and Mrs. Woolf's generation was the stage which the novel had reached, and how it could be 'carried further.' The learned novelist appeared, the novelist who knew all about the ancestry, beginnings, and proliferation of the novel; and *Ulysses* is, among other things, a sort of résumé and summing up of the history of prose fiction. A somewhat similar achievement appeared in poetry about the same time: Mr. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. Most of the original work in fiction during the last twenty years has been conditioned by the historical sense. The novel has ceased to be an accepted category as it was to Dickens and Thackeray, even to Bennett and Galsworthy, and become a process.

But the historical sense, if one carries it to its conclusion, sees not merely this or that but everything as a development — a secular development which does, it is true, imply certain universal principles impressive in themselves, but yet so insists on the differences between one

age and another that it tends to see less clearly the permanent categories that rule all human life than they were seen in former times. We are far more conscious than our fathers were that time changes everything: not only ourselves in our progress to death (the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a far deeper sense of that than we have), but the world around us, our physical and intellectual environment, the ordinary customs and prejudices that give direction to our existence. Time is the problem of the modern novelist; of Proust, of Thomas Mann in *The Magic Mountain*, of Mr. Joyce in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*, of Mrs. Woolf in *To the Lighthouse* and *The Waves*, of Hermann Broch in *The Sleepwalkers*.

The modern novel may describe the development of a single character, as *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, or that of modern civilization, as *The Sleepwalkers*. But the insistence is on change rather than on permanence, on potentiality rather than on essentiality. If this kind of novel is executed by a writer of great philosophical as well as imaginative powers, something may be produced which transcends its category, as *The Sleepwalkers* does. *The Sleepwalkers* is saturated more thoroughly in the historical sense than any other modern novel, but by its intellectual and moral passion it rises above the contemporary and shows us human life as an eternal category, perpetually changing and perpetually returning to itself. It is a resolution of the time novel such as is not likely to be achieved again, for it is rarely that Hermann Broch's union of philosophical and imaginative power is found in a novelist.

The Sleepwalkers, therefore, is not typical of the time novel, one of whose characteristics is this stopping short of a resolution. Its immediate ancestor was the period novel, the best example of which was Arnold Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale*, which has been imitated a score of times and is still being imitated.

What makes *The Old Wives' Tale* impressive is really a sense of the passing of time which is as old as storytelling itself and can be found in the tale of King David.

The next step was an inevitable one. In the period novel the generations had indicated the stages in the mutations of time; in its successor these stages were concertina'd and became stages in the development of the characters, so that every character became a series of changes, each of them, including the last, relative and inconclusive. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, one of the best examples of the time novel, describes the main character, Stephen Dedalus, as passing through a number of mutations from childhood to manhood; but Stephen himself is never actually there — he is always becoming, and he is still becoming when the book ends, though the author tries to give a decisive turn to the last stage to which he brings him.

Most novels of development end in this way, showing the hero experiencing a more than usually deep illumination or coming to a more than usually firm resolve; but one has only to reflect that these states too are mere stages to recognize that such a conclusion to a story is as purely relative as the rest. Mr. Ramon Fernandez has said finely that the imagination works in a continuous present; and the time novel, which describes life as a series of stages, never achieves that present. Its characters are perpetually on the threshold of it; a single step more and they would set their feet in it; but they cannot take that step, the moment of realization is continuously postponed; for time to them is a development, an invisible moving line between the past and the future, and never a state, a present.

There is another consequence of this conception of personality as a series of stages: that it insensibly analyzes the personality into a succession of states in which it is lost. This process is carried to its extreme limit in *Ulysses*, where

the personality is reduced to floating sensations, idle or serious thought associations, a stream of consciousness that flows for something less than twenty-four hours, and is left flowing. It is far more than the carrying of a process to its conclusion; it is an attempt to break through by the use of the historical sense into another kind of present, complex and many-faceted, a sort of synthetic present of which the actual present is only the last echo. But, whatever its actual achievement, it destroys the traditional absoluteness of the present and of human character and fate, which can be felt not only in novels of tragedy like *Wuthering Heights* or *Le Père Goriot*, but in the novel itself as a convention that has lasted for two hundred years. The abundance and complexity of the relations *Ulysses* piles up are unexampled, and seem designed to fill a bottomless gap which no powers, however ingenious, can fill; so that it remains, in spite of this, in the realm of the relative, like all novels inspired by the historical sense.

All, perhaps, that this amounts to is that the novel, like everything else in the modern world, has become part of a problem apparently moving to its resolution, but not resolved. The historical sense is a modern norm of thought and feeling; it cannot be simply wished away, even if that were desirable; but on the other hand its effect on the work of the novelist has been to make his picture of life merely relative and therefore less significant than the work of the older novelists, simple and naïve in comparison as that was. Our feeling for time has grown, our feeling for eternity has dwindled.

Our feeling for time is the result of various factors which did not exist in former ages, and, now that they do exist, cannot be ignored: of increased knowledge, of observed and felt change in the environment of our lives, of the unstable physical and intellectual world in which we find ourselves. We know on the one

hand that history is a vast process of change, and on the other that the world is changing round us and that it will not be the same world in ten or twenty years' time. This knowledge is importunate; it is necessary to us not only as intellectual beings, but as organisms which must adapt themselves if they are to survive. It colors all our images of existence; the future has become almost a palpable part of our lives, like the past, and it is no longer a source of comfort, a channel for all our hopes, as it was thirty years ago in the heyday of Mr. Shaw, but a matter demanding real and anxious consideration, like the present. From this scheme — past, present, and future — there is no escape, and yet in its totality it does not make up a satisfactory whole, for it is nothing but a process of change in which the present is swallowed up in the past and the future, in a simultaneous state of 'having been' and 'about to be.'

The feeling for the present seems to depend upon a feeling for eternity. The historical sense as it operates is inimical to our feeling of eternity, and acts as a dissolvent for it. It is there, a capacity of great potentiality which we cannot but use. Nevertheless it is obviously insufficient, obviously conducts us, if we employ it primarily, to a conception of life which has neither shape nor solidity nor meaning. The characteristically modern novel is a novel in which it is employed primarily, and that is the reason why the modern novel is so tentative, and why it so quickly goes out of fashion. The feeling for eternity has an obvious connection with the sense of form and the capacity to produce it; the feeling for time has obviously a connection with the sense of change and flux. The feeling for eternity and the feeling for time are both natural to man, and in the man of imagination they operate together. Accordingly the novel of the last twenty years may be roughly described as the result of a disastrously exclusive consciousness of time.

BUT—I'M A CONSERVATIVE!

BY PETER VIERECK

'Men too often, in their revenge, set the example of doing away with those general laws to which all alike can look for salvation in adversity.'

— THUCYDIDES, 426 B.C.

I

WHY should any young man want to be a conservative, on a globe where so much needs changing? I can best answer in a roundabout way with a few facts about myself. I am twenty-three years of age, unemployed, short of cash. For six years I have studied at Harvard and at Christ Church, Oxford, as a Fellowship holder, getting my bachelor and graduate degrees in history and literature. At the same time, my work for magazines has given me some practical experience in that less rarefied atmosphere of American journalism. In both spheres I have watched the convention of revolt harden into a dogmatic ritual.

Revolt now has its hierarchy of saints, including such divergent apostles of Progress as the editors of the *Nation* and of the *New Masses*. It has its elaborate, formalized incantations, its holy slogans. Behind much of it today lies the smug convention that our only alternative to fascist terror is Marxism. Marxism means many things. I revolt against its 'revolt' primarily for its materialistic assault on all our non-economic values of the spirit. Economic values alone make life possible, but the moral, æsthetic, and intellectual values alone make it worth living.

The Hitler-Stalin pact and Russia's invasion of Finland have laid bare the incompetence of our 'fellow travelers'

as analysts, prophets, and leaders. By Stalin's non-communist fellow travelers I specifically mean those liberals whose attitude was best summarized by the following manifesto in the *Nation* of August 26, 1939: —

Reactionaries . . . have encouraged the fantastic falsehood . . . that the fascist states and Soviet Russia equally menace the democratic way of life. Soviet and fascist policies are diametrically opposed. The Soviet Union continues as always to be a bulwark against war and aggression, and works unceasingly for a peaceful international order.

This manifesto had four hundred prominent signers. They were the 'Four Hundred' of liberalism's Social Register. Being men of integrity, many disillusioned signers should become ardent recruits for a saner movement to conserve civil liberties from the communazi method of 'direct action.' Among those signers for whom dictator Stalin is suddenly no longer the Sir Gallahad of 'true' democracy (mighty handy word, 'true'!) are Vincent Sheean, Max Lerner, Frederick Schuman, Louis Fischer, and (just before his death) Heywood Broun. In the interest of all democratic readers, I sincerely petition the *Nation* to publish another poll of these four hundred influential writers to inquire how many still uphold that cocksure manifesto.

Last year the fellow travelers were still the bosses of Student Unions and the American Youth Congress. I was dismissed as an unenlightened reactionary for my 'fantastic' notion that the German and Russian state-socialisms are basically alike in economics and in ruthless methods. Similarly, the leftists were the 'respectable' people in the world of letters. They were the fashionable folk who 'counted'; and the fact cannot be disguised that it paid and still pays, in certain pressure groups, to be a 'persecuted' Marxist.

We are witnessing strange and terrible events. It is the deluge time, the time of the breaking of nations. How few at those swanky cocktail parties for Loyalist Spain foresaw that the OGPU's sacred Party Line might be what lost democracy to Hitler, Franco, Stalin! Today all those young disciples of revolt's fashionable Four Hundred must reëxamine their premises from a fresh perspective. I write from the point of view of millions of ordinary young college graduates trying sincerely to answer two questions: What values are enduring enough to survive all these crashing panaceas? What means must we use to save these precious values?

II

With these two questions in mind, let me begin by asking: What do I mean by 'conservative'? Conservatism must include what Thomas Mann calls humanism: the conservation of our cultural, spiritual, and individualist heritage. Common sense is notoriously the oracle of conservatism. But, at its best, common sense means no mere unimaginative shrewdness. It means the common and universal sense of mankind, the common values basic to every civilized society and creed. These human values are the traffic lights which all (even 'mass movements') must obey in order that all may be free. The *New Masses* would dismiss this common-sense conservatism as big-

oted and 'reactionary.' Very well, then, but against what am I reactionary?

Even during the height of Russia's pretensions to 'peace and democracy' I have consistently reacted against the self-styled liberalism of the fellow travelers. Today I would make no exception in favor of any of communism's rival versions, so long as communists, like the brilliant Mr. Granville Hicks, merely repudiate Stalin's foreign policy and fail to repudiate Lenin's formulæ of class war and proletarian dictatorship.

Equally, I react against the self-styled Liberty Leaguers. The latter give us only the negative liberty to starve and be unemployed. They accept our American concept of democratic equality, but in the following negative sense: America's impartial Liberty League democracy forbids the Sixty Families equally with the California share-croppers to steal bread. It punishes the coupon-clipping millionaire as well as the unemployed mechanic for sleeping on a park bench or begging in the subway. It gives us the equal right and complete liberty to buy America's plentiful wheat crop — much of which is burnt because we lack the money to buy it. Let us frankly grant that Europe's dictators and revolutions remedy many of these evils. However, my conservatism includes my faith that America can and must remedy these evils *within* our constitutional framework of Law and civil liberties.

The conservative's principle of principles is the necessity and supremacy of Law and of absolute standards of conduct. I capitalize 'Law,' and I mean it. Suppose it were proved that the eternal absolutes do not really exist. Instinctively we should say: So much the worse for them. But now we must learn to say: So much the worse for existence! We have learned that from sad experience of centuries. Paradoxically, we have learned that man can only maintain his material existence by guiding it by the materially nonexistent: by the absolute moral laws of the spirit.

In America, we try to prove that 'It can't happen here' by citing the vast extent of our compulsory education. Truly, we are almost as well educated a people as the pre-Hitler Germans, and, like the Soviets, we are constantly increasing our educational institutes. What matters more, however, is that never was our system so inadequate as today in teaching discrimination and absolutes of conduct.

We teach a child to read and are surprised at the enormous circulation of the Yellow Press and the Father Coughlins. We are bred as little evolutionary Progressives, but we don't discriminate in what direction we breathlessly rush 'forward.' The explanation is that we are no longer given the standards for discriminating. Fertile soil for freedom and for mutual tolerance is never in human nature to start with, but must be painstakingly ploughed over for centuries. The history of mass movements affords vastly more evidence for original sin than for any natural goodness of man. Education's job is austere to restrict, not fulfill, the child's 'glorious self-expression.'

Freedom of thought we must never restrict in America. Conduct and action we can and must restrict. Instead of 'progressive education' our democratic school system must instill, from kindergarten on, the necessity of limiting all human conduct and instinct by objective Law. Only so can we learn the decent rules of the game as an unbreakable habit. By 'Law' I do not mean all existing laws. All are not necessarily good. By 'Law' I mean the legal way as a way to whatever goals we may seek; I mean it as a way of living. This way is necessarily freedom's prerequisite. In this sense, Law must tread pitilessly upon individuals, nations, classes. It must trample with callous and sublime indifference upon their economic interests — yes, even their economic interests — and their 'healthy instincts of the race.'

Soft-hearted liberals are too ready to say that a lawbreaker 'means well,' that

his corruption is due to his social environment and bad companions; they talk too much about his honest fanaticism, his honest non-awareness of Law. Today such qualification leads to overemphasis of the more irrelevant side of the question: the personal side. Too often it is assumed that the 'have-not' is automatically exempt from all eternal laws of humanity, whether it be a 'have-not' nation or economic class or individual. We who are old-fashioned enough to call a crime a crime are labeled as warmongers or hypocrites or dupes of propaganda. Obviously the more relevant question is simply whether or not the legal way is being violated. In fact, those few groups strong enough to carry off a violent revolution successfully are also (almost invariably) strong enough to change the rules legally to fit their new game.

The 'instinctive, unwritten sense of justice' we hear so much about is basically, and always will be, mere glorified lynch law. In instinct, every new 1940 baby is still born a caveman. Law and tradition are the slow accumulation of civilized habits, the few thousand years' habits which alone prevent the 1940 baby from remaining a caveman. Since this accumulation is haphazard, it includes — as radicals correctly accuse — much evil as well as good. But the good and the bad in tradition are often interwoven *inextricably* by the past. And the past cannot be changed — not even by radicals with a Harvard accent.

You weaken the magic of all good laws every time you break a bad one, every time you allow mob lynching of even the guiltiest criminal. I said 'magic' deliberately. Social stability rests to some extent on the aura surrounding our basic institutions. Such aura-wreathed pillars of tradition in various modern nations are the United States Supreme Court, an established Church, monarchy, a nonpartisan civil service and the aristocracy trained from birth to fill it. This social cement of tradition is too essential

for every well-meaning, humanitarian Tom, Dick, and Harry to tinker with. It keeps us from relapsing into the barbarism inherent in our simian nature and in all mob 'awakenings.'

As menacing as open anarchists are those who discredit traditional institutions, not by attack, but by excess exploitation. The man who uses our institutions and Law as a barrier to, instead of a vehicle for, democratic reform is the real anarchist. I don't care a hoot whether any country, including ours, decides to use capitalism or socialism or any other material -ism, so long as it is attained through the vehicle of the traditional framework; so long as it is orthodoxly baptized and knighted by the magic wand of tradition; so long as it does not live 'without the Law.' I repeat: if moral absolutes do not exist, it is not so much the worse for them, but so much the worse for existence.

III

During the nineteenth century, all external standards and absolutes were one by one sacrificed at the altar of dynamic 'Life.' A pseudo-Darwinian war of all against all, for survival of the most ferocious or most lucky, becomes exalted as a healthy expression of dynamic Life-force. I suggest coining 'dynamism' as the label for this new, unchristian religion, this cult of power, instinct, blind change, blind Life. Dynamism means energy and change for their own sake. It means playing the grand man-of-action merely for action's sake, the deification of such men-of-action as *Führers*. Among dynamism's current incarnations is the unrestrained egoism of persons, nations, and classes. Gangsterism becomes a heroic romantic duty.

Society, as I would conserve it, would rest on five great self-disciplines: rule of reason in the individual, Christian ethics between individuals, Law in the state, free parliamentary negotiation among political parties, peace by negotia-

tion among nations. Dynamism smashes all five of these great self-disciplines. Today the Nazis most radically incarnate dynamism. No wonder a current best seller refers to their 'Revolution of Nihilism'!

Dynamism, I believe, will some day be recognized as the most destructive and 'radical' revolution of modern times. It strikes at the root. Its modern rival, Marxism, retains at least the traditional respect for reason. The basis of the western world is the disciplining of life's energies and instincts by the supremacy of rational and ethical Law. Here our Christianity combines and conserves the legalistic heritage of the Jews and of the Græco-Roman Empire. In contrast, dynamism glorifies in the revolt of expansive Life-force against Law's 'dead shackles.' Transferred from individual to nation, such dynamism becomes lynch law: the 'healthy' and natural mob instincts of what Nazis call 'the *Volk*' and Reds call 'the masses.'

With the most passionate intensity, I resent the no-third-way sophistry of forcing American students to choose only from the alternatives of fascists and Marxists. Dynamic fascism, as it is sweeping Europe, is idealism diabolized. Economism, its opposite, whether of capitalist or Marxist brand, is materialism deified. Dynamism is immoral, economic materialism is unmoral; take your choice! Both are present to some degree in all societies. Either in excess explodes the civilization we conservatives would conserve. Our fight as young Americans is twofold: against our established cult of economism and mammon worship, and against all attempts to import fascism in its place.

In one aspect, the challenge of frank and open Bolshevik church burning is almost less dangerous to us than the more subtly masked Nazi challenge. This mask is anti-Semitism. Those ostrich conservatives miss its whole point who whistle in the dark, thinking 'What concern of ours are racial persecutions so

long as we're not persecuted?' Political anti-Semitism is no isolated program. It is the first step in an ever-widening revolt of mob instinct against all restraints and liberties. It is the thin opening wedge for the subversion of democracy, Christianity, and tolerance in general.

I said our civilization is based on a blend of legalism, reason, and the Christian discipline (Protestant or Catholic or the closely related Jewish). I stated this as a simple objective fact. Whether belief in them is 'true' is quite another matter, which each individual must decide for himself. Their truth will always be disputable, in so far as they deal with the non-material and invisible, but their necessity is indisputable.

IV

What are the immediate political duties today of a common-sense conservative? I think a conservative should patriotically join in our country's cautious groping toward a planned economy. Despite party slogans, this groping will in practice steadily continue, whether under Republicans or New Dealers. Leftists try to discredit the conservative attitude by linking it in the public mind with laissez-faire economics. But how on earth can we conserve what's dead and what probably never existed? Purchasing power must be so distributed that every citizen is himself a free and stable property owner and an economically articulate consumer. Necessities (such as wheat) must no longer be burned or ploughed under, but sold, even without profit and below cost, to all citizens who lack them.

Accepting vigilance as the price of liberty, the conservative will be alert equally against all illegalities from all sides, whether from flag-waving Americans or 'aliens' or capitalists or labor unions. He will everywhere answer illegal force with force-in-law, returning words for words and bullets for bullets,

until Law is respected again. He will answer fascist attacks, from within the United States or without, with the policeman's club and not the Chamberlain umbrella.

Suppose the Communist Party calls itself the 'Paul Reveres of 1936,' and the Nazi Bund pays lip service to George Washington. No matter how democratic their phrases or how American their ancestry, our conservative will judge solely by their methods and actions. Anti-fascist lip service is not enough of a criterion. If fascism ever comes to America, it will assuredly be some homespun, native brand, riding into power on militaristic anti-fascist (i.e. anti-'alien') phrases. The same is true of any native American communist dictatorship; it would vociferously repudiate any openly labeled 'communist' party. So we have only one safe criterion, no matter what are men's professed aims and programs. That criterion is whether they pursue those aims within or without the great American constitutional framework.

Our conservative will never admit that the state as a whole is greater than the sum of its separate individuals. All power he will distrust and hence limit. He will fight every extension of government authority, no matter in whose hands, whenever it seems more dangerous than the genuine wrong it would remedy. But he will insist equally on forestalling mass discontent with thoroughgoing social legislation, with the proviso that such new governmental power be as decentralized as possible.

He believes in majority rule for America, but never majority dictatorship. Instead, he believes in the absolute constitutional and human rights of minorities, whether share-croppers or millionaires, whether economic, religious, or racial. He will stubbornly insist that corrupt means betray even the worthiest ends. Karl Marx's disciples would discredit our constitutional and judicial checks merely because irresponsible

finance can abuse them. That is like drinking poison and then blaming the abused glass; it tackles the wrong cause of the evil. The fact that wealthy Wall Street or radical Norman Thomas or anybody else happens to benefit from free speech does not automatically make free speech vicious.

V

This year all 'ideology' is in flux. Soon, justified by Russian events, conservatives will no longer seem disgracefully unfashionable in intellectual spheres. But let's not gloat over honest disillusionment. Instead, let us conservatives humbly admit that we have equally erred. Our error was our tardiness in realizing the economic lesson of our 1929 crash.

Current Congressional investigations go too far in smearing duped fellow travelers with the communist brush. It is bad morals and bad strategy to allow red-baiting to pass into liberal-baiting and labor-baiting. That only drives labor and the uncrushable mass of liberal voters into a revolutionary camp. Instead, we must offer them our own camp as freedom's refuge from the communism with which they flirted so disastrously. For both decency and strategy, conservatives should repudiate our liberal-baiting rabble rousers unambiguously, be they eloquent Senators or cheap sensational journalists.

To sum up: my great dream, perhaps young and naïve, is for American youth to synthesize cultural, spiritual, and political conservatism with economic

reform. Such a movement must simultaneously be broad enough to include some economic ends of the radicals and narrow enough to exclude the means of the communazis. Our generation's New Conservatism must appeal not only to independent-minded conservatives but also to those disillusioned 'fellow travelers.' The former must accept further economic planning and honestly repudiate their pre-1929 cant. The latter must honestly repudiate despotic Russia and Marxist materialism and the stirring up of a lawless mob movement: their pre-1939 cant.

Only such concessions from both sides can make harmonious synthesis possible within our free representative system. In all democracies, men of good will from right and left must today unite to conserve their free habits of centuries. Conserve from what? From the extreme reaction of what I call the 'capitalist anarchists' and from the extreme radicalism of the dynamists.

The success of literal 'National Socialists,' whether Hitler or Stalin, is in their vote-getting synthesis of romantic expansive nationalism with a planned economy. In contrast, we conservatives must synthesize the good in the latter, not with despotism, but with freedom — that is, with all our ancient civil liberties, tolerance of minorities, and a peaceful internationalism of Law. Our job is to prove right here in America that democracy means, not destructive wrangling, but effective coöperation in solving our spiritual and economic problems. Can this be too much to hope from American youth? It is not yet too late.

PORTS OF PEACE

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

THOUGH sometimes the pigheadedness of mankind puts me in a huff, my nature is essentially pacific. The last fight settled by out-and-out force, in Smith annals, took place when I was aged five; on this occasion, for a decisive quietus, I brought down a train of toy iron railway cars on my small opponent's head. Bottom up afterwards, and being spanked with a hairbrush, I tasted the bitterness of the fruits of victory. It was *on*, you would say, rather than *at* my mother's knee that I learned those principles which since have guided me in the more subtly victorious ways of peace.

The history of Holland and the Scandinavian countries, as professional neutrals, I do not intend here to trace. Suffice it to say that these nations are as smart as I. Between the tinselly crown of glory and the blood-dampened head-piece of the ashes of defeat they do not care to choose. Instead, for years and years now, they have worn the comfortable felt hat of neutrality. In it, and clucking their tongues over the excesses of their more heroic neighbors, they have been handy to lend aid; and the nice thing about friendly services so rendered is that nations at war do not quibble about paying a fair price for them. The felt hat is a badge financially worth wearing.

To cruise the northwesternmost of the West Indies, where neutral ports governed by the Swedes, the Danes, and the Dutch grew to great wealth in our Revolutionary and Europe's Napoleonic

eras, leads a thoughtful traveler to ponder neutrality as a paying business. These rocky bits of islands to left and right of the Anegada Passage, not even able to feed the cities that trade built upon them, have a useful lesson, perhaps, for the Peace Foundations.

The way to keep out of other people's wars, we are constantly being told, is to lend assistance to nobody, but keep our hearts and our pocketbooks at home. The trouble with this is that there is no money in it. While we furiously tend to our own knitting, the suspicion galls that somebody else is getting rich. Intolerable! It obviously would be much more fun to put our hearts and pocketbooks at some brave fighter's disposal, and gamble on united strength to win.

Meanwhile your more astute peace-lover is successfully able to stay neutral, because he makes it pay. Hat pulled down on solicitous brow, he trades discreetly, fairly, and for cash. Such, at any rate, was the rôle played with marvelous reward by these West Indian ports in their day: Dutch Statia, Danish St. Thomas, and Swedish St. Barts.¹ A mercenary and macabre rôle, do I hear you grumble? Ah, dear hot-blooded reader, I see that delusions of military romance were not knocked out of you early, as mine were, by the flat side of a mother's hairbrush.

¹ Statia on the maps is 'St. Eustatius,' St. Barts is 'St. Barthélemy.' But these names, like the three islands' cities' names — Orange Town, Charlotte Amalie, and Gustavia — are seldom heard in the West Indies. — AUTHOR

I

Of the three ports, Statia has the most instructive story. Just when especially serviceable to the colony, its felt hat of neutrality was nipped off. In the fatal result our moral lies.

The island is a pair of volcanic cones with a saddle of hill between. One cone is old and shattered, the other is an up-standing youngster. When you come toward them (a Dutch steamer patriotically does call, ballasted with sea water since there never is a cargo), the forgotten city, with its bush-grown quays at the bottom of the cliff, slowly becomes visible. Some of its red roofs, to be sure, prove to be blossoming flamboyant trees, and the massive black church tower stands at the head of a roofless ruin. But a city there is, with amiable dogs of squat Dutch build frisking on the flag-stone streets, and people who celebrate the mailboat's monthly night in port with a dance.

Statia's golden age coincided with our Revolution. England was pitched against France, too, at the time, which bedeviled Atlantic shipping. Military stores, however, as well as civil necessities, could be consigned safely to Dutch Statia, to be picked up there by vessels from Philadelphia or New England. Danger of loss by confiscation was reduced, say, by half. Little Statia, in fact, was one of the chief arteries through which the infant republic drew its lifeblood; and if it grew rich in this mercenary rôle, a good American really can't complain.

Trade was enormous. The shore warehouses bulged with quick-moving goods. In their black-towered church on the cliff top the Dutch merchants gave thanks for profits received, while the Jews, in a synagogue a few streets distant, reviewed King Solomon's sensible maxims, grateful for the opportunity Jehovah had vouchsafed them of assisting America to win its freedom.

At Statia it was that the Grand Union — the original, pre-Betsy Ross, Ameri-

can flag — was given its first recognition. Flying this rebel banner, a vessel entered to pick up a cargo of arms, whereupon Governor de Graef, spyglass to eye in old Fort Orange, ordered a salute. He was an impetuous soul, who soon had to be recalled to Amsterdam. For St. Kitts is Statia's very close neighbor, and the British governor there, when he learned what had been done, first grew purple, then wrote a report which made London no less apoplectic. And not yet, in '76, was Holland ready to abandon the advantageous neutral rôle.

By 1780, however, Britain had not a friend in sight. The Empire seemed ready for its dissolution. Now was the safe time at which to recognize the United States, so Holland's felt hat was flung off with a flourish.

Squash! There was life in the British lion after all. Down came a heavy paw on Statia. Admiral Rodney took the island, but kept the Dutch flag flying over it as long as it served to lure in enemy ships. If Fort Orange had chosen to honor the rebel American flag, its own could very nicely be put to dishonorable uses.

This was the end of Statia. Its fort still stands, and cannon still are mounted on its palmy ramparts. But they are toys out of a past age, used by small black boys for hobbyhorses. No Dutch prayers have been said in the Dutch church these many years, nor has a Jew been seen in the synagogue with his hat either on or off. The solemn warehouses, strung a mile along the shore, are bush-choked ruins on whose walls the sea derisively slaps.

II

St. Thomas's story is more of a comfort. During the two and a half centuries of Danish rule it was one of consistent neutrality; and though this long period was marred by occasional short periods of unprofitable European peace, the city has survived, and is great and beautiful to this day.

Its zenith came in the era of the privateers. Here was one port where ships seized, and merchandise confiscated, found a market with no questions asked. Like Statia, it served the American patriots as an important depot of supply. In fact it was anybody's port to use, a free port, a neutral port, and as cosmopolitan, crowded, and active a port as the world of those days had to show.

So long-continuing a rôle has given the place a character. Business is its business. If it were not for the French recent-comers from St. Barts — the tall-hatted fishermen of Cha Cha Town and the gardeners of Mafolie — every mouthful of food eaten on the island would have to be imported.

As for shrewdness: 'I'm a perfect lady — perfect!' a black crone told me one day, when, our paths coinciding, we walked along together. Her apron screamed for a washing; her shoes were 'cut down' for ventilation. But the old spirit was in her. 'That's what I am!' she repeated, warming to her technique. 'When I walk along with a gentleman like you, I never think of begging. No, I'm a lady, a poor widow-lady with no children to give me help, and the sickness closes up my stomach. God help me, what I suffer! But there's no good begging of a gentleman: if he is a *real* gentleman, and has a heart of kindness, he'll see my need without my asking, and put his hand in his pocket just like you got yours now. But if his heart is a stone and he is *not* a real gentleman, he won't bring up nothing for all you beg him. And so, because I am a perfect lady, I just don't mention these things to a gentleman, but put my trust in the Lord.'

Here was a little masterpiece of business persuasion from the old trader's capital. And for a Scandinavian touch, the dog that scampered along ahead of her was named Frithjof.

St. Thomas in its great days also developed a character in its architecture. It was built as a business city strictly, conveniently compact. For gardens there

was little room, but the Spanish trick of gardening in tubs and flowerpots has brought gayety to the picturesque and crowded groups of buildings. Like the cemetery's inscriptions, which would tax the knowledge of a Berlitz, the elements that make the St. Thomian style are of all nations. Spanish shop doors, French galleries, English paneling, and the Dutch-Scandinavian Baroque of pudgy pilasters and curved masonry stairs, bit by bit were combined to form it.

Luckily, after the style was set, and had pervaded the city, prosperity receded enough to let the beauty of the place stand undisturbed. If Venice, say, had gone on being Mistress of the Sea forever, most of its palaces on which we now rapturously feast our eyes would have been pulled down, as time passed, to make way for structures more up-to-date. So with St. Thomas. But the two ports had been rich enough long enough, before having to adjust themselves to more frugal ways, to breed families sufficiently substantial and conservative to keep them from ruin.

St. Thomas is, in fact, one of the world's most charming cities. When I footed the hill road above it, to look down on its white-shining masonry and strawberry and cherry roofs, with the clear green of the mahoganies glistening in clumps and avenues, I was joined by an elderly string-bass player, out on the same errand. He had never traveled much, but was fond of boats, and some globe-trotting yachtsman friend had told him that St. Thomas was the prettiest spot on earth. So, heaven being his not-distant destination, it occurred to him that it would be interesting to compare the Heavenly City with earth's best; whereupon, before it was too late, he put his bull fiddle in the closet and came down to take a look.

Although he knew he would go back to his grandchildren and his fiddling in four weeks, he was enjoying a fit of indecision over how best to spend the rest of his life on the island. Now that he was on

the hill, he wanted a breezy hilltop house, but when he looked back at the harbor, or down at Magens Bay, or off to Hans Lollík Island and the multitude of others grouped away toward the British Virgins, he fell in love with the idea of living in a boat, and smoking his pipe in one turquoise anchorage after another. And then, when we came down into the hill lanes of the city, he found house after house that was his very heart's desire. 'It would be more sociable,' he explained.

And indeed it was easy to picture a set of silver-thatched cronies with cellos and violins under their arms, climbing the steps across some flagged gutter, and turning in at a gate with the bust of Orpheus in white marble over it, for a long, happy, earnest bout of music-making.

At night I met him again, standing under the windows of Bethania Hall, where a prayer meeting was in progress. Joining in the hymn in a private hum, and gazing up to where the choir's black heads were bent, he gave me an absent-minded hand to shake. "'How lovely are Thy dwelling places!'" he remarked after the Amen, blowing his nose in a big handkerchief. It was a moonlit night, and the date palm leaning around the corner of the plain old building cast a Biblical shadow down the wall.

Choir music was something I was enjoying, myself, in St. Thomas. On practice nights I was sure to be in one church or another, applauding the struggle silently from a dark corner pew. The Lutherans' taste, for example, was pleasingly austere; and in the middle of their lofty galleried old room hung a ponderous antique iron chandelier, from whose scrolls and curling foliage mermaid-angels protruded, lighting the choir's labors with their lamps — the faithful singers, the fastidious organist, and the black boy who pumped the bellows: I see that boy now, loose-necked, heavenward-looking, falling back to bring his full weight on the lever.

In 1672, when the Danes came to St. Thomas and Lutheran hymns first were sung there, they were sung in the Fort. Absence from worship in those days entailed a fine of twenty-five pounds of tobacco. The Fort, indeed, for many years did duty as the people's church — a humorous sort of little castle, painted red, as if the prayers said in it, and that courageous color, were all the town needed for protection. St. Thomas was a port of peace; there was no point in converting it into a fortress like closed-port San Juan.

The Danes, in fact, seemed to have the knack of making their West Indian troops effective, not by virtue of being dreaded, but of being liked. Uniforms were perfect for ballroom display, and the soldiers' exploits were of the human rather than the inhuman kind.

For example, one sergeant major, on a trip to Copenhagen, won the National Beer Drinking Contest, and returned the island hero. And a master-of-ordnance, asked to report why West Indian brass cannon so constantly had to be replaced, replied (with a wink): 'Cockroaches.' The last laugh in this latter piece of fun came when headquarters stiffly called for specimens of the species. 'For the Copenhagen professors, I fancy,' mused the master-of-ordnance, sharpening his quill. 'Your Excellencies will understand,' he wrote, while his brother officers held their sides, 'that insects so destructive to brass cannon would make short work of any container in which we might try to ship them, and proceed to endanger the seaworthiness of the vessel chartered to carry them to Denmark.'

After all, the most useful kind of army for a place like St. Thomas, whose one wish was to be on good terms with everybody, is the convivial, fun-loving kind, well drilled in ballroom dancing.

III

As for St. Barts, perhaps you will be surprised to know that Sweden ever

formally administered a New World colony. But I tell no lie; she did, and until a mere sixty years ago. Moreover, this quite-forgotten island served as a port for vessels by the thousands. Goods were piled sky-high on its noisy quays.

Europe's sweetness in 1800 was derived from the West Indian sugar lands; cotton and tobacco were fetched from the Caribbees in huge quantity; in those days, thus, St. Barts was very near the New World's commercial hub. But it was a mere eight-square-mile scrap of unproductive scenery, far inferior in trade to St. Thomas, where the stimulus of neutrality had been working for a hundred years.

At just this juncture Napoleon, 'that little man,' unfolded his arms. The world split, and astounded St. Barts woke to find itself the sole neutral port-of-exchange in the Western Hemisphere. Even Denmark got hauled backward near enough to danger to prompt Britain to hold St. Thomas till the fight was over. As for the United States, technically neutral, its shipping was so harassed by the war-nervous British that we had to jump in and fight the War of 1812. Of all the powers with interests in America, only Sweden managed to keep the felt hat of neutrality on its head. St. Barts' position was unique.

Prosperity was instantaneous, meteoric. But when Napoleon went to St. Helena, St. Barts went to the dogs. Their fortunes waxed and waned together.

For a symbol of greatness lapsed, the morose skeleton of a stone-built inn looms by the harbor mouth, with the moon staring through its glassless windows. The flagstone quays are steeped in a profound inanimation. But do not think St. Barts is dead. Its dizzy fling was like the one great adventure in a quiet life, which enriches it with anecdote, and leaves a halo of romance around what otherwise might be prosaic. Over the grass-grown quays the bowsprits still bristle in crowded rows, if you

listen to the stories of the place. 'In Swedish times . . .' the tales begin invariably.

The fine inn of those Swedish times, and their rowdy sailor taverns, have been supplanted by Madame Guyer's boardinghouse on the Rue Oscar II. 'All in the American style,' she beams, hustling the newcomer to see the bath-room. But it is American with a difference. No water connects with the familiar fixtures.

As for her American front door, it had been installed with the night latch 'on' when the house was built, which had proved very unhandy all these years: Madame could go out, but not come in. But she had got used to trudging around to the back, and regarded it as the American way, until, having released the latch, I ignorantly altered the course of household habit, and stepped in with a casual hello.

Madame was dumbfounded. It was as if Edison had invented something before her very nose. But when she was sure of the miracle, in and out she rushed, crying, 'My God, my God! It opens from both sides!'

This good and hospitable lady is descended from the Swedes, and looks it; and, though she knows no Swedish, her speech carries in it the cadence of that tuneful singsong language. But she and her (generally dark) city neighbors do not dominate the island. The human debris of a great trading era, they are like people shipwrecked long since on an alien shore — rooted in it thanks to a freak of history, but not yet really native. St. Barts was French before its Swedish century, and is French again. When the drum rolls and the town crier reads a proclamation, it is read in St. Barts' more natural tongue.

But the deeper-rooted country folk are, after all, Scandinavian in their remote ancestry, Norman fishermen and herders. Their stone-walled lanes and grassy pastures, their well-kept stone-terraced gardens, look very odd and

pretty on the windy tropic isle. The girl who puts you on the right road to Corossol, when you are walking, is a Norman peasant in starched white sun-bonnet and flowered apron; and most strange and charming she looks, too, found under a palm tree.

Corossol, on the sickle of its beach, has no Norman air as a village, to be sure. The hurricanes have dictated other architecture. 'Little house fall light,' as the darkies say. But its doings and its people are another matter, and their featherbeds, and the twice-normal-size tambourines that set the rhythm of their music.

In white bonnets every Tuesday the good housewives climb a hill path of leg-breaking steepness to Colombier Church to confess their sins. Monday, in Corossol, is the day for washing clothes; Tuesday, the day for souls. The woman who told me had a face like a clear window into the simple heart.

I tried the penitential path myself — a staircase of gully boulders. For all its heat, the tamarinds cast a welcome shade across it, and the banks on either hand quivered with the motion of gold butterfly wings.

Beyond the church I climbed still farther, up and around the mountain by circuitous wind-blown lanes, to say good-bye to Des Cayes, azure Baie de St. Jean, and Pointe de Lorient, with its bands of colored rock slanting from the surf. Here, these days past, I had swum and clambered and greedily wolfed cactus radishes; watched the casting of nets and the plaiting of high-crowned Cha Cha hats, and been nudged in the ribs and poured full of Norman wit — as full, that is to say, as my own shallow linguistic wit permitted. 'The man with shoes on travels the whole world through,' I had been told, with a friendly push, and understood it: in St. Barts the shod man is the man with money. But these names of villages and bays and headlands have

little meaning. Nobody goes to St. Barts to remember the pocket-size grandeurs of that most nearly perfect of small islands. Nobody has done so, that is, since Napoleonic times.

Visiting the place, as a matter of fact, is not especially easy. I went over in a schooner from Marigot, itself a port not vulgarly accessible; then came away to Philipsburg — have you heard of Philipsburg? — in an open boat across sixteen miles of deep-chasmed blue Atlantic surges. Neither trip was designed for the timid, really, though the latter one, thanks to an expert St. Bartian hand on tiller and sail, was an idyll for a sea-loving landlubber like myself.

More hair-raising was the schooner journey. Even the moon that night, hurtling through the clouds, seemed intent on melodrama. When the ship tacked, she reared like a frightened animal, the sails boomed great guns, and the helmsman, a freckled mulatto in wooden shoes, bawled orders in gibberish sea-French to the scurrying crew. Goose-fleshy to the soles of my Minnesota feet, I shivered in a coat.

All the same, these undangerous terrors pleased me. It was like an approach to St. Barts, or Statia or St. Thomas, in the times of their big business and their riches. No less pleasing was the entry into port: kindly and slowly the harbor closed about us, as it had about so many sailing ships in those perilous years. The anchor, let go, sent calm rings of moonlight toward a shore trustfully unawake.

'Till morning, *monsieur*,' said the bare-legged *mousse*, tugging at my sleeve, and pointed to a doghouse on the after-deck. In I rolled, dog-tired. And till morning, with mouth organ in one pocket and swimming trunks in another, I slept such sleep as the merchants must have known, when (safe, too, with their goods) they came to anchor at last, in the old times, in these same ports of peace.

MOVING MOUNTAINS

BY SUZANNE CLEMENS RODIER

RECENTLY I have discovered, in some educational circles, a feeling that religion is no longer a force in the world, with the accompanying declaration that education, with its emphasis upon the scientific attitude, will save humanity from its many ills, as the emotional 'delusion' called religion has been unable to do. I am convinced that the Christian Church, like most institutions in our civilization today, must take stock, to use the business phrase, of its assets and liabilities, and meet the needs of people in this generation, rather than continue to adhere to many outmoded traditional forms and to phraseology which has little or no significant meaning for us at the present time. On the other hand, I am as firmly convinced that education, although an important factor in our lives, can never meet the deep-seated needs of the human heart and be a moving force which enables one to face the everyday experiences of life with courage, and with the consciousness that there 'standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.'

The thing we shall have to do is to apply the scientific method of experimentation to the basic beliefs which the Christian Church has been proclaiming for generations. A scientist goes into his laboratory and experiments; he labors long in an endeavor to prove his hypothesis, which at first is a mere assumption. When he has reached his conclusions, others believe that if they follow a similar procedure they too will reach the same or similar conclusions, which they

now claim are based upon fact. In other words, the scientist claims that experience can be repeated with the assurance of the same or similar results. Why is it that, when it comes to the realm of religion, people find it easier to criticize or call it the 'unknowable,' instead of 'experimenting' and 'testing'?

The spiritual — and I am not referring to any 'ism' — can be tested and proved by the scientific method also, if one is willing to use the same amount of effort in this field that the scientist puts forth in his, and if one carries the same conviction within him that the proposition can be proved, with the resolution to stick to it until he does prove it. Scientists have 'stick-to-it-ive-ness'; they are not quitters. The same attributes which yield results in the realm of natural forces will also yield satisfactory results in the realm which we, because of a lack of understanding, call the supernatural.

Experimenting with and proving some of the teachings of Christ have for some time assumed the aspect of a game for me. Take the matter of faith, for instance. We live by faith constantly in our daily contacts. Why, every time I put a dollar in a bank I have faith that I shall be able to take it out again when I need it. Jesus said that if we had faith the size of a grain of mustard seed we could move mountains. Every one of us, at some time in his life, has arrived at a mountain or a stone wall. Several years ago I stood at the foot of a mountain, and it moved! The wise men around me

said that it couldn't be done. Something within said, 'It can.' The wise men admitted defeat. I said, 'I'll experiment; I'll try faith,' and it worked!

My husband had been operated on in a large city hospital. For a couple of days he seemed fine. Then one evening he had a chill; not just a little shiver, but a chill which shook his whole frame — made him rave and try to rise from the bed, made his face turn green and his lips ashen. His eyes became glazed, and his temperature shot to one hundred and seven degrees. (The surgeon told me no one outside of the hospital would believe that, but it stands in black and white on the hospital records today.) Quickly two doctors and three nurses dashed about putting hot-water bottles to his back and injecting fluid to reduce his temperature. Modern efficient science at work! Sixteen hours — and my husband had had three of those terrible chills. The young interne on the floor took me aside and said, 'We are not quite sure whether your husband has had a stroke or whether he has septic poison in the blood stream. After one of those chills his mind is so clear that we doubt if it is a stroke. I am sorry to have to tell you that if it is septic poison we are doing all in our power, but one hundred out of one hundred die.'

A mountain! A great black mountain!

I looked at the interne, smiled, and said calmly, 'You doctors do all you can for him and I shall be praying for him.'

He looked at me as if he thought I had not understood, so he repeated, 'But one hundred out of one hundred die.'

'I understand, but you do your part and I will do mine.'

He then went to the telephone, called the surgeon, and evidently told him that I had not comprehended the seriousness of the situation, because the surgeon called me and, in a tone of chagrin, said, 'I have performed this operation many times, and this is the first time septic poison has developed. I am so sorry that it had to be your husband.'

'Cheer up, Doctor,' I replied; 'he will be all right if you do all you can. What are you planning to do?'

'Give him a blood transfusion at two o'clock. We will give him three transfusions during the next few days. If three do not clear the blood, there is no use trying.'

Two o'clock — and they wheeled the bed out through the wide doorway into the elevator, up to the operating room, and I was left alone with my thoughts. They had said that a hundred out of a hundred die. So this was the end! For a moment, fierce resentment surged through my heart like a great wave which seemed to envelop me. We had two fine sons, intelligent boys who had a good background of heredity and environment. I had cherished the hope that some day they would make a contribution to their generation. And now it seemed that their father, the breadwinner, would be taken — in a time of financial depression, too, when we, along with many others, had lost all we had. What could I do? True, I had taught school, but that was some years before: things had changed, and that door was closed. I was disappointed. God had failed me, just when I needed Him most. What had been the use of all those years of believing? My resentment was fierce, real, but momentary. It takes so much longer to tell it than the soliloquy lasted.

For like a flash the thought came that whenever Jesus had healed He had said, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' All men needed was a little faith to get big results! Once, when His disciples were unable to heal a boy and asked Him to tell them the reason, He replied, 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer.' Then I prayed that if my husband must go I might be brave, for I hate a coward. I asked God to work through the good blood they were injecting into his body at that moment. 'Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done.' I said it, and I meant it. If I must face the ordeal of

losing my husband, I would do it willingly, with all resentment purged from my soul. Was it easy? It was not! I never felt so utterly empty in my life.

Gethsemane? Gethsemane, to me, is not something I have read about in the Bible — an experience which Jesus had; Gethsemane is a reproducible experience. Gethsemane is facing reality — things as they are, not things as one wants them to be — and being supremely confident and happy in the assurance that some Force in the universe will direct the outcome, and that one can trust that superior judgment.

When they brought my husband back to the room I knew, not that I should be called upon to be brave, but that he would recover! Wishful thinking? Whistling in the dark? Not a bit of it! I *knew*, as I have never before known anything in all my life. A mountain had been moved, and my feet stood on solid ground. I was a different person. All the many phases of my personality seemed integrated around that experience of vital contact with what seemed to me the only reality in the universe.

The surgeon had called in another physician, who arrived shortly after they had brought my husband back to his room. This physician told me not to be alarmed if the patient had another chill; that this was usual after a transfusion, while the donor's blood was being assimilated. When I smiled and said, 'All right, Doctor, but he won't have any more chills,' he gave me a look of compassion. Then he exchanged glances with the nurse, and they seemed to be saying, 'Poor little thing, she doesn't know what she is in for.' The doctor *thought* that there was a mountain; I *knew* that it had been moved.

About two hours after the transfusion — another of those horrible chills. During this time our family physician from our home town came in. He studied the patient's chart, which looked like a graph of the Rocky Mountains, with peaks of

fever touching one hundred and seven degrees. His face fell. He turned to me, shook my hand, and said, 'I am so very sorry this had to happen to your husband. He was such a fine man.'

Was? 'Doctor, I have told the other physicians that if everyone uses the best knowledge he has at his disposal my husband will recover.' He and the young interne, who was standing by, exchanged knowing glances. Four of them had told me, and I didn't seem to understand. Couldn't the poor woman *see* that mountain?

That '*was* a fine man' had provoked me a bit, so I went to the nurse and said, 'If you think you are nursing a corpse, I wish you would go off the case.' But she replied, 'You have faith; you seem to believe that your husband will recover. I have seen other cases of septic poison in the blood stream, and none of them has recovered. However, I will stand by you and believe with you. I will do my best.'

Now what was taking place within the patient? In the morning, before the first transfusion had been given, a culture of the blood had been taken. The result? So much poison that one could find but little pure blood. Forty-eight hours, and another test. The result? Positive cure — no poison. However, another transfusion was given to strengthen the patient. The attending physician didn't tell me that the second test showed the poison had gone; he wanted a third test of the blood. I guess the fact of the matter was that he couldn't believe the results which had been reported to him. And each day the fever came down just a little; the descent was slow but sure until the eighth day, when the patient's temperature became normal. The interesting part to me was the fact that the *first* transfusion, given while I was experimenting with faith, was the one which cleared the blood of poison.

Chemistry, plus! Plus what? Plus this something which we call faith. The day I left the hospital with the patient I said

to the surgeon, rather jocularly, 'Well, Doctor, we did a fine job, didn't we?' He became serious and said, 'We? No, *you* did a fine job. We did for your husband just what we have done for others. Your husband is here; the others have gone. We can't tell why he recovered.'

After two months' vacation my husband was back at work, apparently in splendid health. However, the surgeon had told me that the old complaint, for which he had been operated upon, would probably return within five years. During the next two years I wondered what work I could do as a means of livelihood for my sons and myself if my husband were taken. My normal-school training had been a two-year course, so I decided to go to college to get a degree, and if possible return to teaching. I had been studying for four weeks when the second operation came. Instead of five years, it had been two and a half. In two more weeks my husband had gone.

Now where was my faith? What could religion do for me now? Isn't religion just a delusion, an opiate? If it is an opiate, I have certainly accomplished an enormous amount of work while walking in my sleep! Two days after the funeral I returned to my classes, for I couldn't expect college classes to wait while I sympathized with myself. During the two years which have passed since my husband left, not only have I had to make the emotional adjustment caused

by his going, but I have taken twenty-four college courses and received a degree. I have commuted, which takes time and energy; have done all my own housework, except the laundry, cared for the two boys, and moved. A pretty fair amount of work for a sleepwalker!

Possibly I am a very 'naïve' sort of person, but this thing I *know*: I have hold of something that *works*. Have I gone about during these two years asking for sympathy? I have not! I have not worn mourning; I loathe it. I have a keen sense of humor, and I use it. Where did I get the physical strength and the moral courage to face life and to be able to laugh? I found them in that experience of faith — that experiment — that reproducible experience, if you will.

In this time of unrest and confusion, when people are distressed about so many things and when one is told that half of all the patients in our hospitals are people who are mentally disturbed, it is marvelous to have an inner peace and a source of strength with which to meet the vicissitudes of life. I can only wonder why more people, both within the Church and without, do not experiment with the teachings of Christ. Until each one of us relives those experiences which are recounted in Christian literature they have no real significance for us. When we have relived those experiences, we know what others mean when they say that they have found God.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists, old and young, are invited to compete for membership in the Club. A prize of \$250 will be awarded each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. The award for April goes to George Boas, professor of the history of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University.

TEACH ME TO LET GO

THE terrible thing about growing old is that people take you seriously. I have been teaching now for a quarter of a century, and I have had the growing feeling that the students of late years have been believing me. In former years they took notes; they laughed at my wisecracks; they studied for their examinations; they politely recited when questioned; they even asked my advice about what they should read. But if they believed anything I said, they never showed it. Now there is something in their attitude which is very disquieting. They listen to my rambling sentences with an attention that is more than obedience to duty.

Some day one of them is going to come out bluntly and say, 'What do you yourself believe?' Then I shall have to lay aside the mantle of the prophet, the air of the impartial observer, and tell him. I shall no longer be able to say, 'I am simply expounding, not propagandizing.' For there will be a look in his eyes which will tell me that if I don't speak the truth as I see it I shall be known either as a coward or as an ignoramus. Possibly as both.

It would be easy to say that I prefer Plato to Aristotle or Pomponazzi to Hobbes or Hume to Berkeley; it would be easy to say that I think French philosophers on the whole more profound than German in spite of the clarity of their language. Just as easy as telling him that I prefer to live in the country rather than in town and that I like Bach better than Beethoven. I could say these and similar things with a manner which might make him wonder just why my desires were so directed but would certainly quiet him down. Yet I know that he will not ask questions which can be answered out of book learning. He will want to know what I have learned from living for half a century. His eyes will say, 'Here you have been meeting people, talking to people, teaching people,

loving and hating people for all these years; what have you found out about them?' He will want to know how a man who has had the privilege of associating with the best minds of the last twenty-five hundred years, who has traveled more than the average run of men, who has access to several languages, who has seen the greatest pictures, buildings, and sculptures of the Occident — he will want to know how such a man feels about the human race, and he will want a truthful answer, one which he can have confidence in as at least a sincere opinion.

The worst of it is that the one thing one learns is the pathetic complexity of human beings. In novels — no matter how 'realistic' — people are at least understood by the novelists. He makes them up. He may not be a Theophrastus or La Bruyère, but the idea is the same. He may not have the sanguine, melancholy, bilious, and choleric types in minds, but he will have their modern counterparts — the extraverts, the introverts, extraverted introverts, and the introverted extraverts. But in life you learn that neither the first nor the last impression is trustworthy, for people change under your eyes and are what they are because you are what you are. Their fluid souls shift and squirm to escape your clutch; they dance about you and you try to escape them. They hide, and hiding they reveal themselves; they put on a brave and candid front and conceal their true natures. You know that when you can admit that frustration, ambiguity, complexity, rather than understanding, clarity, and simplicity, are the main characteristics of humanity you have achieved some beginning of wisdom.

Then there are all the little subterfuges people have to keep up their self-respect. The padding of academic bibliographies; the snaring of lions for tea and dinner; the bragging about genealogy and descendants; the announcing to all the world of who is coming to lunch; the constant depreciation of others'

reputations; knowing the right people, belonging to the right clubs, worshipping the right god. One gets to the point where all this seems more pathetic than degraded. The fervor of satirizing it dies down. If it gives them pleasure, let them enjoy themselves, one says, and hopes that one's own little vanities are not too apparent. That could perhaps be admitted.

None of this is very substantial, but it is something. You could tell it to a student and still keep your self-respect. But suppose he then said, 'All this is to the good; there is no periodic table for souls; but how is one to live?' That will be more trying.

For in all candor it must be admitted that most schemes of life in the Occident have been failures. The great ethical systems are magnificent theoretical structures. Like beautiful pictures, they stir one with their inner harmony. Yet we all go on living by common sense and those subtle intuitions of good and evil which we unconsciously absorb from society. But no one ever tries to live the Christian life, or the Stoic, or the Platonic, or any other. Why not give them a chance? Is not the very fact that no one has seen fit to try them seriously their best refutation?

There is, however, one lesson that can be learned, and a life that is not too short will justify it. That is that most of the evils of human society come from our desperate effort to retain what we have acquired. Property, children, fame, mates, friendships, knowledge — all these things in the course of nature come and go, but we act as if they all ought to be enduring. We howl like dogs when our bones are lost, whether there be any meat on them or not. When the day comes of the fatal question, 'What have you learned from life?' I think that I know the answer. It will be, 'This prayer — Lord, teach me to let go.'

GEORGE BOAS

THE SLOPING WALLS OF CASA GRANDE

In the neighborhood of a thousand years ago a tribe of cliff-dwelling Indians in what is now Eastern Arizona were forced by a great drought out into the wide valley of the Gila. It must have been apparent then as it is now, in what remains of the lovely primitive desert, that here was fertile land which

lacked only water to make it productive. For in that valley there is the most lavish desert vegetation to be found anywhere, including that infallible sign of good land, mesquite mixed with creosote. Anyhow, they decided to try it, and during the succeeding generations created a system of irrigating canals which, as they are traced out now, show considerable capacity for exact measurement and for construction on a large scale.

Luckily, perhaps, they were unable to calculate, as we should do now, the relation of expenditure to return; that is a criterion which would scarcely have occurred to them, since the whole investment was work done bit by bit over slowly extending time. Their materials were so largely natural, too, that the structures could almost be said to be pure embodied labor. The return may have been low by capitalist standards; it must have been high by theirs, since it meant life and security where before they had faced uncertainty and perhaps extinction. The apprehension of this must have been real and immediate: nothing less would have moved a settled folk away from the safety of a canyon's walls and out of the accepted rhythm of living which comes in survival to possess the quality of ritual. Life comes to share divinity in such circumstances, and all activity has in it something ceremonial.

A feeling heart can still be moved by the tragedy of this hegira. It is not difficult, in imagination, to live with the tribe through the encroachments of prolonged drought in which slow starvation ate at the communal vitality until the most conservative elders could hold out no longer against the urging of the radical young men, so that at last the revolutionary enterprise was undertaken. The idea of irrigation is very old and, to an agricultural folk, obvious. But the remaining fear of raiders must have opposed the easy solution with some persistence. Perhaps detached parties went out to prepare the new home by the river; perhaps the canyon home was kept for generations while seasonal camps were set up in the distant valley and the harvest carried home laboriously as is still done at Acoma. Much of the record cannot be read with any certainty.

But there are quite clear indications of what happened later, after the great change had taken place and prosperity had become stabilized through the piling up of many generations of labor in public works and in

well-built homes. For it became necessary to build watchtowers, two of which still remain, of course in ruins; and this can only mean that professional raiders came down out of the hills to carry off the produce of the fields. There was other wealth, too, for the arts of pottery, basketmaking, and weaving were far advanced.

Curiously enough, in view of all the labor to be done in cultivation, but especially in building and maintaining public works, the hafted tool was never arrived at; nor, for construction work, was there anything for mixing the *caliche* (which is the desert subsoil) of which their buildings and their ditch banks were made, except stone or wooden blades to be held in the hand. Most of the masonry was laid and pressed with hands only, of that there can be no doubt; the marks are there for all to see just under the smoothed plaster surface. This lack of hafted tools was doubtless the conservative elders' first justification.

Then, what to do about the enemies, the raiders? With some reconstruction, mostly justified, it can be surmised that not one tribe but many filled pretty much the whole river valley. With an assured food supply, and under the certain sun of that country, the Indian culture had about the highest development it reached within what is now the United States. The watchtowers were probably put up at a late time when there was accumulated wealth to be protected, and neighbors to be notified of dangers as well as enemies to be looked for at certain seasons. And now there came what seems to have been, in the shortened perspective of a thousand years, a tremendous intellectual struggle which ended in defeat and obliteration. The watchtowers had to go higher.

In Europe the builders of the cathedrals invented the flying buttress to meet a problem identical with that which confronted the Gila River farmers — the sustaining of the weight necessary to achieve height with the materials at hand. The record of the struggle to find the solution they needed, which seems so simple now, is all too clear. The strain of thought and effort and the despair of failure can be felt vicariously. First the *caliche* walls were thickened; then, when it was found that even the thickest walls would not sustain the weight of a four-story structure, the first level was filled in completely so that it became a mud slab, really an artificial hill with plastered

sides, standing six or eight feet high; and on this another story or two could be built. But this neither gave height enough nor space enough inside. As height was gained, the roof weight was harder to sustain; the walls could hardly bear their own weight finally, and their thickness destroyed their utility for occupancy.

And then came the greatest intellectual achievement of this people: the discovery of tapered walls with inside plumb. This gave the whole structure an inward thrust and enabled it to bear the roof at a certain height. It seems now that only a short step had to be taken to invent the added thrust of the buttresses which would have raised the height sufficiently for many miles of clear vision in the Southwestern air. But it was never achieved. The towers never gained enough height for useful observation or enough interior space to accommodate an effective defending group. We can see that the cathedral builders had a better material to work with. Cut stone is superior to earth. Yet the buttress principle, with some modification, was certainly available.

The tribe vanished. What is to be known can be read almost casually at Casa Grande now; a people that could not, among them all, find the genius to achieve the hafting of tools or the thrusting of buttresses succumbed not to superior competition but to what seems like an accident of unintelligence. Were they too tradition-ridden, after the settled years, to accept an innovation in building? Or was there just not enough inventiveness among them to discover that innovation? They went a long way, but having gone so far, and the price of security in the new situation being an even further advance, they failed.

And the results were the same, measured in tribal survival, as though they had stayed and starved in their canyon and had never listened to the young radicals, who, as is obvious now, took too pessimistic a view of the then present, and altogether too optimistic a view of their own and their children's capacities to meet the crises of the future. The tribe lasted longer by some hundreds or maybe thousands of years, perhaps; but if it had a short lease on existence in a new place, it involved itself also in tremendous physical labor and intellectual effort; and doubtless in much suffering, only to perish in the end.

R. G. TUGWELL

SNAPSHOT OF A WHITE-COLLAR WORKER

'THE way it looks to me,' said Mr. Jameson, as he put the new muskmelons on display, 'is that Business and Politics are fighting it out for control of the United States.' Although I have long been a good friend of John Jameson, I had never thought of him as a private or noncommissioned officer in that great American army of white-collar workers. At what point in thirty years of being salesman, chain-store employee, and bookkeeper Mr. Jameson discovered the fact, I don't know. But that morning there was no doubt he thought of himself not only as Jameson, but as an articulate — not to say voluble — member of the largest economic group in the United States.

There was a time, I meditated, as Karl Marx had said in the mid-nineteenth century, when the proletariat was getting bigger and bigger at the expense of the artisan and shopkeeper. But then the trend reversed itself. The proletariat shrank, the salariat grew. Today in the United States, through recruiting millions of Jamesons, the American middle class is larger — under almost any definition — than the working class. But long before I could toss out this bit of observation Mr. Jameson had done so himself.

Last year John K. Jameson became the proprietor of a small market and grocery on Front Street. Cheerful and tireless, he is certainly winning customers away from the A & P. 'I suppose,' he remarked, lifting a crate, 'store managers and white-collar people don't produce anything really, and that is why they're caught between the producers — between Capital and Labor, you might say.' Mr. Jameson talks easily about politics or anything else, and certain phrases he enjoys as much as a ripe apple, but it must be added that his customers are less apt to carry away his economic opinions than some fragment of moral philosophy. 'What we need in this world,' Mr. Jameson told me yesterday, 'is unselfishness and more people aiming at the Middle Way.'

All his life Mr. Jameson insists he has been on a white-collar job, or what he calls 'the servicing end, in one way or another,' of our economic system. His parents came from Ireland and Scotland and settled in Massachusetts. Since he was in the fifth grade at school he has been supporting himself — but

not as a manual worker. He has been an auto salesman, has worked for a company which serviced farmers with spare parts of reapers and tractors, and in half a dozen American cities he has been a chain-store employee. 'I have been rubbing up against Mr. John Q. General Public for years,' he summarizes, 'and usually rubbing his most sensitive spot, the pocketbook nerve.' We were interrupted by customers. Mr. Jameson gave careful directions to a housewife where to buy the soap compound which he didn't have in stock, and carried a carton of groceries over to a customer's car. Though now a 'business man,' Mr. Jameson's manner of living hasn't changed much from what it's always been — except working hours. He's at the store from eight to six, Saturday nights to eleven, Sundays nine to five — long hours being one way to 'beat chain-store competition.' He lives with his wife in a little flat on Pearl Street.

The great dramatic turning points of the past twenty years have *not* been turning points in Mr. Jameson's life. When America entered the World War, Mr. Jameson was not called to the colors. The Draft Boards skipped him, and, feeling neither belligerent nor adventurous, he did not enlist. No one ever called his 'Americanism' into question. When the Great Depression descended like a cloud over the United States, he worried a lot about the future, but it never destroyed his faith in the American Way. (His job continued at reduced wages.) And the New Deal? Mr. Jameson feels it was a good thing to throw the Republicans out in 1933, and it will probably be a good thing if the Democrats are thrown out in 1940. 'When any party stays in power too long,' Mr. Jameson observes, 'more and more of the taxes leak into the pockets of the politicians. They become cocky and cease to be the servants of the people.' But in spite of this fixed distrust of Washington, Mr. Jameson has no fixed beliefs for or against the New Deal as such. On Monday morning he said to me, 'Roosevelt should have been bolder, gone all the way down his own street with his own program. That would have solved things.' On Wednesday afternoon he said, 'The business man has been interfered with too much. What this country needs is a new administration to give Business confidence.' The truth is, Mr. Jameson has not yet identified either party with the real world of the Jameson market and his flat on Pearl Street. The

candidate who makes that identification will win his vote.

'Why did you resign from the chain store?' I asked. 'Have you been planning for a long time to become your own boss?'

'No indeed,' he answered. 'I don't care about being my own boss, but I wanted more *security*. Now I've got it. That was the only reason. . . . Whenever I saw that car from out of town with license number 934 come up the street I felt like running for a storm cellar. I knew that in the space of five minutes I could be promoted or fired — by License No. 934. "Increase business or else . . ." Chain stores, you see, have certain rules; if you break them you're fired. Now one of them is giving credit to customers. But how do you increase business? By taking it from another store, of course. You do that by breaking some rule which the other store has *already* broken to get *your* business.'

He contemplated human nature in general with a certain sadness only slightly mixed with resentment at License No. 934.

'Big stores,' he continued, 'of course swoop down on the little ones like vultures, — dog eat dog, — but come right down to it, though, what the average man wants is security.'

We were interrupted by two small customers, one for ice cream, the other for candy. 'They're happy,' Mr. Jameson remarked, 'completely absorbed in the joys of the moment.' After the boys had left he looked at me thoughtfully: 'How are we going to find jobs for those youngsters when they grow up? What's going to become of them?' He came out from behind the counter to give me the answer. 'It's the younger generation we've got to think about,' he said earnestly; 'give them the chance we've all had once.'

'How?' I asked.

'Right now to solve unemployment we should shut off immigration,' he answered; 'in fact, encourage people to get out of the United States.' He looked at me a little apologetically. 'That's hard-boiled, of course, but we should balance that with something else. As I see industrial employment today, it's like a long line of men marching. The older men are at one end of the line in the best places. They have the jobs. This end of the line come the younger generation marching along into the labor market without money or jobs. Now the front of the line should step aside and let the youngsters take their places. That's where Social Security

comes in — to give the old people enough to live on. But more than that, it should be explained to the older men that they ought to be unselfish enough to step out and give Youth its chance. They'd do it, too, and more unselfishness in the world wouldn't hurt a bit.'

On most social questions — as on this one — Mr. Jameson is apt to stress his hope for moral betterment. In fact, moral questions interest him far more than all of economics and politics put together. And it's possibly because of his Calvinist ancestors that there's a strong streak of religious fatalism left in his system. 'I believe,' he explains, 'everything is predestined and blueprinted for a man when he is born; even when his will drives him very hard, even when he does the unexpected, that is predestined too.' He declares that there is a 'compensating principle in life.' When a man 'wins success and a lot of money, he loses something somewhere else. When a man loses success and is poor, he is likely gaining something else, though he may not know it.' Speaking of the impact of the modern world, he complains that 'nowadays people want too many things.' Having spent a lifetime serving people's wants, he has about concluded that a lot of them are futile, not worth the 'work and worry.' 'Gadgets, automobiles, radios, and electric ice boxes — you read the advertisements and you *must* have them. So you worry, saving up — buying on installment. . . . But are people any happier than they used to be?

'Of course,' he adds, 'I believe in progress.'

And to the leading question, 'Have you got what you wanted out of life?' he finds a spiritual answer. What he wanted as a young man he insists were ephemeral things and of no importance. To hold the current job, make money enough to enjoy himself. 'I was very cocky and self-centred,' he says in self-criticism. Now he has another philosophy.

'I'm a married man,' he says with emotion. 'You are, too. Well, isn't it true that we enjoy the keenest moments of pleasure when we can do something for them? I used to be selfish, — I still am, of course, — but I know I'm best satisfied when I'm too busy to worry, and doing something for another person. . . . I've certainly been talking too much; the truth is, I haven't any filter between my mind and my mouth. And all this is just one man's opinion — you understand. I hope I haven't been wasting your time.'

CHARLES R. WALKER

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: A DEFINITION

IN the variegated mail evoked by this department I come upon an occasional passage that stands out as if typed in a color of its own. Remembering such a passage and turning back to it, I half expect to find it literally embossed in red-gold or purple. I am mildly surprised to find it indistinguishable in sober black, as well as, very likely, so neatly ambushed among pedestrian notes and queries that I cannot even get my eye on it without a search. One such passage, exactly a year old on the day I write this, I wish to share for my readers' pondering, on the chance that their thinking and growing may revolve around it during the next twelvemonth as persistently as mine have during the past. It consists of one sentence only:—

I learned to talk among people who spoke the English of Thoreau and Emerson; and when I was taught otherwise in school, in most cases I came back later to our home speech, because I found it to be better grounded than that of our teachers or the makers of our schoolbooks. — A. T. RICHARDSON, *Long Beach, California*

That record of experience, to a reader above a certain age and capacity, says all, and, for the place and moment, let it be all.

THE DRAGNET

PREDECEASE. Is this a word? Webster says yes without reservation (*'v.t. & i. To die sooner than'*). So do the lawyers, who find it handy in wills. So does a writer in the Auckland (New Zealand) *Weekly News*, in paying his respects to a Mrs. Parkin who, at ninety, claims 175 living descendants and 'was married twice, both husbands *predeceasing* her.' About this last I should never have known if the clipping had not been sent to me from a South Sea island by one who, I hardly need remind most of my readers, has an uncommonly telling way with words. To my present question he replies with an emphatic No, saying:—

I hope you have as enjoyable a chuckle as I had — or perhaps you will sigh. Being personal, may I ask if your family is predining you today?

— ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE, *Puka-Puka, Via Apia, Samoa*

This clash of opinions suggests the compromise of a critically useful classification of words that are not words, on the analogy of Lamb's *biblia a biblia*, books that are not books. *Predecease* may well head and represent the species. A brand-new coinage, even more horribly metallic, is *navicert*, which appears to be the British Admiralty's name for a certificate of immunity from search for contraband, issued to a neutral vessel that establishes the nature of its cargo before sailing. Are there other nominations?

THE MISPLACED NEGATIVE. From Judge J. C. Ruppenthal, who is secretary of the Judicial Council of the State of Kansas, come some examples of a logical confusion of the whole with a part that my informant remarks is 'very prevalent in legal and political literature,' as it certainly has long been in journalism and general reading matter. For instance, an opinion handed down by the Supreme Court of Kansas states: 'The difficulty . . . is that all of the evidence was *not* documentary,' meaning that *not* all of the evidence was documentary. The same authority pronounces:

'Every amendment of a pleading which substantially changes a cause of action is not erroneous,' when it means 'Not every amendment . . . is erroneous.' It is difficult to understand the mental attitude that sees no difference between 'All of those present were not entitled to vote' and 'Not all of those present were entitled to vote.'

The same indifference at the popular level is exemplified in some notes handed me by a next-farm neighbor: —

'*The Salesman* is a slow, sombre, carefully weighed novel designed to prove that all salesmen do not make jokes about the farmer's daughter.' — Alfred Kazin, in a review in *Books* (*New York Herald Tribune*)

'All the laws in the state do not apply equally to men and women.' — News item in the *Sun*, New York

'We know that everybody listening in is not a Grainger smoker.' — Radio advertisement

An analogous error that Judge Ruppenthal also illustrates is the verbal inclusion of something in a category from which its very nature logically excludes it: e.g., 'The Vermont act of 1896 is the briefest of any of the absent-voter laws which have since been passed,' which classifies an act of 1896 as one of those that have been passed since 1896.

FOOTNOTE ON 'BY' AND 'WITH.' That I did not, in my limited space, get really to the bottom of these prepositions as idiomatic respectively for the actor and for the agent of action, my mail brings me a prompt reminder: —

I think it is *not* 'nearly or quite obligatory' to say 'hit on the head *with* a brick.' There is room for the expression '. . . *by* a brick,' which means something quite different. If you were repairing your Vermont chimney and unfortunately dropped a brick which slithered off your roof and hit an innocent bystander (for example, myself), this would be an instance where the victim was hit *by* and not *with* the object in question — eh, what? If you were to hurl the brick at someone with felonious intent, that would be quite another matter.

— PERCY CHASE MILLER, *Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts*

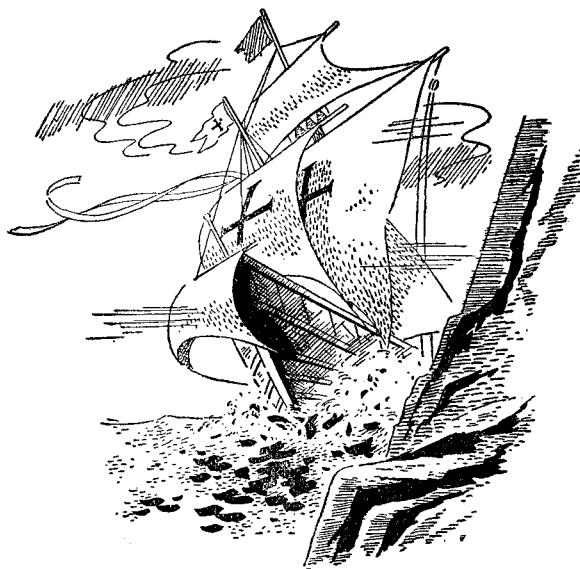
Mr. Miller is dead right, and the facts call for an additional generalization — one too lax to be termed a rule. Put it thus: In the absence of a volitional actor (signified by *by*) or when the actor is left unmentioned, the agent (normally signified by *with*) may, though passive, be construed as the actor and introduced by the actor's preposition — i.e., *by*. A moment's reflection will show that this is likeliest to happen when the verb is passive (as in the example of the accidental brick) or active with a logically passive meaning (as in '. . . perish [i.e., be killed] *by* the sword') — brick and sword being treated, by a perfectly idiomatic rhetorical assumption, as conscious agents of malice. Thus, the dog that is struck *by* a man *with* a club may, if we choose, also be struck *by* a club; and when we leave out the man we are likelier than not so to choose.

STRADIVARIUS IS THE BEST RADIO. A recent advertisement proclaims: 'Like the name Stradivarius on a violin, the name Scott Custom Built Radio has become generally recognized as the "World's Finest Radio."' Syntax being what it is, this seems to me to assert clearly (a) that the name of a thing is the thing itself, as primitive tribes believe, and (b) that the name Stradivarius (on a violin) is thought to be the finest radio. But, by hypothesis, the name Scott (on a radio) is also thought to be the finest radio. So — as our juniors pertly say — what?

WILSON FOLLETT

NEXT MONTH THE ATLANTIC BRINGS YOU ANOTHER GREAT BOOK

TO THE *Indies*



BY
C. S. FORESTER

A rousing Novel of the Sea by the author of
CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER



More Truth Than Poetry

The Atlantic Serial

CHAPTERS XXI-XXIX

By HANS ZINSSER

IN the first installment of his biography of his *alter ego*, R. S., Dr. Zinsser described his German parents and his early experiences. At Columbia he fell under the spell of poetry and philosophy, and of biology as defined by Edmund B. Wilson and Bashford Dean. Graduating from the laboratory, he went out to the Western plains, where he had his initial experience of anthropology.

Then came study in Paris, and afterwards return to Manhattan to plunge into hospital training. We read of his career as an ardent young interne, ranging through the city with the ambulance. The pages are peppered with anecdotes of the poor, of the old New York slums, and of the great doctors he served under.

As a German-American, R. S. was growing restive, and he felt in the winter of 1914-1915 that Germany, defeated, might be grafted with the republicanism his people had come to America to find. With this conviction he joined the Red Cross Typhus Commission for Serbia and plunged straightway into pursuit of the disease, managing as usual to chalk up adventures as experience. The Commission isolated the spotted-fever virus and mixed in the whirlpool of the Eastern war. Shocking years of the 1920's drew him to serve and distrust the new Russian government, laboring against cholera and living with universal fear instead of suffrage. Rightly enough, the March installment concluded gayly with a bow in favor of Boston. The biography goes on to treat of Mexico, Hart Crane, the Orient, and new faces.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

BY HANS ZINSSER

XXI

WITH the usual digressions, R. S. describes his work in Tunis with his friend, the great scholar Nicolle: —

How fervently I have often wished that my parents had been pious Christians and that, in the plastic years of childhood, before I had learned to think, my mind had been moulded in the comfortable belief in a life after death! How pleasant it must be to look placidly forward to rejoining, in heavenly surroundings of one's own imaginative preference, those who have made our lives on earth richer and happier! The thought of death would be considerably mitigated for me by the expectation of seeing again — among others — Charles Nicolle, and renewing for a piece of eternity those summer evenings at Sidi-bu-Saïd where, as the cooling breeze came up from the sea, we walked together chatting of relapsing fever, trachoma, dysentery, brucellosis, Carthaginian archæology, Roman mosaics, mediæval legends, French Encyclopædists, and many other things dear to our hearts.

And heaven might do worse than appear like Sidi-bu-Saïd, with the evening sun golden on the quiet waters of the Gulf of Bizerte and a cloudless sky darkening over the high shore where Carthage once stood. And if, together, we could have a small celestial laboratory and discover a few avian diseases like psittacosis, roup, or fowl pox among the angels, paradise were paradise indeed. Except for the infected angels, we had all these things, more or less, in Tunis for a little while.

I went to Tunis entirely on Nicolle's account. For years we had been in correspondence. In 1915, we had a rendez-vous for work together in the Balkans, but the French Government needed him at that time and our meeting was postponed. Already, even then, he was beginning to stand out as one of the great living bacteriologists — with no contemporary peers, in my judgment, except Bordet, Landsteiner, and Theobald Smith. The World War and the intervening period of concentration on theoretical problems had, for ten years, carried me away from the fields of work in which he had gained distinction. But in 1928, again returning to problems of typhus fever, I wanted to see him. Differences of opinion had arisen, new methods had been devised, and correspondence was unsatisfactory.

It was the beginning of a friendship that started in our heads and soon extended to our hearts. North Africa is an Eldorado for the student of infectious diseases. There are Malta fever, *fièvre boutonneuse*, relapsing fever, typhus, kala azar, leprosy, malaria, and odds and ends of tropical infection that come up from the oases in the south. There were many things to learn and much to discuss, and I was especially interested in trying to overcome some experimental difficulties by transmitting typhus to monkeys with lice from human beings. Nicolle received me with open arms. He gave me a laboratory, a technician, and all the materials I needed — even to a supply of bearded Arabs, who furnished the in-

sects. Best of all, he gave me his friendship.

Nicolle was one of those men who achieve their successes by long preliminary thought, before an experiment is formulated, rather than by the frantic and often ill-conceived experimental activities that keep lesser men in ant-like agitation.

Indeed, I have often thought of ants in observing the quantity output of 'what-of-it' literature from many laboratories. I once watched a swarm of ants, on a lazy summer afternoon, and wondered why they had acquired the reputation for sagacity attributed to them by sentimental entomologists. One ant, I observed, was carrying a weighty bit of straw from one place to another, obviously making heavy weather of it. Instead of going around grass blades and sticks, he laboriously climbed over the tops of them, then painfully fell off and trudged onward — passing on the way, and even finding at his destination, bits of straw quite equal in beauty, size, and conformation to the one he had packed so strenuously over obstacles. My impression was that this ant was making a fool of himself. Yet there are bacteriologists and, for that matter, many people in other callings just like my ant.

Nicolle did relatively few and simple experiments. But every time he did one it was the result of long hours of intellectual incubation during which all possible variants had been considered and were allowed for in the final tests. Then he went straight to the point, without wasted motion. That was the method of Pasteur, as it was of Bordet, Theobald Smith, Jacques Loeb, and Landsteiner, whose simple, conclusive experiments are a joy to those able to appreciate them. For there is an 'art' of experimentation which is as elusive of definition as the art of color, sound, or letters. Indeed, there is a Pegasus for science as there is for the arts; and he, like his mate, spreads his wings only when he feels on

his flanks the thighs of one whom the gods have appointed to ride him.

In the case of the louse discovery, Nicolle had carried out no more than a half-dozen crucial experiments after years of observation of the disease and its epidemiology. In this instance, the experiments were easily confirmed. In some other matters his reputation was rather damaged than otherwise by this habit of doing just enough work to convince himself and not carrying through far enough to convince others. He was one of the first, if not the first, to assert — on the basis of a meagre experimental material — that epidemic influenza was a virus disease, and it was so described in French textbooks some ten years before the cultivation of the virus proved him right. Like other superb experimenters — Pasteur among them — he was always precise in his observations, but less interested in the theories based upon them. Practically all the work he did was of an intensely practical nature, suggested by the problems he encountered in the field and at the bedside. Next to his typhus discoveries, his greatest service was the determination of *infections inapparentes*, the fact that animals may contract many diseases and transmit them without showing any — or only very slight — symptoms.

Apart from his scientific distinction, however, Nicolle was of the stuff of which the French Encyclopædists were made. I have seen his cultural scope approached only by a few Frenchmen and an occasional German of the old school — a type of learning that cannot be acquired by study alone, but represents the ripening of gifted minds that are attracted by everything about them worthy of interest.

Nicolle was novelist, philosopher, and historian. His day began at five in the morning, when he sat down to write until seven-thirty. These were the hours that produced his essays and his prize novel. Then a frugal breakfast, and he and his associates worked in the labora-

tory until eleven. The heat then sent us to our rooms until three, a period of the day when the entire town of Tunis went to sleep; even the camels lay in the shade of the hedges, and the wandering bands of Arabs rested near the wells, sleepily scratching themselves. Although, as far as the camels were concerned, the above is not strictly accurate. They are strange and, to a horseman, mysterious beasts. I have seen some of them in the suffocating heat of an African summer noon lie in the sun, not ten feet from the shade of a green hedge, eating a dry stick of wood with all signs of sybaritic enjoyment.

After three, we all worked again until seven, and in the evening we wandered out to Sidi-bu-Saïd or Carthage for dinner near the shore, with good food, passable Tunisian wine, and amiable conversation.

Those evenings linger in my mind as among the most happily peaceful I have spent. Either Nicolle chose his men with unusual sagacity, or it just happened that he attracted kindred spirits. Burnet, now his successor, distinguished for studies on leprosy and Malta fever, was the author of a highly intelligent book of literary criticism. The entomologist was a poet; and one of the assistants a classicist who in his leisure hours was studying Roman archaeology. The conversation covered wide ranges from French literature to Arab architecture and Roman art.

It is this wide scope of cultural interests in many people quite as competent as our own in their special fields which started me thinking about the superiority of the French and the former German secondary education over our own. I have met men, old and young, of these nations all over the world, and have often been impressed by the fact that, unlike most of our compatriots of high specialistic learning, they showed signs of a richly cultivated intellectual subsoil. At the officers' mess on a French auxiliary steamship, I once took part in

a conversation which started with Diderot and Lamartine and then, through Bergson, passed on to William James, the second engineer and the purser locking horns on Science versus Metaphysics. A discussion of this kind would be unthinkable under similar circumstances among American or English sea dogs, perhaps for the good of our naval services. However that may be, as conditions are now, I believe it is wise for an American specialist to conceal his extraneous interests until eventually they die of inanition, lest he be regarded as eccentric and incompetent.

Subsequently I saw Nicolle almost every year. We spent hours with his friend Père Delattre, head of the White Fathers and most learned on Carthaginian excavation. This old gentleman and his order again aroused in me that deep admiration for certain activities of the Catholic Church to which I have been so often reluctantly constrained in spite of my utter lack of philosophical sympathy with its tenets. The White Fathers, so-called from the Arab burnous which is their costume, are trained in the Carthage monastery and then sent to Equatoria, whence only a fraction of them ever return. Like their colleagues of the various orders I later met in China, they are keenly alive to medical problems and carry physical as well as spiritual comfort to the interior. Delattre himself was an urbane, learned, and kindly gentleman whose friendship alone was worth the journey.

In subsequent years Nicolle and I explored the historical corners of Paris and of Rouen together, and when separated we wrote to each other once every month. In Rouen he showed me the house of Corneille and the residence of Flaubert's father, surgeon to the Hôtel-Dieu. We saw the old Abbey where part of *Manon Lescaut* was written, and the garden pavilion on the Seine where *Madame Bovary* was created, a page or so a day. He introduced me to an old man who had known the Bovary's first

husband, the apothecary, the one whose feet were always cold in bed; and to another who had had a speaking acquaintance with Boule de Suif; for it appears that, to the town's consternation, both Flaubert and de Maupassant took many of their characters from their neighbors in Rouen. There was another friend who had spent his lifetime determining precisely where Jeanne d'Arc was burned — about ten metres away from where it was supposed to have been. For this correction he has his bust of bronze in the public square.

I was with Nicolle and his family for a week at Nice a short time before he died. With him died one of the last great figures of the French school that took off from Pasteur, Roux, Chamberland, and Metchnikoff. Bordet is the only survivor of this breed of giants. For me, Nicolle's death was the end of something that I knew was irrecoverable. It was of the same order of sorrow as had been the death of my father.

Flaubert once came to Tunis for local color when he was writing *Salammbo*. As a result, he put American cactus hedges into ancient Carthage. As a matter of fact, these were not brought to North Africa until the time of Maximilian's adventure in Mexico. Now the cactus borders all the roads, and the wandering Bedouins live on the cactus pears when they can't get anything else.

These roaming bands aroused my curiosity to penetrate south, for North Africa soon casts a spell over one that grips the imagination. But don't be afraid that I am going Robert Hichens on you! There were no romantic adventures, except that I spent a few bibulous evenings with a young Russian engineer and his two lady friends, exploring the walled Arab quarters and, with them, being received in the home of a wealthy Arabian date planter. But Arab houses have been described *ad nauseam*. I did not get into any harems. The Russian,

one of the poor expatriated upper class, glad to escape with their lives and to find frugal livings in the four corners of the world, was employed in a phosphate mine between the southern oases of Gabes and Tozeur.

It has been a mystery to me, in my wanderings after the World War, why there has been so relatively little feeling for the exiled White Russians. There has been a laudable and entirely justified sympathy for Jewish expatriates, Spanish communists, and for the Chinese, with organized relief and humane propaganda. But of all the unfortunate exiles whom the dreadful brutalities of the modern world have victimized, I have seen none more miserable or, on the whole, more appealing than these abandoned Russians. I have run into them in all corners of the world, — in Africa, in France, in China, Manchuria, and Japan, — utterly demoralized by suffering, only a few capable by intelligence and training of remaking their lives on the old standards. My young Russian engineer was one of these. He invited me to visit him, and I traveled along the coast through Sousse and Sfax, the Hadrumetum and Taparura of Roman founding, later strongholds of the piratical lords of the Mediterranean.

Wherever I went, I was impressed with the wisdom of French colonial policy. In every town, the old walled Arab quarters were surrounded by developing French settlements — the Arabs living and doing business as they pleased, the French establishing schools, developing agriculture, and in no way dispossessing the native populations. Many young Arabs go to French schools, learn the language, and, absorbing French customs, become Frenchmen. With the older ones, customs and religion limit social intercourse. But there is none of the White God attitude of the British, or the concentration on business with which Americans go among foreign populations. The native Jews were referred to as 'Israelites,' and that alone gives

them a dignity that they rarely enjoy among other nations.

It appeared to me that the French gave the natives in their colonies a sense of being an important part of the empire and not a mere helotry. In the oases, the fertile, cultivable land was left to the Arabs, who were — at Tozeur at least — the rich proprietors. At Gabes, on the coast, there was a strong garrison of Spahis and native infantry, for it is on the border of the Italian possessions, and even then Mussolini was casting covetous eyes on Tunisia. The Russian and I went swimming at Gabes in a surf warmer than our bodies, rolling across white sand. With us at the time, bathing by military order, were a company of coal-black native troops driving camels and donkeys into the waves ahead of them. I rode a borrowed camel and got seasick.

At Gabes I met the leader of a caravan that had come in from the south. He was a fine-looking old cutthroat — tall, bearded, and dignified, swathed in cloth which seemed to me far too hot for the climate. They told me it kept out the sand and the 'heat.' It did not keep in the smell. Yet in spite of all these superficial differences I was again reminded of the essential brotherhood of man by the fact that this fine old fellow was the spit and image of a distinguished professor of pathology in Boston, except that his aroma was not one of formalin and xylol. He spoke some French, and we talked horses. He showed me some of his, and almost dared me to ride a fascinating little white *barbe*, because I had 'talked big' — as I often do when it comes to horseflesh. The little thing — it was only about fifteen hands — promptly ran away with me, out of the oasis into the desert, heading in the general direction of the French Sudan. When I got almost out of sight of the palm trees, I managed to turn him around and steer him where the sand was softest, and finally he got tired. We came back to the camel enclosure at a walk.

The old man wanted to give me the horse for a thousand francs. But what I wanted to bring home was a camel — only the American consul stopped that, when I suggested it, because of a camel disease which was under quarantine. How I should have enjoyed showing up in full regalia at the Groton Hunt on a camel!

I should like to have seen more of my new friend, but I had to get back to Tunis to finish my work, via Kairawan, the sacred city where the 'mosque of a thousand pillars' is built with marble columns stolen from the Roman villas on the site of Carthage. On the way, I passed through El Djem, where the stone coliseum surrounded by desert, easily large enough to hold two or three thousand people, is impressive of the enterprise of Roman penetration and suggests that Roman Africa must have been fertile enough to nourish much larger populations than it can accommodate today. Much might be written about Roman Africa, where, under the vigilant valor of the Third Legion, a civilization was developed that gave Rome great soldiers, administrators, and scholars — among them Fronton, the rhetorician and tutor of Marcus Aurelius. This knowledge induced me to buy in a Tunis bookshop and reread the great Emperor's *Meditations*, which had deeply impressed me in my youth. This time, though he still impressed me, he also gave me the feeling that he must have been a terrible prig.

The thought which puzzled me, after seeing these monuments of past glory and realizing that Rome and the Vandals had been displaced by a vigorous Arab civilization, was the suddenness with which Mohammedan culture had been arrested after the twelfth century. For several hundred years these conquerors had represented the flower of human thought in medicine, philosophy, mathematics, and even in tolerance. Yet suddenly it all stopped.

This remains a problem for the his-

torian. Nicolle thought the answer was polygamy. 'How can a man with four wives do any constructive thinking?' It is not as simple as this, and remains a mystery, especially since the Moslems under Mansur, in the eighth century, were familiar by translations with Aristotle, Euclid, Plato, and Hippocrates, long before Greek thought had been re-discovered in Europe. They just didn't go on to a Renaissance. It is one of those problems that make endless opportunity for pleasant discussion, but it is just as insoluble as that of the origin of syphilis.

I flew back across the Mediterranean, stopping at Ajaccio for gas. It was like a ride on the magic carpet. At eight in the morning, in an African city — camels, Arabs, and the Atlas Mountains on the horizon. At seven in the evening, in a dinner jacket in the restaurant of a gay hotel at Antibes.

XXII

In 1931, R. S. caught rats in Mexico, and was in turn captivated by Mexico's charm.

The life of a student of any science is a constant series of frustrations. From his own observations and those of others, a trellis of theory is built up beyond the solid stakes of fact. The investigator constructs scaffoldings of experiment which break down again and again, and are as often reconstructed with the weak points reinforced. Eventually, as soon as he has tied down an elusive shoot, he loses interest and is lured by the ones a little higher up. There is never an end, and never a complete satisfaction — as there may be in the arts, when a perfect sonnet or a good statue is in itself final, and forever.

The scientist's temporary relief from constant dissatisfaction with his own accomplishment comes with those interludes in which he projects his technical and theoretical training into a problem of practical application. R. S. consciously used his opportunities for field work and hospital consultation for such purposes

of intellectual consolation and reinvigoration. His work in Serbia, in Russia, and in the army had, moreover, given him a taste of periodical excursions into the practical. Possibly if he had concentrated his interests within narrower fields, he would have approached more closely to his own conception of the true scientist. But he was temperamentally so constructed that he could not help trying to run a three-ringed circus. He usually had two or three theoretical problems on his hands, was engaged — such was his nature — in a series of acrimonious controversies, was lecturing to students, directing assistants, and scribbling sonnets on the backs of envelopes and unpaid bills, besides eternally revising his books. When he suddenly ran away to some remote region on what he called a 'job,' I knew that it was as much a question of necessary release as of purely scientific purpose.

The Mexican journey was largely the result of correspondence between him and his friend Mooser, who had sent him a strain of typhus with which he and his assistants, Batchelder and Castaneda, had done much preliminary work, disproving the filtrability of the virus, confirming the causative rôle of the little rods that Mooser had seen in guinea-pig infections, correlating these with the European Rickettsia bodies, passing them through lice, etc., etc. When Maxcy's observations — of which he tells below — came to his notice, R. S. felt that proof of the Maxcy hypothesis could be brought only during an epidemic in a large city. Besides, he wanted to go to Mexico.

As usual, he had to get up steam by indulging in a little rambling: —

It is an erroneous impression, fostered by sensational popular biography, that scientific discovery is often made by inspiration — a sort of *coup de foudre* — from on high. This is rarely the case. Even Archimedes' sudden inspiration in the bathtub; Newton's experience in the apple orchard; Descartes's geometrical discoveries in his bed; Darwin's flash of

lucidity on reading a passage in Malthus; Kekulé's vision of the closed carbon ring which came to him on top of a London bus; and Einstein's brilliant solution, in the patent office in Berne, of the Michelson puzzle, were not messages out of the blue. They were the final coördinations, by minds of genius, of innumerable accumulated facts and impressions which lesser men could grasp only in their uncorrelated isolation, but which — by them — were seen in entirety and integrated into general principles.

The scientist takes off from the manifold observations of predecessors, and shows his intelligence, if any, by his ability to discriminate between the important and the negligible, by selecting here and there the significant stepping-stones that will lead across the difficulties to new understanding. The one who places the last stone and steps across to the terra firma of accomplished discovery reaps all the credit. Only the initiated know and honor those whose patient integrity and devotion to exact observation have made the last step possible.

All this is apropos of why I went to Mexico.

The louse transmission of typhus fever had been proved by my friend and preceptor, the late Charles Nicolle, that great and versatile scholar who won the Nobel Prize for this discovery in the same year in which he was awarded the Prix d'Osiris for his philosophical phantasy 'Marmousse et Ses Hôtes.' It was generally accepted, after this, that the bite of an infected louse was the only manner in which typhus could be acquired by man. In 1926, however, a young surgeon in the United States Public Health Service, Kenneth Maxcy, studied the sporadic cases of typhus fever which, for a good many years, had been occurring throughout the Southeastern United States. Maxcy, a careful and unhurried observer, approached his problem without preconception and with complete objectivity. After a detailed investigation of the distribution of such

cases, their seasonal and local occurrence, and the circumstances surrounding a large number of individual infections, he concluded that this Southeastern American disease was not, in these instances, louse-transmitted. He suggested some other insect vector, and the possibility of a virus reservoir in animals associated with man — possibly rats, or mice.

His logic was as precise as his epidemiological survey, and constituted the basis from which his fellow officer Dyer, and my colleagues and I, were able eventually to establish the truth of both conjectures — namely, that this variety of typhus has its interepidemic reservoir in domestic rats, is kept going among these animals, and is occasionally transmitted to man by rat fleas. I mention these technical details, however, only to establish the reasons why I went to Mexico in 1931.

The disease which Maxcy studied is in every respect identical with the typhus fever which occurs with regular periodicity in the highlands of Mexico City. There my friend, the irascible, courageous, and devoted Herman Mooser, had long studied it, and from there had sent me not only material and information, but — best of all — his greatest gift to me, my faithful collaborator, Maximiliano Ruiz Castaneda. When Maxcy's papers came out, we were engaged together in a number of other jobs that had to be finished before we could turn to the rat question. But finally, in 1931, we were free of preliminaries, and when Mooser telegraphed in late March that an epidemic, probably starting from the old Belém Prison, was going on, and offered laboratory space, I took passage on the old Ward liner *Orizaba* for the faithful Ruiz and myself.

In order to do the work projected for Mexico, it was necessary for us to take with us a strain of the typhus virus with which we had been working, the peculiarities of which were thoroughly familiar to us. We wanted this strain to

compare with any similar ones we could pick up in Mexican rats. At that time, though we have improved all this now, the only known method by which a typhus virus could be maintained was by continual animal passage, either in rats or in guinea pigs. In consequence, it was necessary to take with us five or six infected rats and a similar number of normal ones, so that we could make transfers from rat to rat en route.

It was essential that our infected animals should not be inoculated until the very last moment, in order that they might last without transfer at least until we arrived at Vera Cruz. For this reason three rats were inoculated in our laboratory in Boston on the day before departure for New York, and another set were inoculated on the sink of a friendly doctor's office in New York about an hour before the ship sailed.

On the night before leaving New York, I went to a literary cocktail party of the type in vogue among the younger aesthetes in New York at that time, at which the cocktails were composed of 50 per cent alcohol, with glycerine and a little flavoring of orange juice. At this party I met a short, stocky, and powerfully built young man, with a friendly, heavy face under a ferocious pompadour, who was slightly tight when I arrived and who impressed me, in spite of his uncouth appearance, by his excellent choice of English. As usual at such parties, I did not catch his name, but on the following morning I saw him again on the ship, and found that it was Hart Crane.

Hart Crane's tragic career has been described with rare understanding and gentleness by Borden. At the time that I met him, he was on his way to Mexico on a Guggenheim Fellowship, in order to saturate himself in the Mexican atmosphere while writing an epic poem on the Conquest, planned along lines which Archibald MacLeish somewhat later carried to such splendid fulfillment. Crane attached himself to Castaneda, to whom he took a strong liking; and in his

poetic imagination — largely and incessantly stimulated by beer and highballs — the work in which Castaneda was engaged assumed heroic and fantastic proportions.

Crane had much charm. When — obviously drunk — he walked along the deck with a glass in one hand, a bottle of beer in the other, and smilingly addressed other passengers, he gave no offense. He was rarely entirely sober, but even so his conversation was not only reasonable, but often impressively intelligent; and his literary discrimination and generous taste did not seem to suffer under his alcoholism. The books he had with him consisted almost entirely of critical essays and collections of poetry. He seemed to read immensely, and, essentially self-educated, he had a breadth of literary information that was extraordinary. He spent a great deal of time in Castaneda's cabin, solemnly contemplating the rats, which held a terrifying fascination for him.

Unfortunately, he had parted with most of his first quarterly Fellowship installment before he left New York, dining his friends, and long before we approached Havana he was in danger of running dry. By that time we had developed a sympathetic friendship for him, since he was a generous, warm-hearted person, obviously drinking hard because of intense unhappiness. His unhappiness took root in certain freely acknowledged abnormalities against which he seemed to have ceased struggling and which had made life in the United States intolerable.

In Havana there was a famous café — the Diane — where the meals were excellent and the wine was more so. We tied up to the wharf around five o'clock in the afternoon, and the three of us, after driving about the city for an hour, went to the Diane for supper. We ate and drank well, Hart Crane doing nobly with an extra bottle of Chablis. After supper he borrowed some money with which he bought a couple of quarts of

Bacardi. We were back on board at about nine-thirty in the evening. Crane retired to his cabin with the Bacardi, and Castaneda and I went to take a look at our rats. The infected animals had been worrying us because during the last day or two they had appeared listless and had developed diarrhoea, and three of them were near collapse. We were afraid that these had developed a paratyphoid infection and that the remaining animals might suffer similarly and die before we arrived at Vera Cruz, where we expected to be able to transfer virus.

Two of our rats were lying on their sides, hardly breathing and obviously in their last moments. We decided to throw them overboard and clean out the cages so that we might have some reasonable chance of keeping the others alive. We wrapped the sick ones in paper and carried them to the top deck, hoping that no one would see us. The presence of the rats on board was of course unknown to anyone except ourselves, Hart Crane, and the well-bribed room steward.

The ship was tied up to the wharf, and freight handling was still going on. Lighters were alongside with strong searchlights playing on them. Nevertheless, we threw the rats in, landing them in the sea between two barges, but — unfortunately — directly in a strong streak of light. Contact with the cold water revived the animals and we could see them as white streaks swimming hard against the current, trying to get to one of the outboard ropes that were holding a lighter. It was an anxious moment, because the rats were typhus-infected and, although dangerous consequences were remote, we did not think with easy minds of the possibility of introducing infected animals into the hold of a harbor craft. However, the current won, and to our great relief the weakening animals were carried into the harbor and passed out of sight.

While we were concentrated on this

spectacle, rather more anxious than the circumstances warranted, Hart Crane had left his cabin and we found him standing beside us, gazing into the water with horrified eyes — seeing the rats, indeed, long after they had actually disappeared.

A year or two earlier, in Paris, Crane had had some trouble in a café, had been arrested and held for a night in an *arrondissement* police station. In the French jail he claimed he had seen a rat which he described as large and hairy and as big as a poodle. In that case the rat was magnified by Pernod, as in this case by Bacardi. The Paris animal started a complex, and now, considerably excited, Crane saw rats in every silvery wave that, in the glare of the searchlight, lapped against the sides of the lighter. He began to recite in his deep, loud voice, as though he were scanning lines from his *Bridge* poem: —

‘The Doctor has thrown rats into the harbor of Havana.

The Doctor has thrown typhus rats into the water. There will be typhus in Havana.

The Doctor has thrown rats into the harbor. . . .’

We tried to pull him away, but he was a powerful person, and while we were struggling we heard steps approaching and saw gold lace on a cap; whereupon both Castaneda and I thought it wise to disappear behind a lifeboat. The approaching person was, fortunately, the stolid Scandinavian First Officer, Mr. Jensen. We listened to the following conversation: —

CRANE. ‘The Doctor has thrown rats into the harbor of Havana. One rat is as big as a poodle.’

JENSEN. ‘What’s this about rats? You’re soused, man.’

CRANE. ‘No. Look, look! See that rat climbing up the side of the lighter! His eyes shine. He has typhus. The Doctor has thrown typhus rats into the harbor.’

JENSEN. ‘Come, come, man — get to bed’ — pulling at his arm.

Jensen, to our great relief, was taking

it for granted that this was part of an alcoholic fantasy. But the situation became still more complicated. Out of the shadows stepped a dusky little officer in police uniform, the Cuban Port Officer. In very bad English he asked:—

‘What’s this about throwing rats into the harbor of Havana? Who’s talking about typhus?’

CRANE. ‘The Doctor has thrown typhus rats into the harbor. See them swimming about? One is as big as a poodle.’

JENSEN. ‘Don’t mind him, Mister. He’s just one of them drunken Americans.’

Castaneda and I slid along the dark deck, found a gangway, and sat in my cabin uncomfortably waiting developments.

After another ten minutes, we heard a group of struggling men clatter along the corridor, and Hart Crane’s booming voice:—

‘I’m telling the truth! There are rats all over the harbor, and the rats have typhus.’

Then we heard him shoved into his cabin, the slam of a door, and the turn of a key. We breathed more easily.

By morning, we were on our way. Crane came out of his cabin, walked the deck as usual with his bottle of beer, and ran slap into the Captain. The Captain was a Bluenose, of the fine-looking fisherman type, whose name—improbable as it may sound—was Blackadder. He had received a report from Officer Jensen and was roaming about with the intention of sizing up the alcoholic passenger. They met face to face, and the Captain engaged Crane in conversation. Fortunately, the rats had been completely forgotten for the moment, and Crane—who could be very charming in his sober intervals—chatted with the Captain about the excellence of the ship and how pleasant the voyage had been.

‘And what are you in private life, sir?’ asked the Captain.

Crane threw back his shoulders and proudly said: ‘I am a poet, sir!’

The Captain looked at Crane, shook his head, turned on his heel, and walked away.

I saw a lot of Crane in Mexico City and in a suburb where an American woman writer had given him a room. He used to drop into the Mansera Hotel when I was out and introduce himself to the barkeeper, who had orders to give him what he asked for. I had tried to cut down Crane’s alcohol, but it made him unhappy. The barkeeper always told me with pride: ‘Your friend the great poet was here and had three Bacardis.’

The Mexicans are often charming and childlike. Crane was arrested two or three times, but when the police discovered that he was a poet they kept him only long enough to make sure he could safely go home, and then released him. Crane had an appealing and lovable nature, and was unquestionably a man of great gifts which might have flowered into coherent beauty had he been more stable. On the way home, some months later, again on the *Orizaba*, he leaped into the sea one morning off the coast of Yucatan.

We arrived at Vera Cruz and were met at the boat by the local Mexican Health Officer, who arranged the admission of our animals to the Republic of Mexico, immediately took us to the little Public Health Laboratory, where we were able to transfer blood from the infected to the normal rats, and then conducted us about to show us the town.

XXIII

The Mexicans must be getting very tired of the gush of literature about them that has flowed from the pens of American travelers, artists, and correspondents during the last few years. They do not enjoy being patronized, nor do they like to be written about as though they were a sort of tragicomic theatrical

anachronism on our continent. To understand them one must have intimate Mexican friends and develop a respect for a civilization that, utterly unlike our own, yet has values which, in our intensely commercial and practical development, have been neglected and may never be recaptured.

If they have no middle class, their greatest obstacle to the achievement of the national power to which their resources entitle them, it is largely because they have had an enormous Indian population to amalgamate into national solidarity; and if they seem to have exploited this Indian population in the past, they have not, at least, ruthlessly destroyed it — as we have our own — and are making slow but definite progress in moulding their Indians into an agricultural, self-supporting population from which, eventually, will spring the middle class they require.

As a matter of fact, the Indian population is Mexico, and that is the main reason why we do not understand the Mexicans. Their developing civilization starts from a base line quite different from our Anglo-Saxon, fundamentally commercial one. They do not want to be exploited by our industrialists as they have seen these 'empire builders' exploit our own natural resources. They may be right or wrong about this, for all I know. But they are right in being afraid of us. They also think that we are extremely funny. There is quite a lore of Mexican witticisms about Americans.

There was a beggar in Cuernavaca who used to rob the old graveyard of skeletons and sell them as souvenirs to American tourists, saying: 'This is the skeleton of the great deliverer, Juárez.' He sold one of these for ten dollars to a gentleman from Chicago. The next day the same customer was still in town, but the beggar didn't recognize him and again offered him a skeleton. This time, however, since he was running short of graves, the bones were those of a child.

'But you sold me Juárez's skeleton yesterday,' said the American.

'Oh, yes,' replied the beggar, 'but this is his skeleton when he was a baby. This you may also have for ten dollars.'

The American bargained him down to five dollars, and bought the baby.

Then there was the American diplomat who was in Mexico many years during the Díaz régime, and never learned Spanish. When he returned to the States he was asked whether the Mexicans were intelligent people. 'Oh, so-so,' he replied. 'You know, I was in Mexico fifteen years and the Mexicans didn't learn English.'

The difference in the points of view of the two nations is illustrated by the experience of an American lady who saw, in a shop in Mexico City, a wicker chair which she thought had exceptionally beautiful lines. She asked the price, which was ten pesos. 'How much would you charge to make me a dozen like that?' she asked. 'Two hundred and fifty pesos,' said the carpenter. 'What!' she exclaimed. 'Ten pesos for one and two hundred and fifty for twelve?' 'Yes,' replied the Mexican. 'It would bore me so much to make twelve, one just like the other.'

Yet Americans used to be more like that before the business disease struck us. Up in Vermont there are some left, like the old storekeeper in Morgan Center who said, when children wanted to buy picture postcards: 'I don't keep 'em any longer. There was too much demand for them.' There are a lot more who would like to be like this. But they are swept down the drains of competitive trade.

Purged of all scientific jargon, our work in Mexico consisted of mapping the typhus foci in the city, selecting houses in which cases were occurring, and then setting to work catching as many rats as possible; also collecting resident bed-bugs. When the rats were trapped, they were carefully gone over for fleas and

rat lice. The rat brains (where typhus virus would be found if the animals were infected) were injected into guinea pigs; likewise the well-ground bodies of bed-bugs, fleas, and so forth. For this part of the work, my Mexican associate, Castaneda, and I were given space in the American Hospital (largely served by German and Swiss doctors) in the laboratory of Herman Mooser.

This lovable, kindhearted Swiss was, and is, one of the best scientific observers with whom it has ever been my good luck to work. Without him, we should probably have failed. He is a little, sturdy bombshell of energy whose brutal honesty has made him many enemies among all but equally honest people. He is now professor at the University of Zurich, every inch of his five feet four a man and a scientist — with a mind like a bell and the temper of a Gatling gun. It was worth the trip to Mexico to know him. His laboratory was on a part of the hospital lawn where, in a tent, one of our most brilliant American bacteriologists — Ricketts — died of typhus in 1910.

The rat catching would not have been possible without the coöperation of the Mexican Surgeon General, Dr. Raphael Silva. Silva was a type of the Mexican upper class which will probably disappear as an expensive sacrifice to socialism. Wealthy, highly cultivated and polished, almost a professional musician, a pupil of d'Albert, in his own name a composer of considerable accomplishment, Silva entertained me a whole evening in his palace playing his own compositions. At the same time, he was a good doctor and an administrator who developed as effective a health service as the conditions of the country permitted. He furnished us with traps, transportation, epidemic information, and a professional rat catcher.

Do not sneer at rat catchers unless you have tried to catch rats alive. Poisoning them is mere amateur stuff. And, besides, when you get dead rats all their

precious vermin are lost, since these little creatures have the wisdom, as soon as their host grows cold, to leave him and seek other pastures. But to catch rats alive is an art, and our Gustavo was an artist. He knew rats — he looked like one. He understood their psychology, the routes they were likely to take, and the places where food would not look suspicious.

Now, when I first set my eyes on Gustavo, I did not expect much of him. He was about five feet high, dusky of face, distinctly *Indio* of type, dressed in blue overalls and a red shirt, a wide-brimmed and very greasy hat perched jauntily on his thick mop of straight black hair. He looked dangerous, yet in spite of his dilapidated appearance there was that air of pride about him that characterizes the lowliest Mexican when confronted with a gringo.

'Can he really catch rats?' I asked, knowing that rat catching was not everybody's business.

'Can he catch rats!' was the answer. '*El hijo de un pez puede nadar.* (The son of a fish can swim.) His father was the best rat catcher in Mexico. His grandfather before him. It is in the blood. Be reassured. Place your faith in Gustavo, and you will have rats as you wish, when you wish, and from where you wish — old rats, young rats, mothers and babies. Leave it to Gustavo.'

At this high praise, Gustavo drew himself up to his full one hundred and fifty-two centimetres and stuck out his chest.

Gustavo knew that a rat's most effective defense is his sense of smell. Now of course it did not require the acuteness of a rat's nose to become aware of Gustavo. Even with a cold, I knew where he stood without looking about. But he made up for this by his technique. He never touched a trap with his hands. The cages were flamed between usings; they were handled, baited, and set with long forceps. They were put in just the right places. And so, thanks to Gustavo, rats began to come in with happy rapid-

ity. The eighty-sixth rat from the Belém Prison showed typhus. We established, together with Dyer's flea experiments, the rat reservoir of Mexican typhus. We got the credit. It was Gustavo who deserved it.

The University of Mexico is the student's paradise. Students have a voice in the University government. If a professor flunks too many pupils, out he goes on his ear. Not even the Deans are safe. It is as though Harvard were governed by the Editorial Board of the *Lampoon*. It may yet be so with us in a slightly different manner, if the young men from the teachers' union succeed in their present propaganda. We might have a sort of educational New Deal, with learning appraised somewhat as Granville Hicks appraises literature — if it isn't good, honest, revolutionary stuff, it's not good art or science; and Petrarch, Keats, Goethe, and the like, couldn't get to first base in our English departments.

I should like to have stayed longer in Mexico. In few places have I felt so happily comfortable as among these simple and essentially courteous and docile people. Also, they have a lot of fascinating diseases up in the back country. But there was work waiting for me at home, and the job for which I had come was done. I left with the feeling that this country will contribute immensely and correctively to our Northern civilization when we learn to approach its people without the arrogance and avarice that have characterized most of our past relations with them. Of course they have had a lot of revolutions. But these are due less to political ineptitude than to a national indigestion engendered by their greasy flapjacks, their chili sauce, and their pulque. Dyspepsia is the breeder of political discontent, and when it hits a whole nation it leads to riot. Give the Mexicans a good home diet, cheaper beer, and tons of soap and flea powder, and we shall have a great, tranquil, and friendly neighbor.

XXIV

R. S. turns to the political incompetence of professional people, and gives some reasons why he loves France: —

Plato says somewhere in his *Protagoras* that, even though a man be a good flute player, this is no reason to consider him an authority on politics. I may have garbled the phraseology, but the sense is that of Plato's thought. But like so many platitudes set down by great philosophers, often quoted and too simple to be misunderstood, this one has had little or no influence on human action; and the world, still waiting for the disciplined and trained governing class recommended in the *Republic*, is being guided, as always, by what may be broadly referred to as 'flute players.' We have apparently again reached that phase in the cycle of political history at which, as Aristotle foretold and Polybius described, democracy — having developed *ad absurdum* — is destroying itself and is forcing the pendulum back into the swing of autocracy, 'Fascism' or 'Bolshevism.' At any rate, as one of the French leading writers (Was it that clever Gallic Aryan, Jules Sauerwein? Or Léon Bailby of *Le Jour*?) said, 'The time has come at which no citizen of any country can afford to remain indifferent.' But what good does it do not to remain indifferent?

I resented deeply not being allowed to remain indifferent, when it made no difference whatever whether I was or was not; especially when this interference with my indifference distracted me from my concentration on those interests in which by nature and training I was alone capable of rendering some little service to my generation.

Accordingly I made up my mind, though I did not succeed, to remain indifferent, and I welcomed the chance to make a quick trip to Geneva to a League of Nations conference on epidemic control. And though I was reluctantly beginning to approve of much that our

government was doing, I wanted to get away from all the New Deal business and the headlines about Messrs. Wallace and Ickes and Eccles, Madame Perkins, the CIO, the WPA, PWA, SEC, TVA, etc., etc. Also, I hadn't voted for the whole Roosevelt family. I was sick of Sistie and Buzzie and Jimmie and Elliott and John, of 'My Day,' and of the everlasting smile on the Presidential countenance in every picture, however serious the issue or however disturbing the speech. I thought it would be nice to get away from politics, economics, and class consciousness. I would seek the quiet byroads where there were peasants and mountains, fields, streams, *poulet rôti, soupe à l'oignon*, and Pernod.

As I passed through Paris, it happened that a distinguished Belgian scientist I had long known and admired was giving lectures at the Pasteur Institute. Hearing that I was passing through, he invited me to dine with him at M. Cholot's 'Ane Rouge.'

There were twelve at table, four of them among the most distinguished scientists in France. The conversation, when it became serious, was largely political. Everyone there was *Front Populaire* and the opinions that were expressed were of a type which in America would be labeled 'red.' One of the men (there were two women present, one of them a physicist of high standing) was in Blum's cabinet. Deceived by the tone of the conversation into believing that these people whom I so admired were convinced communists, I made a remark which indicated that I hoped France would be spared the fate of Russia. Right then and there I received an education in French psychology which should have been unnecessary.

'You quite misunderstand,' said the physicist. 'What happened in Russia will never happen in France. We are not internationalists. We want social justice for France. We are and will remain a democracy, and the tricolor, not the red flag, will remain our emblem. We would

oppose a dictatorship of the proletariat as vigorously as we are now opposed to a dictatorship of the financiers. But only liberalism toward labor and reform in our industrial and economic life can save for France the solidarity and the national pride which the Revolution gave her and the Commune consolidated as the French Republic.'

Frenchmen may quarrel among themselves, but conservative and radical together agree with Renan that '*La France est charmante comme elle est.*' A German, E. R. Curtius, who has performed a noble but so far futile task in attempting to explain the French to the German nation, knew long ago what I learned on that — to me — memorable evening on Montmartre. In his *Essai sur la France* (1932) he said: 'Justice is not, for the French, a mere theoretical virtue; its power over the French spirit is considerable. . . . It [sense of justice] is a reaction [of this people] with which politicians of all parties are familiar. . . . We have seen generals of the Third Republic proclaim to their troops: "You will impose respect for justice because, more even than liberty, equality, and fraternity, it is the sentiment to which the French will adhere above all others."'

France can be conservative and radical at the same time. Radicalism in France is as much an intellectual as a political movement, and is not, except in certain industrial centres, determined — as so largely with us — by economic condition. The past is strong in France, and in all classes there is the powerful influence of what Barrès has called '*la terre et les morts.*' As Montégut said: '*La vérité est que la France, pays des contradictions, est à la fois novatrice avec audace et conservatrice avec entêtement, révolutionnaire et traditionnelle, utopiste et routinière.*' France may go far to the left in the sense of adjustment to the new social order. She will not do it as Russia did, with destruction of all the heritage of the great past. She has had her great

revolution, but, violent as it was, the real France survived it.

It is a great pity that all those wise foreign correspondents who write our books about European conditions so rarely are competent to dive below the surface of the superficial political storms into the deep and powerful ground swells of national character and tradition. But even if some of the more able should succeed in doing this, the American people would probably not understand.

One warm and sunny day I accepted an invitation from a friend to visit a fishing club which meets in a region of *étangs* and river overflows not far from Paris. Fishing in France, it should be observed, is an occupation not in any way comparable to the same sport in Anglo-Saxon countries. When an American or an Englishman — especially an Englishman — speaks of going fishing, he is alluding to an upper-class accomplishment which necessitates a highly specialized and expensive equipment, — such as hip boots and cloth hats draped with half-concealed fish hooks, — involves a technical vernacular concerning pink hackles, green widows, and so forth, and an air of sportsmanly superiority not unlike that of those who play polo and ride to hounds. Fishing in France is quite another thing. It is a democratic occupation that requires only the simplest equipment, very little knowledge, not much water, and, in most cases, seems able even to dispense with the fish.

I once knew a man who had met someone who had seen a friend catch a fish in the Seine. I have taken this story on hearsay. But as far as my own experience over the course of a great many years is concerned, I have seen many thousands of French fishermen holding anywhere from one to four long bamboo poles over the waters of almost all the French rivers, — the Seine, the Marne, the Loire, the Doubs, the Oise, the Indre, and so forth, — over an incredible num-

ber of *étangs*, ponds, and even puddles; I have watched them for hours on end (one of the great charms of France has always been the fact that one can watch people do things or doing nothing for hours on end and not feel that one is losing time), and never have I seen any one of them catch a fish.

It is all very well for gentlemen like Izaak Walton, Bliss Perry, Stephen Leacock, and others to expound upon fishing as the occupation of philosophers. But when the Anglo-Saxon fishes, he takes the whole thing unphilosophically; he travels long distances, he climbs hills or 'carries' between lakes, he 'whips' streams and 'plays' fish, and whatever else is necessary; his fishing involves thought, aptitude, effort, and attention. Now it may well be that I have had bad luck, and that occasionally in the history of *faire-ing la pêche* in France a perch or a *brochet* has been actually caught. A great many Frenchmen have fished for many centuries. But even so, I assert that catching fish is not the primary purpose of fishing in France.

The French fisherman with a day off takes his wife and his one or two children, his mother and father, or his wife's mother and father if they are living with him, a large basket of provisions, — sausages, bread, *brioques*, and wine, — a little bait, and five or six long and cheap bamboo rods; and, either on foot, by bicycle, tramcar, omnibus, — rarely by motor, — he goes to the nearest body of water in which a fish might reasonably live. Going to such a body of water is about the only concession made to the ostensible purpose of fishing. On his arrival there, the hooks receive each a bit of worm or of yesterday's veal or pork, and are dropped into the water with cork floats to hold them at the right depth. The rods are then fixed on shore, the children start a game of some kind, and their elders begin to converse with each other or with neighboring groups — for the chances are that there are similarly fishing households ten or

fifteen yards away on either side. Or, again, if the fisherman is alone, when the rods are in place their owner will stretch out and go to sleep until it is time for lunch.

There are many ways of doing it, but the principle remains the same. The French fisherman is the real philosopher. He fishes because the quiet, the peaceful scenery, the soothing swish of the waters, rest mind and body and give him time to think about the destiny of France.

Leaving my friends to their poles and flat-bottomed boats, I walked along the banks of the Marne canal. I came upon a solitary fisherman.

'What luck?' I asked.

He roused himself from a lethargic concentration on three corks bobbing on the muddy water, and ignored my question.

'*Les anglais* like to walk in the sun. Me, I like to sit in the shade.'

'How about a little Calvados?' I asked, pulling a flask out of my pocket.

This broke the ice. I gave him a sturdy dose in the metal screw-cap. I sat down and had one myself. He had another. I had another. We each had two more. I became interested in the corks.

'Do you ever catch anything?'

'Once in a while,' he replied, 'but it doesn't matter. What is a fish or two? They aren't very big anyway. It's the calm. No wife, no children, no *patrons*, no politics. Here I am — alone in France.'

This gave me my cue.

'What do you think of the state of affairs? Is France approaching an economic revolution?'

'*Je m'en fiche*,' he said. 'Me, I am a mechanic. My friends work in factories and shops. We are making poor livings, but we live. Our children get educated — the schools are free. We have enough to eat. Our wives are working at one thing or another. Mine keeps an *épicerie*. Her father is a farmer. We get butter and eggs when he has them to spare. And if there are no fish in the Marne, it

is still a restful pleasure to go fishing — nevertheless.' He laughed. 'Is there another little drop in your flask, *mon-sieur*?'

I stretched out on the slope beside him. Here was a kindred spirit. He 'en-fiched' himself. We might have become firm friends in the solidarity of convinced 'en-fichism,' but we both went to sleep, and when I woke up the sun was setting and he was gone.

XXV

I was back in Paris during the following winter, this time to take part in the teaching at the École de Médecine. It turned out to be one of the happiest experiences of my checkered career. I was among colleagues many of whom were old friends and acquaintances, and the French medical students were as responsive a lot of youngsters as it has ever been my good luck to teach — displaying, incidentally, a great deal of courteous patience with my difficulties with the subjunctives and *passés définis* in my lectures. By courtesy of my friends of the Pasteur Institute, I was given a laboratory in that institution, so that my own work could be carried on without interruption. The genial and kindhearted Charles Martin, one of the few survivors of the old guard, was then Director.

Roux, the discoverer of diphtheria toxin, had died the year before — but fortunately I had had the good luck to know him for some years before his death. He was the last of that small group of Pasteur's intimate disciples whose names are inscribed, with that of his teacher, on the permanent rolls of our profession. Small, frail, and shrunk with age, Roux remained until the very end keen, alert, and almost fanatically devoted to science. The Institute was his life and he expected from others the same exclusive concentration on the work which had governed his own existence. For years, and I suspect always, he had

lived the life of a recluse, almost that of a saint — frugal, asking nothing of the world but to be left undisturbed in the rue Dutot, now the rue du Docteur Roux.

As he grew more feeble and less able to work, his mind turned — as so often happens in old age — to the past, to memories of the great master and the glories of those days when, with Chamberland, Duclaux, Metchnikoff, — all of them now gone, — he had 'assisted' at the birth of a new science. It was a strange experience meeting him, for it was hard to realize that one was actually speaking to a person who had known and worked with the legendary figure which Pasteur has become to those of us who are his disciples. So much has happened in our subject since he founded it that one forgets how relatively short the space of years, and seeing and talking to Roux was like meeting someone who had known Saint Francis.

During my winter of teaching at the University of Paris I had occasion to make comparisons between French students and those of other nations with whom I had associated. In France the educated classes — a definition which there corresponds less than in other countries to the economically affluent — move forward largely as a result of competitive examination. Education being free throughout, the leaders of national life, whether political or otherwise, are composed more than elsewhere of the most industrious and intelligent of whatever social layer. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the peculiar qualities of French academic youth may be of considerable significance in the determination of the nature of national life in general.

In France the students may be of a wide range of ages, some of them having decided upon medicine relatively late in life, others coming straight from the *lycée*. Since their eventual standing depends upon actual capacity for success in the *concours* more than upon pleasing any individual professor, they adopt a

critical attitude toward their courses. To lecture to a group of these French pupils is an amusing, though at times harassing, experience to a teacher accustomed to American conditions. He is greeted at each meeting of the class with considerable applause, but a poor lecture is sure to result in the departure of large numbers of students, and at the end may earn as much stamping as clapping from those who are left.

During my short incumbency of the Visiting Professorship at the University of Paris, there was a disagreement between the medical students and the academic administration. Apparently for political purposes, the government had allowed certain foreign students to gain admission to the *Faculté de Médecine* on a basis somewhat less rigid than that demanded of native applicants. The student body had given the administration one month in which to remedy this. When, at the end of this time, nothing had been done, they called a strike. I was to lecture on the first day of this strike, and in the morning was called on the telephone by the Dean of the School and informed that my class would have to be postponed. I went to the Medical School to see what was going on, and found a situation which would be inconceivable in an American institution.

The short *Rue de l'École-de-Médecine* was barred at the open end on the *Boulevard Saint-Germain* by a double row of *agents*, and in the street itself, between the old Medical School building on the one side and the laboratory buildings on the other, there was a milling crowd of about a thousand students. The buildings had been thickly placarded with large signs, '*La France pour les Français*,' '*A Bas les Mètèques*,' and so forth, and with the names of professors of whom the strikers did not approve. Whenever a non-striking student tried to enter the buildings, he was taken by the scruff of the neck and literally thrown at the *agents*, who received him with open arms and passed

him through their lines, grinning and enjoying the fun. Faculty members were allowed to pass in and out, in many cases with a respectful greeting or cheers.

This went on for three days. During that time no classes of any kind were held. On the fourth day the Dean came out, harangued the picketing crowd, and invited a committee of students to his office to talk the matter over. It was amicably settled by due concession on the part of the administration, and we all went happily back to work, trying to make up for lost time.

The French system has many defects in its purely academic and intellectual aspects, most of these being due to tradition and to the historical concentration of intellectual life in Paris. With some of the best talent in the world, and a scientific intelligence that has proved itself again and again in the course of the centuries, the French medical system will not be as efficient as our own until decentralization occurs, the provincial universities are brought to a point of distinction at least comparable with that of Paris, and the students are distributed to the provinces in groups sufficiently small to be handled in the individual manner which is necessary for sound medical teaching. But the independent spirit and the unwillingness to be entirely docile which the French student displays are qualities which, inculcated in some manner into our own student groups, might contribute in a very important way to the proper growth of the American academic system, and might often act as a corrective of the ever-recurring stodginess that inevitably develops here and there. Incidentally, they would add considerably to the color and picturesqueness of our university life.

There must be, in the French spirit and system, some element which has long been active in leveling men and women according to talent rather than by birth or possessions. For it can hardly be accident that so large a percentage of those important in French intellectual

and political history have come from the stock of peasantry and the small bourgeoisie. One is constantly reminded of this by the statues and monuments in small villages such as those of Diderot in Langres and La Fontaine in Château-Thierry. And this thought leads me naturally to the afternoon when I first read the testament of Louis Pasteur, great-grandson of Claude-Étienne, who bought his freedom from the Count of Udressier for four gold pieces of twenty-four livres; grandson of a tanner of Besançon; and son of a corporal of the 3rd Regiment of the line, later a tanner of Dôle, and his wife, the daughter of a village gardener.

In the restaurant on the big square in Versailles, I met my friend Vallery-Radot. It was a rainy Sunday, and I had been wandering about in the stately gardens that one is accustomed to see in their summer glory, with flowers blooming, fountains in full play, and happy groups strolling along the paths. The paths were empty that day, gray, quenched in sleet, and melancholy as one of Verlaine's poems. I was glad to be among people again and to see a friendly face; for nothing is more saddening than to wander alone and a little homesick in the emptiness of a wintry park where one has spent happy summer days in gay company. Vallery-Radot, with the sensitiveness for the mood of others that I found so common among my French friends, seemed to notice that I wanted companionship.

After lunch he invited me to come with him to his mother's apartment in one of the old houses of the square, to see some personal effects of his grandfather's that had not been shown to the public. His mother had recently died, and Vallery-Radot was dismantling the apartment, trying to decide what to do with pictures, papers, and so forth, many of which had more than sentimental family value. He showed me pastel portraits done by Pasteur in his youth, writing utensils used by him, clothing, ornaments,

furniture; letters written by men who had played important rôles in the golden age of French bacteriology. Among all the things he showed me there was one that moved me deeply and that testifies, more than anything that has been said or written, to the infinite goodness and tenderness of heart of the man whose brain created a new era in the history of medicine. It is Pasteur's Testament. Vallery-Radot allowed me to copy it and gave me permission to publish it.

CECI EST MON TESTAMENT.

JE LAISSE À MA FEMME TOUT CE QUE LA
LOI ME PERMET DE LUI LAISSER.

PUISSENT MES ENFANTS NE JAMAIS
S'ÉCARTER DE LA VOIE DU DEVOIR ET
GARDER TOUJOURS POUR LEUR MÈRE LA
TENDRESSE QU'ELLE MÉRITE.

L PASTEUR

PARIS, LE 29 MARS, 1877.

ARBOIS, LE 25 AOÛT, 1880.

XXVI

God forbid that I should try to write about the Japanese and Chinese with any pretense of knowledge; for in writing of any foreign country today the traveler is hampered by competition with many who can speak with the authority of long residence and, often, scholarly insight. Once there were large white spaces on maps of the world in which there were no lines for rivers, marks for mountains, or dots for towns and cities. In those younger times, Marco Polo, Hakluyt, Captain Cook, Mungo Park, Burton, Stanley, and other adventurous wanderers could fire the imagination with fascinating accounts of new horizons and strange peoples. And, even better reading, the *Munchausens* and *Mandevilles* could tell unchallenged tales to fill the hearts of the restless with desire to believe. Today there is nothing left of this kind except the icy reaches of the poles, with impenetrable mountain ranges being named — for all we care — after American millionaires; and even were it dis-

covered that there were great iron deposits under some 'Socony Range' in Little America, few of us would get any of the thrill that must have swept through innumerable hearts on the return of Columbus to Palos.

As for China and Japan, these are today better known to the world at large than certain areas in northwestern New Jersey. They have been widely written up and, in our own time, Chinese scholars like Lin Yutang and numerous Western residents of China like Crow are interpreting the Oriental customs and ways of thinking with authoritative information. And Gunther has accomplished a task in explaining their present political evolution which, as far as an interested but inexperienced observer can judge, could not have been performed with greater thoughtfulness and equity of judgment. There would be little sense, therefore, in adding another travelogue in the manner of Burton Holmes or Lowell Thomas.

I went to China at the invitation of the Peking Union Medical College to work with Chinese pupils on the methods of prevention of certain infectious diseases and to give lectures on a few allied subjects. Of course I could write about the country in the manner in which British lecturers and Dr. Duhamel have written of America, but I was really in China a little too long to do this with the needed assurance. Moreover, while my knowledge of China, *qua* China, is not great, my acquaintance with the Chinese is based on a long association with Chinese medical students and colleagues, many of whom have become intimate and affectionate friends. These were, to be sure, all of the upper intellectual tiers, but none the less able interpreters of the mentality and customs of their people. Yet I am keenly alive to my limitations, and make no claim to profundity of understanding. If, therefore, any opinions I express are at variance with those of others, I should advise the reader to accept the other

fellow's views without giving the matter too much thought. On the other hand, as will be seen, many things that I record were told to me by those more well-informed. These things I am inclined to take seriously myself.

For upward of twenty years I have had Chinese students in the various laboratories in which I worked, and I came to understand much about them which saved me from the patronizing sense of superiority which has characterized so much of the Western writings on their country. From Tsen, Chu, Wu, Tang, Zia, Yü, Huang, Wang, Lim, and Wei, I learned that the capacity of the cultured Chinese for comprehension, affection, friendship, and the appreciation of moral and artistic values is, at best, quite equal to anything the West has produced. Missionary-educated and conditioned by a preliminary training in Asiatic philosophy for the reception of the best that Christianity has to offer, these boys differed from their American fellow students largely in the fact that they were Christians in the spiritual sense of the word, actually guided in their behavior by what are colloquially spoken of as 'Christian principles.' Thus the work of earnest missionaries has contributed materially to the development among the earlier Chinese converts of that pious docility which constitutes such an ideal soil for commercial exploitation when, in the usual course of events, business follows the Cross.

If only we had succeeded in similarly Christianizing the Japanese before they learned some of our other tricks, we should probably now control treaty ports in Yokohama and Kobe, with millionaires and unlimited markets and cheap labor; and the present disgraceful cutting in on our natural rights over the Asiatic continent might never have come to pass.

On the steamer across the Pacific I was still tired as a result of my hurried departure from a busy laboratory, and

perhaps this influenced the opinions I gathered of my fellow travelers. More than that, however, my impressions were guided by my friend Polisson, whom I encountered unexpectedly in the smoking room on the first night out. The last time I had seen Polisson had been about five years before, when we had met in a café on the Cannebière in Marseilles and had together crossed to Tunis on the Messageries boat. He was one of those post-war wanderers who, for one reason or another, found themselves unable to readjust to the humdrum of civilian life after discharge from the armies in 1918. One met that kind all over the strange places of the world during the temporary outbreak of peace between 1918 and now.

Some of them, like Polisson, had no personal obligations, a little money, and intellectual curiosity. Others were disgusted with the trend of European civilization and wandered merely to get away from it. Some were voluntary political refugees, hating the developments at home. Others, again, were just restless adventurers, in the intellectual rather than the merely physical sense. I ran into many of these 'denaturalized' ones on different occasions, and found them often among the most independent and intelligent types of their respective nations. There was the anti-Nazi German scientist who had abandoned a distinguished place at home to eke out a precarious living by practising first-class medicine in the native quarter of Mukden; there was the German ex-professor of philosophy whom I met in the poorest quarters of a Chinese city where he was frugally living and becoming daily more learned in Chinese philosophy and art; another, an Englishman, one of the most cultivated men I have ever met, had been walking and hitch-hiking through China for several years, living on a pittance from home, collecting photographs and sketches of frescoes and statuary in out-of-the-way Chinese temples. There were others — but we must get on.

Polisson had lived in China since I had last seen him, had learned Chinese, and had become deeply interested in ceramics and jade carvings — a natural development, since at home before the war he had kept a little art shop in the rue St.-Augustin. Here he was, on his way back to Peking after a visit home, looking just as comfortably dilapidated and ungroomed as in Marseilles. His good-natured, round face was framed in a moth-eaten, untrimmed beard; his hair was uncut and unbrushed, and he wore what appeared to be the same black, badly cut suit he had had on five years before, except that there were new leather patches over the elbows. We were happy to meet again and sat drinking Canadian beer while the smoking room began to fill up with our fellow travelers.

These were troubled times, and, except for the passengers for Honolulu, the first cabin consisted almost entirely of oil promoters, machinery and automobile salesmen, and others engaged in some variety of profitable enterprise in the East, much disturbed because they were seeing the handwriting on the walls of commerce. For it was the general opinion that, whoever might be victorious in the present 'incident,' the easy pickings for the Western merchants were gone; either the Japanese would take over or, more amazingly insolent still, the Chinese themselves might desire to profit from their own markets and resources. Polisson, who spoke English like a native New Yorker, having lived there for a year, began to explain to me the species 'Western merchant in the Orient.'

'There is a slightly ridiculous arrogance in these mostly half-baked commercial employees,' he said, 'toward the race they are engaged in exploiting. They all have a little of the White God complex. Observe that group of red-faced men behind us who are drinking "gimlets." They enjoy shouting "Boy!" in severe voices, whether it is a drink —

which it usually is — or any other service they desire; and when the drink arrives you may notice the often painful contrast between the commonplace appearance and ordinary manners of the "masters" and the spiritual faces and gentle courtesy of the servants. I have rarely seen a brutal Chinese face.

'American dollars and English pounds,' he continued, 'at prevailing rates of exchange go a long way in China; and business agents, salesmen, and clerks who at home would live quite commonplace lives are able there to surround themselves with servants, assume the grand manner, and feel altogether like conquerors lording it over docile helots. The English set the standards, and the Americans ape them and are all very Kipling — writing "chits," having "tiffin," and so on. The top layer — who, in their native environments, might progress as far as the local country club — are quite horsey over there about the races and the feeble type of polo you will see them playing on Mongolian ponies. They all "love" the Chinese with the same amused condescension with which your Cincinnati Virginian who has settled in the Piedmont loves his "niggras." (I met some of those when I visited a cousin a few years ago.)

'As to friendship with educated Chinese, interest in Oriental art, culture, literature, and the incalculable treasure of their intellectual history — these you will find only among American, French, and German scholars, permanent residents, missionaries, doctors, and members of the diplomatic corps. In contrast to these, the commercial crowd still cling to an attitude toward the Chinese which was exemplified by the Opium War of 1839 and has been kept alive by the "treaty port situation," which permits foreign powers to establish their own governments and jurisdictions on Chinese soil, collect customs, set up police and garrisons, and disenfranchise the natives in their own cities. One of my Chinese friends once told me with

indignation of the exclusion of "Chinese and dogs" from a park in an important Chinese city.'

Thus Polisson. He may have been a little too bitter, because the beer was bad and, besides, he had become so 'Chinese' in his feelings that he seemed to resent the European 'superiority' almost as strongly as some of my Chinese friends.

XXVII

On the dock at Yokohama stood little Tamiya, waving his hat at me. He was rounder and fatter than I had known him, and he bubbled over with cordiality and friendship. At the Imperial Hotel, three other Japanese professors, all young, trained at Harvard and Johns Hopkins, were waiting. They were the men in charge of the new School of Hygiene which Rockefeller donations were building in Tokyo — a foundation probably superior in material equipment to anything of a similar nature in the United States. We spent the afternoon at the Institute for Infectious Diseases. They gave me everything I needed to transfer my cultures, and all the time I was working I was being photographed. Little spectacled assistants and even technicians were snapping kodaks in every corner. It is extraordinary how many Japanese wear spectacles. Is it a racial defect or is it the desire to appear learned? I did not venture to inquire.

Then I was taken the rounds of Japanese colleagues. In every office there was first a tea party, before we talked business. They requested transfers of my cultures and the demonstration of methods, but asked no embarrassing questions about my work for the Chinese. Indeed, the pose of the Japanese was that the 'incident' in China is something analogous to the English euphemism of the 'white man's burden.' They only wish to confer the blessing of peace and friendship upon the Chinese, and are going to see that they get it if they have to kill them to do so.

In the language of the woodshed, it hurts them more than it does the Chinese. That may be more true, in the end, than they now suspect.

At the invitation of the lovable and wise Nagayo, I lectured to the medical students of the Imperial University. The contrast of these students with our own and with the French ones was striking. Of course they understood little of what I was saying, though they are all taught English, but they were so courteously attentive that I almost believed they fully understood. In America, the students would have laughed or gone to sleep; in France, they would have stamped their feet and walked out.

Pierre Loti was right. The Japanese girls are charming. During a delightful but gastronomically trying dinner I caught Mitamura, the jolly professor of pathology, winking at me in genuinely American fashion. 'Later,' he said, 'we go to a geisha party.' It was in a guest-house, a place of entertainment where parties are arranged and the landlady summons girls of the type and number required by the host. It was as jolly and innocent as a children's party. Tamiya did card and sleight-of-hand tricks. The girls sang and danced. Mitamura had procured as my special companion a little geisha who looked as I had always imagined Madame Chrysanthème. She spoke English — strange, but comprehensible. 'Do many geisha girls speak English?' I asked her. 'Not many yet,' she replied, 'but we are getting ready for the Olympic Games.' If this had been generally known, Japan might not have lost the Games last year. The evening was one of laughter and childlike gayety, and was altogether charming.

I had lunch with the Harvard Club of Tokyo. There were present, aside from American residents, a Japanese admiral, several Japanese professors and merchants. I sat next to a lieutenant commander of the Japanese Navy who had taken a degree at Harvard under Professor Kittredge and now, in addition to



“Aren’t you glad your son had this picture taken?”

AN X-RAY PICTURE of your lungs may give comforting reassurance that you do not have pulmonary tuberculosis. However, it might indicate the presence of the disease.

► Although America’s death rate from tuberculosis was lower in 1939 than ever before, the distressing fact remains that this disease still is a major cause of suffering and death—and the *leading cause of death among young people*.

It is between the ages of 15 and 30 that the disease claims its greatest number of victims. So, to mothers and fathers who have reason to worry about their children’s lungs, and to young people within these age limits, the X-ray can be a friend indeed.

► For the X-ray helps to reveal tuberculosis *before familiar, obvious symptoms are recognized*. And when found in the early stages, the disease usually can be cured. So this simple precaution can save many months of suffering, sacrificed savings, lost earning power.

More and more schools and colleges are making available facilities for regularly checking the health of all their students. Progressive industries and communities are learning the economic benefits of discovering tuberculous cases early within large groups of people where the disease is apt to spread. Many communities already are offering tuberculin tests and X-ray examinations at low cost, or even free to those unable to pay.

► Of course, such examination is even more im-

perative in the case of those who are known to have been exposed to infection from a person who has active tuberculosis. Also in cases where the most common warning symptoms of tuberculosis are present, such as—persistent pain in the chest, constant sense of fatigue, loss of weight, frequent indigestion or lack of appetite, persistent cough or hoarseness, spitting of blood, afternoon rises in temperature.

Since medical science is today better able than ever to diagnose tuberculosis *early*, and to cure it when discovered *early*, the best way to stamp out this disease is to detect *early* cases and so prevent its spread.

► You can do much to guard your home against tuberculosis. Send for the Metropolitan’s free booklet, “Tuberculosis.” Write Booklet Dept. 440-T, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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his naval duties, was the most distinguished scholar and translator of Shakespeare in Japan.

At lunch at the Kitasato Institute I was the guest of Dr. Shiga. There is among the older generation of my profession no one more distinguished or more nobly exemplifying the best standards of the medical scientist than he. With much reverence he showed me a little shrine which Kitasato had erected in the Institute garden to his teacher, Koch. There was in this, as in some other Japanese customs, something attractively simple and childlike. I saw another example of the same thing at Osaka, where little Dr. Ito showed me a temple in which, each year, teachers and students of medicine devote a day of thanksgiving worship in honor of the laboratory animals sacrificed 'to knowledge' during the previous twelve months. Can one imagine the faculty and students of an American medical school going to King's Chapel once a year for a similar purpose?

My friend, a Swiss parasitologist, left his hotel room in Kyoto looking for the dining room. In the hall on the first floor he came face to face with a beautiful, flowerlike Japanese lady wearing the obi of an unmarried woman. She smiled, sucked in her breath politely, and bowed. He bowed. Thereupon she bowed again. Not to be outdone, my friend repeated his bow. She smiled some more and this time bowed twice. My friend was just about to bow again when a polite little Japanese behind him said, 'Why don't you go into the dining room? She's the waitress.'

I, of course, did not dare to embarrass my hosts by political questions. They knew how I felt, since they were familiar with the nature of my mission. But this did not modify their friendliness. I left with the conviction that there are many in Japan — silent by necessity — who feel about it much as we do.

Western science in all its branches is thoroughly established in Japan. As

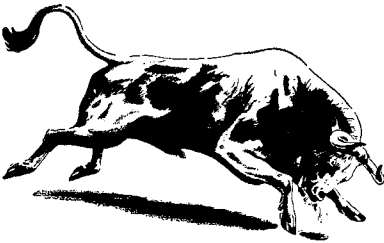
far as medicine is concerned, hospitals and research institutes are in no essentials inferior to our own, or to those of Europe. Their organization is, in most cases, modeled on the government-controlled plan of pre-Nazi Germany, although there are a few institutions — like the celebrated Kitasato Institute in Tokyo, Kayo University, and the new Rockefeller-donated Hygienic Institute — which have been founded entirely or partially by private benevolence. Japan began, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, to send intelligent young men for prolonged tours of study to Germany, France, and England. Later, many came to the United States.

The absorption of Western knowledge soon became a state policy, systematically pursued. In consequence, progress was rapid, and Japan began almost immediately to contribute as well as to absorb. The great Kitasato helped Behring to develop tetanus antitoxin in 1892. Shiga, still active, and a perfect type of the kindly, distinguished scientist, discovered the dysentery bacillus. Hata, Nagayo, Takaki, Inada, Ogata — to mention a few of the older men only — have become important figures in the history of discovery, and it should be remembered that the Japanese Army medical service was the first to demonstrate — in the Russo-Japanese War — that typhoid fever is a preventable disease. There are, throughout Japan, excellent schools and hospitals; and there is in general, at present, no fundamental difference between Western and Japanese medical teaching or method.

It is erroneously assumed, however, that all Western ideas came to Japan after Perry's visit in 1853. This is not strictly true, since long before that Japanese thought was profoundly influenced by information picked up from sea captains and travelers on the ships of nations permitted to carry on a limited trade. Professor Nagayo, the distinguished investigator of *tsutsugamushi* or river-valley fever, a disease

From tough steer- to *TENDER STEAK*

by Westinghouse



• *When a friend* unexpectedly happens to drop in for dinner, it's no more than right that he take potluck for granted. But when we carefully plan a dinner, long in advance, most of us pretty much stick to the rule of serving the best food we can get.

• *That rule* was rudely broken last April, when one hundred and forty-six people sat down to dinner at a Cleveland hotel. It was a notable group—civic and industrial leaders, food experts, home economists, chefs, editors—people invited for one particular purpose, to taste a new kind of steak.

• *They were not served* choice beef; those steaks were not expensive. Average in quality, average in price, average in every respect—but one! This beef was treated by a new process, called Tenderay, which has the peculiar ability of making ordinary beef as tender and juicy in just three days as the expensive cuts the very finest hotels serve after three or four or five weeks' aging.

• *The guests were delighted.* The steaks, they said, were excellent. But they were not half as pleased as Mrs. Cleveland housewife who learned that from that day on she could

buy the same kind of beef at her own store. Heard that for the first time she could buy steak without guess and without gamble and know that it would be tender—always.

• *The Tenderay process* depends on a lot of factors; humidity, temperature and what not. BUT—and here is where Westinghouse research plays such an important part—the process would be utterly impractical without the newly perfected *Sterilamp which kills bacteria with light and keeps the meat fresh and sweet.

• *He would be* a rash prophet who'd care to predict the uses commerce and industry and medicine will find for the Sterilamp. In Suffern, N. Y., a bank installed it over the tellers' windows to keep germs from passing with the money. A poultry man says it solves his turkey raising problems. Restaurants, hotels, bars and soda-fountains—in ever increasing numbers—depend on Sterilamps to keep glasses sterile; meat markets and groceries to keep food fresh, to reduce spoilage and refrigeration costs. One of the country's largest hospitals has installed Sterilamps to sterilize the air in the operating rooms. Another in the nursery to protect babies in their cribs.

• *Certainly Westinghouse,* when this development started, did not know its ultimate scope. And that, after all, is the way of research and its great justification. It is an exploration into the unknown, it follows new paths and uncharted byways—not with the assurance of success; merely with courage and experience and knowledge, and sound common sense as a guide.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

which is a first cousin to typhus, published some years ago¹ an entertaining account of the dawn of Western medicine in Japan. His narrative is based on a novel of Kan Kikuchi's which records the life of Sugita Gempaku, a Japanese physician who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

There was, in those days, an inn on Honokucho Street in Yedo (Tokyo) in which a group of Japanese court physicians, a samurai, a monk, a scholar, several interpreters, and some other more convivial than learned companions were in the habit of gathering to drink wine and to meet a jolly Dutch sea captain, Karance by name, who delighted in entertaining them with accounts of Dutch customs and manners, apparently enjoying himself mightily by laughing at their questions and stumping them with mechanical puzzles which he carried in his pockets. In the end, as a rule, the good captain appears to have taken the edge off his legpulling by setting up his visitors to a very good wine called Chinda.

Most of the questions he was asked were trivial ones formulated largely for amusement, but Gempaku and a rival physician called Ryotaku — serious fellows — were eagerly curious about the state of Western medicine and science. And the captain, a well-informed mariner, showed them barometers, thermometers, and instruments of navigation, and told them a good deal about Dutch medicine and physics. By a fortunate coincidence, at this time both Gempaku and Ryotaku independently obtained, from one of the interpreters, copies of Kulm's *Tabulae Anatomicae*, published in Holland in 1731, with a multitude of pictures of the organs of the human body colored in red and green. Gempaku had to borrow the price — the equivalent of three dollars — from his patron lord, through the good offices of a samurai, Ogura Saemon.

¹ I am permitted to quote from this article by the editor of the *Scientific Monthly*. — AUTHOR

Now Gempaku and Ryotaku were eager to learn Dutch, so that they could read the legends under the pictures. And, further, they wanted to find out, by actual observation, whether these diagrams — so different from the classical opinions of the Chinese doctors whom the Japanese had heretofore followed — were true descriptions of body structure. The opportunity for this study soon presented itself, since there was to be an execution of a woman who had murdered her foster children. She was still beautiful, though over fifty, and was known as the 'Greentea Hag.' Ryotaku was so excited on the night before the promised dissection that he could not sleep a wink, and left his house at 2 A.M. in order to be on time. When, in great excitement, the party arrived at the execution grounds, they saw the severed head of the woman on an 'exposure stand.'

The executioner, Toramatsu, did the dissecting, with much boasting of his skill, and the little group of scholars eagerly compared the corpse with the pictures in Kulm's book. 'Deep feeling formed a lump in every throat' — I quote from Dr. Nagayo. It was all exactly like the illustrations. 'They were stirred by the excitement of the demonstration.' For the first half hour they 'kept a deep silence, full of emotion.' But on the way home they determined that they must study every detail of the human body after the model of this wonderful Dutch science. Ryotaku and Gempaku translated the book. There were difficulties for want of adequate instruction in the Dutch language. It took four years, during which Gempaku rewrote the translation twelve times, and there were still five points which they could not make out at all, and seventeen doubtful ones. Finally, however, against the pedantic Ryotaku's advice, Gempaku published the work.

This was the real beginning of Western medicine in Japan.

Golden Age...

FEW BOOKS recapture as perfectly and as freely from nostalgia the sunny, feckless days of childhood as Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age." Here, in a slender volume, is all the child's bewilderment at the behavior of the Olympians: those strange beings who are able to do what they like and yet persist in dull pursuits like simply sitting and talking when they might very well be playing Indians and settlers in the fields.

In it, there's all the joy of living, of discovering and watching new things every day. The bustling, breathless progress of an ant hauling home a vanquished beetle. The sudden switch of sleepy house cat into miniature panther, stalking through the shrubbery. The transfiguration of pollywog into frog.

Of course, these memoirs of nonage were written a good many years ago about a childhood that was even further removed from the present. And yet it seems to us that childhood is one of the few immutables in a changing world. There's still the excitement of impact with unfolding experience. And there are still the toys, more elaborate nowadays, but essentially the same in spirit as the crude bone dolls dug up in Danish middens.

There are the sleds that glissade steep, hard-packed slopes. There are the sleek bicycles complete with gears and brakes. There are the building sets that have somewhat replaced the blocks of other days as being more in tempo with twentieth century construction.

There are the dolls that cry realistically and roll their eyes. The stoves and miniature kitchens that really work. There are the skates that whiz along the pavement; the scooter cars; the trains and the model planes; all the paraphernalia of modern civilization in miniature.

We like to watch the boiling activity of the small fry from our not too senile pinnacle; to watch them building frames for model buildings and bridges, demonstrating not too convincingly an ability to ride a bicycle "no hands," skating, hopefully concocting messes unedible by any save their perpetrator, carrying on the manifold activities that have engaged adolescent interest since time immemorial. It tends to confirm our belief that as long as there is coltish frolicking abroad, the age is not yet off the gold standard.

And when we see youth thus busy with its toys, we can't help feeling an almost paternal sense of participation. Bethlehem supplies steel for sled runners and roller skates, for bicycle spokes and springs, for building sets and toy cook stoves, for minute truck trailers, for scores of the impedimenta that get under adult feet but make ample contribution to youthful happiness.

ALTHOUGH "bortz" sounds like a Slavic soup, it is the trade name of the industrial diamonds used by the steel industry in making dies for wire drawing and similar applications.

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XXVIII

'You will find,' wrote my friend Dr. Zia, 'that the Chinese world is completely different from your own. Yours was made in six days, and then the Creator rested. It was a rush job. He couldn't have had much time for speculation about the rattles that might develop after the driving power that He put into your brains had gathered speed. P'an Ku, the Chinese Creator, took 18,000 years with a chisel and a mallet, fashioning our world out of chaos. Then Sui Jên, our Prometheus, by watching a woodpecker, got the idea of making fire with a stick and invented cooked meat. Charles Lamb's story of the much later accidental discovery of roast pig is one of those superior British witticisms. When the Great Flood came in 2297 B.C. there was no panic, wholesale drowning, or hasty loading of lizards and snakes, pandas and dragons, and so forth, into a Noah's Ark; but the learned Yü, with no fuss or excitement, quite sensibly built a few canals and sent the waters back into the Pacific. Then he devised practical mathematics with a knotted string, and the Chinese were all set for their simple wants in a permanent order which satisfied them.

'P'an Ku, being in less of a hurry, took time to consider consequences and thought it better to leave out of the human experiment any of the Western Adam's genius for scientific invention — perhaps because he questioned his ability to balance this by supplying brains enough to have such ingenuity used for wise purposes. P'an Ku must have felt that not even a great creating Deity could control the brains of men once he had let them loose on one of his planets. He thought that the capacity for metaphysical speculation was adequate to keep men occupied and perfectly harmless. Your Western Adam was given inventive genius without sufficient moral control; and so were devised industrialism, battleships, T.N.T., aeroplanes, and

the like, to be used as children would handle a jackknife or a box of matches.

'Well, it was possibly an experimental Creation; it is being thoroughly observed, and when the divine Experimenters have drawn Their conclusions, just as we do when an honestly conceived experiment turns out wrong, They will perhaps let this creation blow itself up, leave a few unspoiled chimpanzees with Professor Yerkes as caretaker, and try over again on a different young constellation, either omitting the capacity for invention or supplying an adequate equipment of moral sense to control it within reasonable purposes. With the suggested setup established on our disappointing planet, moreover, They might even leave Professor Yerkes to continue here and see whether, starting from scratch with a population of apes, he might not rebuild a world motivated by instincts and the spinal centres rather than by intellectual complexities, and eventually achieve something more on the model of Southern California.

'The two civilizations of the East and the West might have learned so much from each other for the benefit of both,' Zia continued. 'But your Western conceit translated your greater material efficiency into a sense of inborn racial superiority and utilized it for purposes of subjugation and exploitation, instead of bringing it as a gift for strength and plenty to your Eastern fellows. The time is past for the amicable correction of your ways. The East has learned that it can save itself only by imitating you; and it is rapidly proving an adept pupil. It has already demonstrated that it can learn to play your game when it sets its mind to it.'

Nothing could have expressed the awakening of the East to the necessity of self-defense more clearly than this letter, and I wondered to what extent this enforced Westernization might destroy the ancient philosophical heritage of Asiatic thought which, sweeping across the passes from India, enriched by Confu-



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cius, Lao Tzŭ, Chuang Tzŭ, and Meng Tzŭ, had given the Chinese their highest qualities, but — at the same time — had rendered them helpless to resist Western aggression. I remembered the final paragraph of a thoughtful book by L. Adams Beck, who cites the hopes of an Indian sage that eventually the world might unite 'the vigor of European action with the serenity of Asiatic thought.'

At Shan-hai-kwan one passes the Great Wall. Once within its grim, majestic reaches, which lie across the desolate landscape like a sleeping serpent, coils closely weaving across hills and down valleys, one feels that one has entered the old and mysteriously strange world of China.

If one stops over at Tientsin, this spell is partly broken. The splendor of the treaty ports has been quenched by the heavy hand of war. Victoria Road in Tientsin, with its great business houses and bank buildings, — reminding one in places of lower Broadway, — is like a street that has become drowsy and is slowly going to sleep. Many of the great mansions stand empty, and the deserted racecourse with its magnificent clubhouse seems doubly desolate as one imagines past scenes of holiday crowds and colorful gayety.

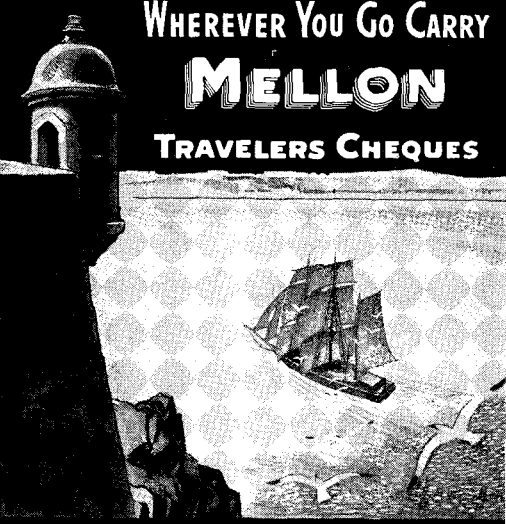
One has the feeling that here, in this outpost of commercial conquest, there reigned until recently opulence and a Victorian solidity of secure wealth and elegance of living that have been disappearing from the Western World itself these thirty years past. And when one speaks with any of the remaining representatives of this, incidentally, attractive type of merchant prince, staying on of necessity to conserve what may still be rescuable, one senses in them the discouraged acceptance of the end of an era, the sad conviction that the old days will never return, irrespective of who may win the war. And if one were sure that the Chinese rather than the Japa-

nese would profit by the change, one would not be so easily moved to sentimental sympathy after the third brandy and soda. As it is, one is depressed — as one always is by the spectacle of passing magnificence. I felt somewhat as I had when, after the war, I first saw the curtainless and 'blind' windows of the great empty palaces of Vienna, their cobbled courts with grass between the stones.

Peking is different. It is still China as it has always been, in spite of foreign invasion, and as it will always remain, whatever the Japanese may do. I often walked at dusk upon the great city wall, gazing out at the Winter Palace and the Temple of Heaven and over the wide expanse of endless alleys lined with low walls and houses; and I reflected that in these crowded compounds, as in those of many other cities and villages, the life of China, strong in patience and resistance, was marking time until the forces of disturbance had worn themselves out against its mighty inertia. China is changing. But her ultimate destiny will be determined not by external pressure, even pressure as powerful as that which Japan is now exerting, but by the ground swell that will rise from the depths of her racial solidarity and latent power; and when these waves roll in they will sweep her clean of the surface disturbances of foreign ambitions.

And this I venture to say much less from my own observations than from the quiet, inexhaustible capacity for taking beatings without feeling licked that is still undiminished after almost three years of disastrous warfare. No Chinese friend with whom I spoke during long evenings of intimate conversation ever seemed to have the slightest idea of ultimate defeat or surrender, and every Japanese victory — however exaggerated in the dispatches — was a victory of Pyrrhus which weakened the invader more than the vanquished. The Japanese Hercules has tackled a Hydra without an Iolaus to help him cauterize

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the wound wherever he knocks off a head. And two heads will keep growing where he removes one, until his brave strength will be spent. Writing this makes me almost sorry for the Japanese, for that's the way one writes oneself into emotional jams.

Could I borrow the pen of a Loti or a Gide, I should be tempted to describe Peking, its noises and its smells, the evening crowds on Hatemen Street, the files of long-haired, coal-laden camels threading their way along a street that might be a Paris boulevard, among automobiles and rickshaws; its children and beggars; the strange, mysterious silences of its twisted alleys after dark; the surprise of passing through gates from sordid lanes into quiet and charming courts and gardens; and the majesty of its palaces (for, truly, the Winter Palace with its symmetric immensity is more impressive than Versailles). But it has been done before, and better than I could do it. I can only summarize that Peking had a charm that no other city except Paris has ever held for me. Outwardly strange, as of another world or even another planet, I felt immediately and happily at home, and could quite understand how those of my Western friends who had once been settled there for a year or two had no desire to leave.

I have said many admiring and appreciative things about the Japanese, but in Japan I felt that, as a foreigner, I was being courteously treated by a race whose good manners are proverbial. But still I remained — except with a few old friends — essentially a stranger; and I suspected that I was being 'convinced' that Japan was not as bad as she is painted. And truly I don't think she is. But in China — was it the reunion with a group of my old pupils, the immediate association with a student body that differed from our own only in greater eagerness and appreciation, or the friendly hospitality of American, French, and English residents who understood and liked the Chinese? All these things

helped. Yet, pleasant as all this was, I do not believe that these circumstances alone gave me the contented sense of at-homeness. It was so easy to like my amiable and patient rickshaw coolie, my doorman, my houseman and cook. There was an indefinable something that attracted me to the people in the streets and in the shops.

Perhaps I had been psychologically prepared to like and understand them by the friends who had, in an almost uninterrupted succession over twenty years, worked with me in the intimate companionship of the laboratory and had removed from my mind all sense of 'differentness.' At any rate, I felt as though I understood these people as I did my own countrymen, and that in spite of dress, language, and complete strangeness of habits and traditions, their reactions to suffering, joy, sorrow, and affection were essentially like our own.

XXIX

After these digressions I suppose it would be in order to say something about the medical work I did in China. But that will all come out when Sam Zia, Pang, and little Liu finish it and get results in the field. The thing that I want to and *can* write about with the confidence of information gained from reliable sources and personal observation, — a subject which, moreover, is close to my sympathies and interests, — is the attitude of educated Chinese youth to the present national crisis.

Few people fully appreciate the extent of the intellectual progress which was being made in China during the years immediately preceding the beginnings of Japan's benevolent decision to bring order and culture to China. Under Wang Shih-chieh, in the early 1930's, \$29,000,000 was appropriated for educational purposes in one year, and 49,000 primary schools were established. In 1935, \$37,000,000 was spent for similar purposes. Under the program initiated,



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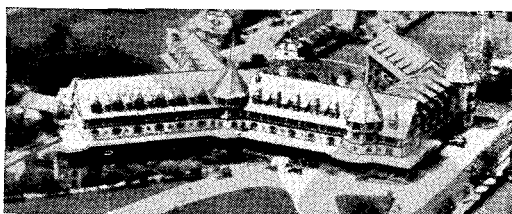
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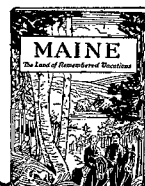
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Chinese factories in large centres were ordered to establish primary schools for employees; in the so-called 'primary schools' the pupils ranged from six to sixty years. In 1912 there were 2,790,000 school children in China; in 1935 there were 12,000,000. In 1912 there were 4 universities; in 1935 there were 82 universities and 29 special colleges with an aggregate of 44,000 students.

In the 'Special Education Movements' in Kiangsi, Hupeh, and other provinces, four-month courses were set up to prepare young teachers for distribution to villages all over the provinces in an attempt at mass education. An effort was made to teach reading, simple principles of hygiene, and enough military training to stimulate national feeling. With this went the wide distribution of pamphlets and an effort to develop local newspapers. The 'New Life' movement initiated by Madame Chiang Kai-shek had a similar purpose, and is still making headway in spite of the disorganizing effects of war.

In all these energetic and very practically conceived innovations, the students of China played a leading rôle. Academic and educated youth in China today is taking part in political and social reform much as similar groups did in the Europe of the early nineteenth century. Revolution seems to call out the latent idealism and sacrificial enthusiasms of the young, or it did in Europe formerly as it does in China today.

It is perhaps one of the great misfortunes of the modern Western World that movements for change in economic and political organization are so exclusively initiated by pressure from below, with a leadership developed entirely out of the revolting oppressed or by professional and cynical theorists of revolution. The millions of the young, intelligent, and eager, whose eyes should be clear and pointed upward and from whom future leaders of idealism and vision should develop, have been with us in some

unintelligible manner kept in swaddling clothes, and in the turmoils of the last twenty years have remained silent and passive. One wonders what might be the present conditions in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, and even in England and in our own country, had our university students played parts in moulding public opinion and forcing issues to which their ages and importance entitled them. Revolutions should not come entirely from below.

China's students are playing heroic and enormously important parts in the evolution of their nation. It was they who early organized a movement to arouse national consciousness. In 1923 they led the strikes in Hong Kong. It was they who started the defensive boycott of the Japanese. In 1927, when General Chiang was marching on Nanking, they joined his colors in large numbers. It was they who made possible the mass educational movements of which I have spoken. At the time of the battle at the Marco Polo Bridge in 1937, they enlisted by hundreds in the 29th Army. They are now, unless still in training, performing the professional and technical services and furnishing the officers for the armies of defense.

It is they to a large extent who see ahead and who arouse the spirit of resistance and the national pride of the masses, who, as is generally the case, would see no further than their own noses. The students believe in ultimate victory and I have yet to meet one of them who feels that China should make peace as long as there is a Japanese soldier in North China or even Manchuria. Numerically, of course, they are a mere handful compared with the masses who must do most of the fighting. But they are the yeast. And we all know what a handful of yeast will do to the most placid and uncombative barrel of cider.

The contact of China with Western medicine is an ancient one, but the legendary accounts of the very earliest

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penetration of Western physicians into China are not easily substantiated. A scholarly effort to collect the facts on these matters has been made by K. C. Wong and my friend Wu Lien-teh in their *History of Chinese Medicine*. A number of physicians from various parts of Europe came to Asia in pre-Christian days, but these had little or no influence on Chinese medical thought. The same may be said of the staff of Western doctors attached to the courts of the Mongol conquerors in the thirteenth century. After 1600, a more effective introduction of Western medicine was accomplished by Catholic missionaries, notable among whom were Matteo Ricci (about 1600) and Father Terrentius, a Swiss whose real name was Schreck, who practised medicine and published a small treatise on human anatomy in the Chinese language between 1618 and 1630.

An interesting tale is told by Wong and Wu of the cure, in 1692, of a malignant fever at the court of the Emperor K'ang by Jesuit missionaries who had imported a small supply of cinchona bark from India. At about this time, also, a translation into Chinese of an eight-volume French work on anatomy, chemistry, toxicology, and pharmacology was made by Father Parrenin, but this — for reasons not very well known — was never published, though it is said to exist in manuscript copy, in the library of the French Academy and in the Dudgeon Library in China.

The first Western dispensary was probably that opened in Peking about 1700, by a French Jesuit, Brother Rhodes. Rhodes won the confidence of the Emperor by curing him of a boil on the lip, but narrowly escaped great displeasure when the Emperor discovered that four of the hairs of his sacred moustache had been clipped, when three might have been enough. The now traditional association of missionaries with medical service was firmly established by these noble friars, and was worthily continued by Franciscans and

by the physicians attached to Russian missions into the eighteenth century.

It is quite impossible to follow in detail the adventurous and distinguished careers of the many medical missionaries who were sent out, chiefly from the United States and England, during the latter half of the nineteenth century. There were, in addition to these, some German, French, and Russian missions, both Catholic and Protestant, which did similar work. As a consequence, hospitals were founded in many of the larger cities, and these soon began to fulfill educational as well as purely practical functions. Young Chinese became interested, were employed as assistants, and many of them — unhampered by government regulations — took up the practice either of Western medicine alone or of a combination of Western methods with the old, traditional Chinese teachings, carrying the missionary influence far and wide through the country. A few young Chinese, such as Dr. Wong Fun, then began to seek medical education in Europe.

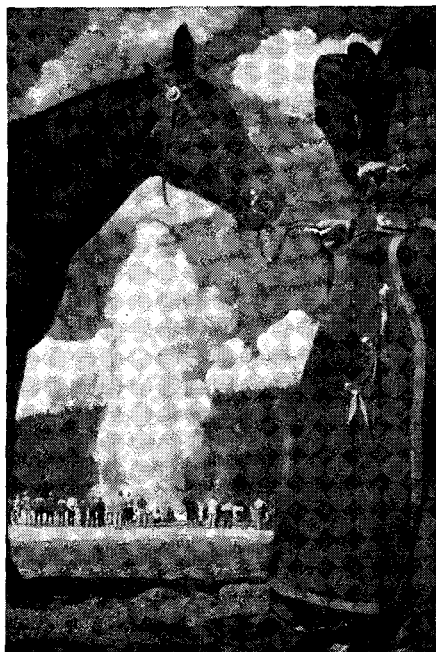
The times during which these early missionary hospitals were developed were turbulent with political disorders and war, and the work was often delayed and hampered by the forced abandonment of well-organized and usefully functioning institutions. However, the fervor and self-sacrifice with which all obstacles were overcome by men who seem to have been both heroic and intelligent constitute the one bright chapter of Western penetration of the Orient, and one of which we have much reason to be proud.

At the outbreak of the present war, medical development had achieved extraordinary efficiency and had begun to react upon Chinese conditions and habits. The ultimate credit belongs to the large group of devoted missionaries who loyally labored for a century against great odds and often in peril of their lives. Much of their success, however, is

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due to the extraordinary intellectual receptivity of the Chinese people. If one is familiar with the type of purely metaphysical and Asiatic humanistic education which, until very recently, dominated the training of upper-class Chinese, it is little less than amazing to learn how rapidly the younger generation (most of them, of course, of the upper, wealthy, often merchant classes, but the general group distributed over all layers of economic levels) have been able to adjust themselves to Western standards and have — practically in one generation — developed men and women who are now taking over independently the responsibility for the development of Western science in China.

I have often said many unkind things about missionaries, and, if reports are to be believed, it is more than likely that in many places where they have interfered with habits of food, customs of dress, housing, and the moral standards developed by primitive races through ages of local adaptation, they have done a great deal of harm. Until I went to China, the only missionaries who had elicited my complete admiration were those Catholic orders like the White Fathers of Tunis, whose young men were annually sent into Equatoria with the statistical prospects of an approximate 50 per cent mortality.

I had seen isolated, devoted, medical missionaries like my friend Sam Cochran, who carried on through years of work in the interior of China at the expense of health and economic safety. Having thought of missionaries more as theologians than as medical men, I was apt to wonder whether it was not largely

ignorance which gave these Westerners the arrogant confidence to believe that Christianity could contribute to the spiritual enlightenment of a nation which had lived for centuries under the teachings of Buddha and had modeled itself on the ideals of Confucius and his disciples. Indeed, if one compares the shrewd immorality of Machiavelli's *Prince* with the noble *Guide of Princes* of Meng Tzū, one cannot help realizing how much more deeply the lives of Eastern nations have been influenced by the spirit of their great philosophers than have those of the Western races.

But these China missionaries were no bigoted evangelists. They were of the blood and spirit of the friars, and, in the history of Western avarice and exploitation in China, theirs is the consoling note. While Western materialism was gnawing the most valuable bits of the China coast away from its legitimate owners, and while merchants grew rich under the guns of civilizing battleships, these simple and devoted men and women were penetrating into the hearts of the Chinese and bringing them some of the best gifts Western intelligence had to bestow. There are those who believe that the present Japanese war will destroy much that was built up by the missionaries and their Chinese disciples, but no such fear is in my mind, both because of my intimate knowledge of many of the present native leaders of Chinese medicine and because of my trust in the fundamental common sense of the Japanese conquerors, who will realize how much they depend upon Chinese coöperation when the present situation comes back to a tenable equilibrium.

(Final chapters of the biography will appear in the May issue)

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